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FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

OCTOBER 1976 \$1.95

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OBSCENITY
TRIAL**

**CONSUMER'S
GUIDE TO
MASSAGE
PARLORS**



**PENTHOUSE
MODEL
BABY BREESE
SHOWS
PINK, ER,
AH, BROWN
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NOVEMBER 1976 \$1.95

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Show & Tell



BUNGHOLE PINK FROM BABY BREESE

When we went in search of "**BABY BREESE**," the girl *Penthouse* had played up as a pubescent teenybopper, we found out two things: She's really 20 years old and a gaping asshole. Photographer Arny Freytag told us that Breesse refused to show pink, as she had originally agreed to, and he was sweating his assignment—until he saw his opening. "Then I took as many pictures as I could before she moved."

Erotic film star **LESLIE BOVEE**, on the other hand, proved to be the soul of cooperation in posing for her October centerfold—even to the point of keeping the other models amused through three rainy days on location. By the time Leslie's shooting was finished, we agreed with her claim that, "Sex is the

breath of life for me," and we think you will, too, by the time you've finished shooting.

Writer **FRANK FORTUNATO** found sex and humor on his cross-country jaunt, and he rates the rub-off scenes in eight major cities for **HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO AMERICAN MASSAGE PARLORS**. Fortunato is a former massage-parlor operator himself and the mentor of Gay Talese when Talese was researching his soon-to-be-published book on sex in America. Frank will also be our resident film critic for *HUSTLER's X-Rated Movie Reviews*, starting next month.

Contributing editor **TUPPY OWENS** gets off on her job, too: writing about fucking for our **SEX PLAY** feature. Tuppy's career as a self-educated sexologist has included performing in the well-received erotic film, *Sensations*, as well as giving history's first televised blow-job, on the now-defunct cable TV program, *Midnight Blue*. In this month's *Sex Play*, **GEMS ON CUNT**, Tuppy advises men on the ins and outs of caressing a woman's pussy for maximum mutual pleasure. It's a subject we can all get into.

When the staff found a sign, reading, "Do Not Disturb—Man Sleeping," on an office door one morning, we knew that Managing Editor **BRUCE DAVID** had put in another all-nighter writing his up-to-the-minute report on **SCREWS OBSCENITY TRIAL**. Bruce covered the trial from behind his sunglasses after he was stunned by the paranoia-inducing experience of being recognized—and denounced—by a federal prosecutor he had never met. Looks like they've got a file on everybody.

HAROLD NORSE's story, **NEVER FUCK WITH KARMA**, deals with a San Francisco poet who, like Harold, is better known for his poetry in Europe than in the U.S.A. Harold hides out in North Beach when he isn't chasing ass at the Caffe Trieste. This makes us wonder where Norse got the idea for the jailbait-fucking character in his story.

We hate to blow Harold's cover, but we're proud of the first-class fiction, reportage and female flesh that went into this issue. As always, we're sure that you will get a lot of pleasure out of it. Enjoy!

Althea Leasure

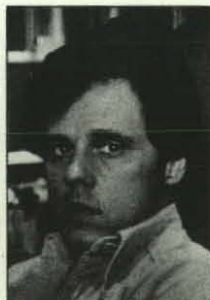
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and Executive Editor



Fortunato



Owens



David



Norse

HUSTLER

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THE SHAME OF THE SUPREME COURT

Former Federal Judge G. Harrold Carswell was busted in Tallahassee, Florida, for allegedly making a homosexual pass at an undercover cop after picking him up in a public men's room. Carswell, you'll remember, was the judicial mediocrity Nixon nominated for the Supreme Court after the Senate refused to confirm his first choice, Clement Haynsworth. Due to an appointment made by our past, present and future Richard Milhous Nixon, we would now have an alleged closet queer sitting on the U. S. Supreme Court. Fortunately the Senate shot down Carswell just as they had rejected Haynsworth. As I have pointed out since HUSTLER's inception, the next two generations will still be recovering from Nixon's influence. Carswell didn't make it to the Supreme Court, but I wonder about Warren Burger and the other jackals Nixon *did* succeed in appointing to the Court.

It's ironic that the Supreme Court, of which Harrold Carswell was nearly a member, recently refused to hear oral arguments by two homosexuals to rule that the State of Virginia's law against sodomy is unconstitutional. I think the Court's arrogant treatment of the Virginia case is typical of its shameful pattern of reversing past gains in civil liberties cases pertaining to sex.

Not that I'm turning into a gay liber, but the same 12-gauge sodomy statutes that make it a crime in 36 states for a man to suck another man's cock or to fuck him in the ass also make it a crime for your wife or girlfriend to suck your cock or for you to fuck her in the ass or to eat her cunt. You can go to prison for years for doing that.

Your career, your home, your life itself could be destroyed for engaging in acts that are nobody's business but your own—because the state is mak-

ing *your* business *their* business. In refusing to listen to the arguments of the Virginia appeal, the Supreme Court ruled—without comment—that your constitutional right to privacy under the Fourth Amendment does not extend to your bedroom door—that the police *do* have the right to invade your home and regulate your sex life.

Perhaps the Supreme Court made that ruling because the issue of sexual freedom isn't a burning one for the nine old farts who sit on the Court. They probably haven't had their joints up—much less sucked—since before Liz Ray gave her first blow-job. Or maybe Burger and the other justices actually do get off on cornholing their wives, but like so many hypocritical big shots in government, they figure that what's permissible for them isn't OK for us peons who pay their fat salaries.

This Court's record of unfavorable rulings concerning our individual civil rights has created a favorable climate for the plague of official censorship and persecution of outspoken dissidents that is now being brought down on America by ruthless officeholders at all levels of government. Harry Reems and Al Goldstein have been convicted on trumped-up obscenity charges by lower courts in Memphis and Wichita, respectively, and I myself face a similar situation in Cincinnati. In the 40,000 copies of the July issue of HUSTLER sold in the Philadelphia area, Mayor Frank Rizzo, or one of his would-be cronies, arranged the removal of the page where he was named "Asshole of the Month."

Now, more than ever, it seems that the ideal of freedom under law upon which this country was founded is a wishful fantasy—a political wet dream. That freedom is being choked off by dictatorial politicians who can't relate



to the way we live today and who don't give a flying fuck about our constitutional rights. By acting behind closed doors the Supreme Court is aiding and abetting this tyranny. If we don't wake up to this fact, the slimy Nixonites on the Court will have us all in the shitter.

What can you do? You can pick up a piece of paper and a pencil and do the same thing I'm going to do: Write to your congressman, write to your mayor, write to the Supreme Court, write to whoever values your vote (and don't kid yourself that the Supreme Court justices don't value your vote; they're just politicians who have lucked into a lifetime appointment, and they value your vote for their party's candidates, if not for themselves). Let them know what your forefathers meant by claiming their "inalienable rights" 200 years ago. Let them know that we, too, are determined to preserve the rights guaranteed by our great Constitution.

Every American who wants to be free has to stand up and be counted. I'm talking about freedom, fellows—it's not just another word. If freedom doesn't exist for some of us today, it won't exist for any of us tomorrow.

A stylized, handwritten signature of Larry Flynt in black ink.

Editor and Publisher

Feedback

SPEAKING UP FOR SPEAKING OUT

As both an advertiser in your magazine and a reader, I believe HUSTLER is the most socially important periodical published in America today. By exercising your inalienable right to express whatever ideas or opinions you choose without regard to authoritarian censorship or to the opinions of others, you protect and expand individual freedom for all.

Through HUSTLER, you are effectively undermining the "legitimacy of authority" myth. The religious and ruling classes have depended on this myth throughout recorded history to support their parasitical existences at the untold suffering and expense of all productive individuals. You must be well aware that these destructive powerholders intend to put you and HUSTLER out of business by force or by fraud. If the authoritarians and politicians fail to wipe you out, the myth-shattering influence of HUSTLER will eventually wipe them out—and they know it.

With all my resources, I am dedicated to individual rights and to the destruction of the authoritarian myth. I regret not knowing about your magazine before I published my latest book, *Psychosexual Sex*. The next printing, however, will include an addendum that identifies and underscores the major contributions you have made to individual freedom through HUSTLER.

Frank R. Wallace
I & O Publishing Co.
Boulder City, Nevada

BREACH OF "FAITH"

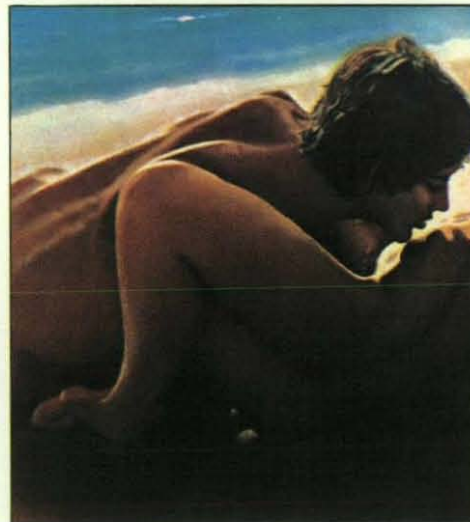
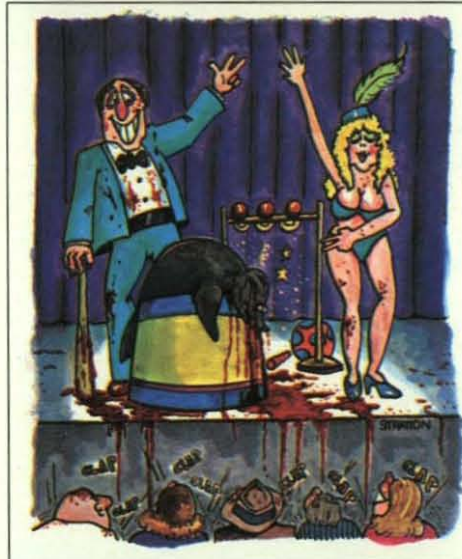
Why did the girl who was featured in your "Have a Little Faith" spread in the April 1976 issue of HUSTLER also appear in the July 1976 issue of *Club International*? The pictures are identical to yours in pose and setting. Is *Club International* so hard up for chicks to put in their magazine that they buy leftover shots from you, or what?

Mark Gleason
Flossmoor, Illinois

We buy all rights on the photo spreads that appear in HUSTLER. If the photographer decides to reshoot the girl and submit them to another magazine, there's not much we can do about it. Either *Club International* doesn't keep up with what the other men's magazines are publishing or they just don't mind giving their readers sloppy seconds. I might add that our models are being paid a great deal more now than in the past, so as an added precaution to prevent things like this happening in the future, we have the girl sign a contract that she will not pose for another magazine for a period of six months.

SEAL OF DISAPPROVAL

I am a woman who normally enjoys your magazine from front to back cover. However, your cartoon of a seal being beaten to death on page 36 of the July 1976 issue has gone a little too far into "sick" humor. I cannot begin to believe that anyone could find that cartoon funny. It is enough to make my stomach turn. Don't you



remember when *Life* magazine ran an article about the slaughter of seals? Didn't you see that mother seal looking at her freshly skinned youngster?

I don't pretend to have seen all of your issues, but I certainly will never see another. A one-woman boycott may not hurt you; I just want you to know about it. Please keep your bloody baseball bats and dead animals off the printing press. You are disgusting!

Karen Hill
Oxnard, California

There was lots of great stuff in your July 1976 issue, but I found most of your cartoons sickening. I was really appalled by the one on page 36, showing the seal that had been clubbed to death. Although the one on page 15 showing the cancer-ridden smoker is gory, I think it is funny and makes a strong point. I'm very much in favor of increasing the rights of nonsmokers and discouraging smokers for their own good. Your jokes were very good. Why don't you bring your cartoons up to the level of your photos, articles and other tidbits in HUSTLER?

Bill H.
Hayward, California

Just because we run an article dealing with incest, we don't expect you to run out and fuck your mother or your brothers and sisters. When we publish a picture of a fake cock and a miniature guillotine, we hope you don't charge into the kitchen and cut off your pricks. A cartoon of a dead seal doesn't mean that we want thousands of HUSTLER fans to attack local zoos and bludgeon all the seals to death with baseball bats and motorcycle chains. We weren't joking about brutality to animals. We were lampooning that aspect of American society that loves violence mixed with their entertainment.

GREATER "GLORY" OF HUSTLER

In your July 1976 issue, there was a fiction piece called "Glory," by J. R. Rivers. It was very touching and reminded me of a girl I once fell in love with. Reading this story helped me understand what happened in my own experience, and I am sure that a lot of other men reading it felt the same way.

I hope your magazine will print more fiction like this in the future so that your female readers can better understand us men.

Rich Moreskini
Riverside, California

REAMED AND RILED BY AN ASSHOLE

In your July 1976 issue, I enjoyed your "Asshole of the Month" feature concerning the blue-nosed federal prosecutor, Larry Parrish. A hip, hip hooray to you for telling it like it is.

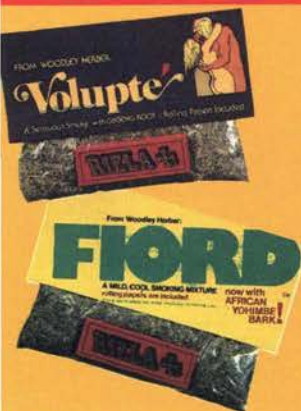
My experience with Parrish cost me 15 years of my life, which are now being served in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. Parrish is not what he claims to be.

In Memphis, Tennessee, one cannot expect a

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fair trial because many of the local attorneys are afraid of Parrish. It's pathetic that such a man as this can hold an important office and at the same time have morals lower than most who are prosecuted by him. I don't believe the people of this country want his Gestapo ways.

In the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*, Parrish made a statement (or was it a threat?) to the effect that "something" must be done about "that magazine" (*HUSTLER*). I hope you had the opportunity to read the article. Will you take your stand against such a threat?

Vincent Doss
Leavenworth, Kansas

We agree that justice suffers in Memphis, especially after State Appeals Judge Charles Galbreath was censured by his colleagues because he had the balls to take a stand in favor of erotic entertainment. It seems a lot of people in Memphis are afraid of Parrish, but we're ready to take the asshole on anytime he wants to start something.

—Larry Flynt

You really put together a good July 1976 issue, one of the best yet. I am writing this letter in regard to the "Asshole of the Month" feature. You picked a perfect asshole. This so-called federal prosecutor, Larry Parrish, should either reevaluate the situation or his morals. This man is in fact a serious threat to the freedoms of speech and individual choice. If you are a thief, murderer or mugger, you are protected by the law in this country. But if you show a little bare skin, you're in all kinds of trouble. They call this a democracy. I say bullshit!

If Parrish wants to indict somebody on a morals charge, then he should pay a visit to Capitol Hill. He may just find a few congressmen ripping off the American taxpayers by employing their mistresses as secretaries.

As long as *HUSTLER* magazine is being published and X-rated movies are being made, I will patronize them.

Ralph F. Hoffman
Circleville, Ohio

TWO GEEZERS AND A GOOSE

I'm so happy to find someone who will glorify the middle-aged and elderly woman as you proposed to do in your July 1976 *Bits & Pieces* ("Oldie-But-Goodie Cunt Hunt Begins"). I have



been glorifying them for more than 50 years. I love old and middle-aged women; I've been fucking them since I was 13 years old. I'm going on 69, and I have never changed. I have been to

bed with women from 14 to 86 years old. The hardest fucking and the sweetest pussy I have ever had has been from women 40 to 86 years old. Pussy and women mellow with age. I hope you print some of the old sisters so I can cut them out and keep them.

H. Smith
New York, New York

I've been ogling and reading *HUSTLER* for months and haven't seen a bit of horny verse in it yet. Poetry lovers read *HUSTLER*, too, you know. I'm 71 years old, and here's one I composed myself. I hope you like it.

An Old Geezer's Prayer

When my old pecker dies,
I want to die, too
With hopes that my reincarnation
Will give me a cock
That will never go soft
Till I've fucked every cunt in the nation.

A. Stephenson
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

I have been a reader of *HUSTLER* for over a year now, and I have enjoyed every issue. However, your back-cover ads reveal that you have a fixation against smoking. It is apparent that you approve of other "vices."

Do you worry about the dose of clap that you might pick up from your next fuck, or the damaging effects that grass might have? Fuck no! Of the many things that can harm us, why single out cigarette smoking?

We were put here to *live*, not just to exist. If I'm going to exist for a few more years simply because I don't have any vices, then it's not worth it. If I haven't done what I set out to do by the time I'm 50, I might as well hang it up.

If I have my way, I'll be dead in bed with a girl on one side of me and a cigarette and a bottle on the other. I prefer this to being a codger existing on a pittance from the government. But I'll probably just shrivel up and die—alone. No one gives a shit about an old man.

A. R.
Red Bank, New Jersey

We don't approve of anything that can be harmful in excess. Most people can stop drinking after one or two, but cigarettes are a life-taking addiction. And clap is your problem. Many men share your dream of the perfect way to die, and most never accomplish it. If you don't live past 50, it seems to us you'll be missing a lot, if the two letters before yours are any indication.

NATLAMB POONTANG

We were sitting around at Elaine's looking through a copy of your magazine when Doug Kenney recognized several of his close female relatives and a sort of adult toy that had floated away from him one day at the beach. Well, we all laughed our asses off at that, and then we called up Chevy Chase to tell it to him. He wasn't home, but later in the day some black guy came in and we all autographed his cast.

The *National LambPool* Editors
and Hangers-On
New York, New York

CLEAN-SHAVEN COCK

I read with interest "Hairless in Austin's" letter in your July 1976 *Feedback* about his shaving his crotch. For the last six months, I haven't stopped



with just shaving my face—I go right on down to the floor. Arms, legs, chest, the works. I am thinking about shaving my head, too. If so, I will have a wig made with my hair.

I have had this peter ring for three and a half years. I also have a pierced left tit. From your *Bits & Pieces* photos, it looks like my kinky tastes are finally catching on and are being recognized.

Enclosed are some pictures that you can publish if you like.

"Hairless U.S.A."
Address Withheld by Request

It sounds like you do your own thinking, all right, but why shave your head just to make a wig out of your own hair? That seems like cutting off your cock and then using it for a dildo.

THE COMING REVOLUTION

I have never written to any magazine in my life, but when I read the *Publisher's Statement* ("Happy Birthday, America") in your July 1976 issue, I felt it was my duty to respond. I commend Mr. Flynt on this fantastic editorial. I agree fully with everything he said in the statement. The reading was both very inspirational and very enjoyable.

Right on! to Mr. Flynt and the entire *HUSTLER* magazine staff! As for the rest of the issue: as usual, out-fuckin'-standing. Continue the great work with much suck-cess.

James H. Matthews
Sgt., USMC
Treasure Island, California

Larry Flynt's defense of capitalism in the July 1976 *Publisher's Statement* ("Happy Birthday, America") gave the game away: a profiteer selling mags at \$1.95, pretending he's against white-collar types (when all along he is one), selling people a piece of paper to jack off to in place of balling real women and then calling it "revolutionary." *HUSTLER's* about as "revolutionary" as a new brand of toothpaste. It's the same old shuck: capitalism. To think capitalism is going to survive for another 100 or 200 years is

like expecting a 200-year-old man or woman to get horny again—they won't.

Revolutionary communism is only a matter of time, and then men and women workers will throw HUSTLER in the garbage can of history for good, where it belongs. Is capitalism great because Larry Flynt got his? Only to Flynt. As for England being "socialist," ask the workers there. Many will tell you they need a revolution for true socialism to come to pass. You don't fight for what you've already got. Flynt wouldn't know a revolutionary if one came up and kicked him in the ass.

Gregory Gibbs
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Every system has its faults, and capitalism is no exception. If you watch the pages of HUSTLER, you will see that we attack the deficiencies of capitalism whenever we see them. Succeeding under a particular system is more realistic than blaming it for your own failure and sitting around pulling your pud, waiting for "the Revolution."

We give you 60 good women every year to jack off with. We bet that's 60 times the number of women you ball a year.

—Larry Flynt

ANTISMOKING LEGION

The Kankakee Valley American Legion Post Cancer Fund raffle did very well. We sold more than \$1000 worth of tickets, with half of the money going to the American Cancer Society.

I credit many of these sales to HUSTLER's antismoking posters. We received many com-



ments on them, and there were a whole lot of cigarettes stubbed out at our stand.

Enclosed you will find a picture taken at the Indiana Veterans Home.

We are going to run the same kind of raffle for the local Lions Club, again with half of the proceeds going to the American Cancer Society.

I'd like to thank you very much for the posters. They were a great help.

John R. Cramer
Shelby, Indiana

SERMON ON MOUNTING

Our country is at present being deluged in a tidal wave of promiscuous sex, much of which is sanctioned and encouraged by publications like HUSTLER. True, much of the advice and direction given in sex-oriented columns is sound and right, but when such things as premarital sex, masturbation (self-pollution), extramarital sex, etc., are discussed as though there is nothing wrong with them, I begin to question the integrity and intention of the author.

I'm weary of the same tired rhetoric and

cliches about "sexual freedom," "individual rights" and all that crap that is overused in defense of our "sexually liberated" (promiscuous) society. This all sounds good, but I think the results really speak for themselves.

We have a considerably weaker society than we did a generation ago. Our top sports figures and military persons are not nearly as strong either physically or mentally as they once were. Our youth, who will one day inherit the responsibility for preserving this nation, are the ones who are indeed most affected by the current flood of smut and sex-related material.

A few generations back, it was a constant struggle for a young man to remain continent: to abstain altogether from any improper sexual activity or contact. These values were taught in the schools, homes and expounded upon in numerous publications of the times, both secular and religious. As a result, we had a much stronger, more stable society: Men were men, and women were ladies. Today's youth are fast descending to the level of mindless, groveling animals, and I daresay that HUSTLER, Larry Flynt, Althea Leasure and others share part of the blame.

Have you ever read world history? You will see that all the great nations of the Old World built their heritage on sexual abstinence, which leads to strength, both physically and mentally. When they took the lid off sexual morality, all the people got weaker and the nations fell from within.

A person in your position as the editor and publisher of a national magazine has a great responsibility. You can either make or break a nation, particularly its youth. If you really feel that you want to do this country a service, I think you had better do some real soul-searching and ask

yourself some serious questions. If you faced the truth, I'm sure you'd discard the whole idea of smut-peddling.

Michael K. Redman
Quincy, Massachusetts

You're wrong. The "facts" you cited about modern American youth are false: New athletic records are being set constantly in every sports category. The young men and women in our armed forces are in the best health, are better educated and better trained than ever before. And because of a free and open attitude toward sex they are better adjusted and more comfortable with themselves than any previous generation of Americans. Your portrayal of today's youth as becoming "mindless, groveling animals" is an insult to them.

Doctors and psychiatrists tell us that sexual activity, including masturbation, is not physically or mentally harmful—in fact, they say that sex is essential to good mental and physical health. Repression of natural sexual desires causes mental and physical instability.

Your nostalgia for the good old days when "men were men and women were ladies" is common to people who cannot accept the present and reconcile themselves to it. You're using all the wrong terms. These are the '70s, when people are people. People who are living in the present instead of in the past are awakening to their full human potential, emotionally, physically and mentally. Repression of this potential is what destroys societies. If you can't handle it, why not subscribe to Reader's Digest and leave HUSTLER alone?

—Larry Flynt



Advise & Consent

Dr. Richard Morhead of The Hermes Foundation, a nonprofit medical association that is dedicated to supplying health information, makes a **HUSTLER** housecall each month in this column to provide you with accurate information concerning any sexual problem and answers to your questions on fetishes, hang-ups and all aspects of human sexuality. If you have a question or personal problem, write to **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent**, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Although personal responses are not possible, Dr. Morhead will answer as many letters as space allows. All publications mentioned in **Advise & Consent** are available from The Hermes Foundation, Box 3737, Rincon Annex, San Francisco, California 94101.

I am 22 years of age, and I am very petite. I stand barely four feet, nine inches in height. I have a good figure, considering, and my weight is just 84 pounds. I am not considered a dwarf, but due to some freak of nature I was born with no left arm, and my left leg is half the length of my normal right leg. When they said I was finished growing, about three years ago, my left leg was 11 inches shorter than it should have been.

Lately I have been considering having my left leg amputated above the knee. I say above the knee because my left knee is much higher than my right knee. I have talked this over with my parents, and their answer is that it is entirely up to me. I have talked to two different surgeons. One advised against it, the other was all for it. But the surgeons said it was all up to me. My boyfriend is

on my side. I really do believe that with an artificial limb I could walk much better than with this built-up shoe.

My boyfriend thought I should ask for your opinion. I sure would appreciate getting your version, as I feel that I want to go through with the amputation.

"The One-Sided Girl"
Tulsa, Oklahoma

You obviously have given a lot of thought to your situation. I would generally advise against irreversible decisions if they can be avoided, but you may be correct in this case. Try consulting one more orthopedist, preferably at a medical school.

If you're still determined to go ahead with the operation, a below-knee amputation would probably be best. Even though one knee is higher than the other, the length of the artificial leg will be adjusted so that both your legs will be the same. A flexible, natural knee joint allows for a more normal gait than an artificial leg that swings from the hip. Don't have an above-knee amputation in preference to below-knee surgery just for cosmetic reasons.

I am 25 and have been married for a year to a wonderful guy whom I love, but I have a strange problem. I can't seem to get off during sex, and we've tried everything except those positions that were physically impossible for me

to do. The only way I feel real excitement is when I masturbate and concentrate heavily on my first love. If I fantasize having sex with him, I can get really high. Using this fantasy while having sex with my husband can be dangerous since I'm afraid I might call out my first lover's name. My husband is extremely jealous of him as it is. Can you figure out a solution?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Nearly 50 percent of all women have difficulty getting off during intercourse sometime in their lives.

Female orgasmic difficulties are often treated successfully by reputable sex therapists. If you don't know how to find one, ask your doctor or call the nearest medical school. Traditional psychiatry doesn't help much, and you should also beware of sickies who just get it on with their patients and call it sex therapy.

*Fantasies about someone other than the man you're fucking are ordinarily nothing to worry about, but I understand your concern about blurting out your ex-lover's name while in your husband's arms. Instead of thinking of your ex-lover, why not imagine some other person or situation that makes your quim quiver? A writer named Nancy Friday collected many female fantasies for a book called *My Secret Garden*. Read through it. You'll be sure to find some fantasies that turn you on.*

Don't feel shy about touching yourself when you're with a lover. Few men can help but get excited when they're with a woman who's masturbating herself.

Is it unusual for a woman to get horny only on her period?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

A lot of women find they're aroused most while on the rag. The reason isn't really clear. One theory is that some women enjoy sex most when the chances of pregnancy are minimal (but some women can get pregnant during their periods, so watch out).

Another idea is that they become turned on near their periods because of changes in blood hormone levels. It could be that menstruation makes them more aware of their womanhood. One female friend said the answer is simple: more moisture, more thoughts of sex. Whatever the reason, a lot of women like to get it on most while they're bleeding. And why not? There's no health hazard or other harmful effects.

Fresh menstrual blood is odorless and nearly tasteless. I made this discovery accidentally. I was eating a particularly responsive pussy one night in a darkened room. I had a great time licking away, and judging by the lady's moans, she was getting off on it, too. Following this session of oral stimulation, I got out of bed and went to the bathroom. Glancing into the mirror, I

(continued on page 110)

GRAFFITHTHY



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Butt & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

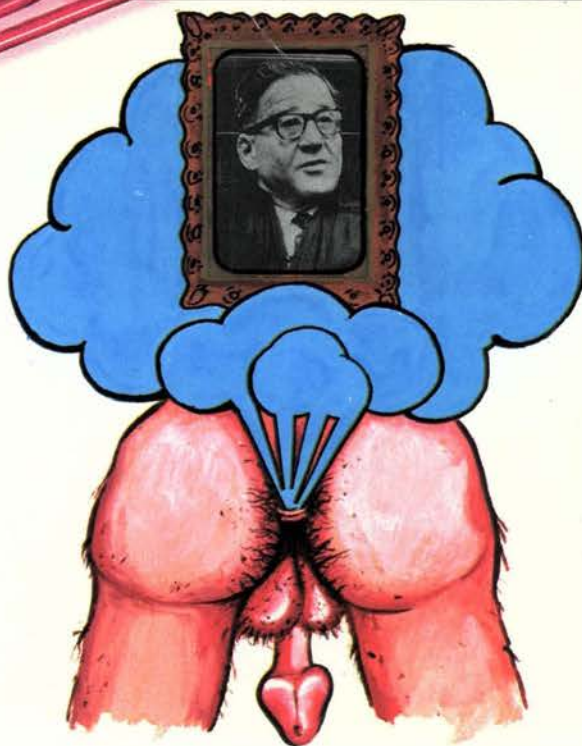
Nathan Rosenberg is a hard-working family man who operates a variety store in Everett, Massachusetts, three miles north of Boston. Mostly he sells groceries—milk and eggs—but Rosenberg also sells *HUSTLER* and other magazines from a rack behind his counter, out of the reach of youngsters. Nevertheless, Malden District Court Judge Louis H. Glaser has found Mr. Rosenberg guilty of disseminating obscene material and fined the businessman, a respected merchant of 25 years' standing, \$2000 for selling *HUSTLER* and \$500 for selling *Penthouse*.

Either Glaser is not in touch with the contemporary standards of his community, or a hell of a lot of people are driving in from out of town to buy a copy of our magazine in Everett. In any case, it looks as if Glaser's one-man purity crusade is based upon the premise that his own opinion is somehow more legitimate than those of the hundreds of *HUSTLER* readers in the area.

If this is true, Everett is to the rest of the country what bleeding chancres are to the Avon lady.

We attribute the judge's estimation of *HUSTLER* to his own unique level of sexual awareness: "Hard-core sexual pornography (sic), totally obscene, prurient, salacious, perverted, filthy, and full of unscrubbable dirt." It sounds to us like the aftermath of a bad case of terminal chastity. Glaser, who might have been at home torching witches, is a counterrevolutionary who is 15 years late for the sexual revolution. Lucky for the rest of us we started without him. If it were up to His Honor, we might all think "butt-fucking" was a carnal act performed with a cigarette stub.

And as to Glaser's firsthand knowledge of sex, the less said the better. Male menopause affects different people in different ways. As most of us have learned from our mothers, all that you can do about menopause is humor it. In this case, it's going to be tough.



What Glaser likes is what you'd better like, if you live in Everett. Probably the only remedy for this sorry state of affairs would be to get Judge Glaser laid or spanked or whatever it is apostles of morality do to get their judicial nuts off. So far, there have been no volunteers to take on the job.

Nathan Rosenberg's attorney has plaintively mentioned the fact that First Amendment rights are really at issue in this case. Judge Glaser forbade the defense to continue with this line of argument. From the bench, Glaser called anyone who would dare to sell *HUSTLER* "warped and perverted" and threatened Rosenberg with a jail sentence.

Poor Nathan Rosenberg. He

kicked the old asshole right between the cheeks when he called the proceedings in Glaser's courtroom "persecution rather than prosecution." Rosenberg will appeal his case to Middlesex Superior Court. "I couldn't live with myself if I didn't take it to a higher court," he says.

It's a damn shame that Rosenberg is being forced to fight a misdirected judicial vigilante like Glaser for no other purpose than to secure the rights guaranteed all of us by the U. S. Constitution. In a sense, we should be grateful to sweaty little men like Glaser. You don't know what freedom is really worth until some asshole tries to take it away from you.

THE CHILD SNATCH



If you come, I won't shoot!



Open wide or it's your ass!



You've got this coming, kid!



Now you swallow every drop!

WILD KINGDOM

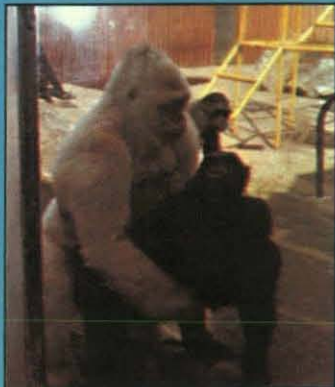
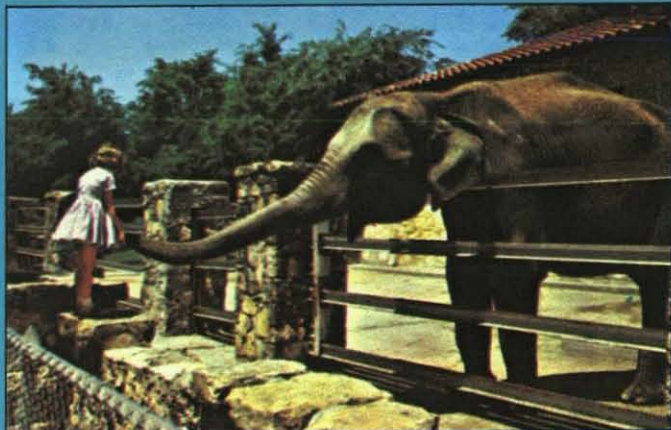
We aren't really certain why people like to see animals fucking. Every time we print a photo of one of God's critters knocking off a piece of ass (or elephant or bear or Komodo dragon, for chrissakes), we get a flood of happy letters—letters that include candid snapshots of the writer's favorite animals getting laid. We're due to be grossed out for certain if we ever feature an article about hemorrhoids.

The gratifying thing about watching animals get it on is the realization that lions, for instance, look as silly as we do in the middle of a good,

hard fuck. Screwing is great, but let's face it: It forces us to put aside our "dignity" for the moment. Animals, on the other hand, seem to know better than to worry about keeping up a front. All they care about is getting their fuzzy little nuts off.

It's nice to know that no matter how hard they try, the prudes and bluenoses can't stop ol' Rover from licking his cock on the church steps if he damn well feels like it.

Perhaps an animal's uncomplicated sex life is nature's way of answering obscenity charges. As Lenny Bruce once said, "If you think a naked body is obscene, the fault lies with the Maker. Go and complain to Him."



WASHDAY HANG-UPS

It hurts to admit it, but we feel sorry for this careless cunt, who probably had her mind on humping Robert Redford while she was slipping her old man's dirty underwear through the wringer. If her husband found her fondling

herself in front of a centerfold of Burt Reynolds, she'd have her tits in a wringer for sure. But once she convinces him that she'd rather dangle her boobs in his face than over a steamy tub, the old stud will probably relent and ease up on the pressure—at least until he can slip into her Downy soft twat.

GABOR FAMILY JEWELS

According to Rona Barrett's *Hollywood*, Eva Gabor has decided that it's dangerous to wear expensive jewelry. Considering that she has been the victim of two burglaries and a mugging, we agree that the best kind of jewels to flash in public are the ruby red gems like the one adorning Eva's chest in this photo from *Hollywood's* "Show and Tell" feature. Rascally Rona now has two magazines designed to keep her readers abreast of the behind-the-scenes shenanigans of Tinsel Town denizens like this "Hungarian



'dumpling', and it appears that Rona (and Eva) is showing more than she is telling.

The Paraphernalia Industry Comes of Age



UNSQUARE DEALER

Dealer is the new magazine for the manufacturers and retailers of pot "paraphernalia": pipes, papers, roach clips and related instruments of marijuana smoking and stashing as well as the sort of records, clothing and novelty items associated with the soft-core drug scene. *Dealer* (Box 919 Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010—\$15 per year) aims to cover the \$200-million-a-year paraphernalia industry as completely as its controversial sister publication, *High Times*, reports on the dope-toking subculture that that industry services.

Unlike *High Times*, which is geared to consumers of the demon weed (*High Times* regularly turns its readers on with a centerfold, just as *HUSTLER* does—except their centerspread is of premium grass rather than *HUSTLER*-style premium ass), *Dealer* is designed strictly for folks in the paraphernalia trade. They neither solicit nor particularly want readers from outside the industry, as reflected in the fact that the magazine is sold only through subscription and by paraphernalia wholesalers to retailers.

Despite the industry-house-organ nature of *Dealer*, non-insiders will get off on seeing the latest developments in dope-smoking equipment—as well as the braless, teenybopper models—in *Dealer's* ads. The dewy-eyed space queens posing with pipes and T-shirts look ready to drop to their knees and give you a memorable knob-job for just a few whispered words—and perhaps a Quaalude or two.

DON'T DROP THE SOAP

Is your girlfriend only interested in some good, clean fun? Then she should work up a lather over this slick bar. Did you gag a little on the stench the last time you went muf diving? Slip her a hint with this drenched dong, which fits in all those hard-to-reach places and makes her skin feel tingling fresh.

If you'd like to show your lovely the penetrating effects of regular hygiene, Cock Soap-on-a-Rope is available in 11-ounce bars at \$6 each from Leisure Time Products, P. O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

TAKE A BLOB TO LUNCH MONTH

This mammoth mass of flesh should enjoy October. It's Gourmet Adventures Month, Pizza Festival Time Month and the Spaghetti Eating Contest is held in Dallas, Austin and Houston on Oct. 3. Oct. 7-16 is National Macaroni Week, Oct. 24-31 is National Popcorn Week and Oct. 31 is Halloween.

Unfortunately our bloated friend can't move from his pair of king-size beds, so it looks like a trick and no treats. The only trick this heavy eater could pull is to roll over on his back.



HUMAN BEANS

Remember the scene in the movie *Tommy* in which Ann-Margret bathed in beans? Tons of Heinz's finest came flooding out of Ann's TV set and covered her fine nubile form. Well, it looks like the mental image of that delectable redhead wallowing in the little gassers made one hell of an impression on a typesetter in Marietta, Ohio. This ad, which appeared in the *Marietta Daily Times*, was the result. It probably caused 57 different varieties of trouble.

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MARILYN MONROE'S SKIN FLICK

Rumors have been circulating for over 20 years that Marilyn Monroe performed in an underground porno film in the days before she became a movie goddess. HUSTLER has located prints of the film in question, and we're prepared to state that the girl in the movie is either the teenage Marilyn Monroe or a Marilyn look-alike who really makes Misty Roe—the actress portraying Monroe in the recently released, soft-core biographical film, *Norma Jean*—look more like Golda Meir than the legendary sex symbol.

As modern porno films go, Marilyn's skin flick is pretty tame. She lolls around on the floor bare-breasted, rolling an apple between her boobs, and inches her high-waisted panties down to the top of her pubic patch. The only totally nude

shots in the film show Marilyn lying on her belly, dangling one upraised foot over her incredibly pert and inviting ass. The shots of Marilyn's large, firm and shapely tits will confirm even the most wildly optimistic fantasies you've had while mentally undressing her in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* or the *Seven Year Itch* and jacking off into your popcorn box. The mingling of childish innocence and womanly sensuality that animates her face as she suggestively sips from a Coke bottle shows why Marilyn Monroe has symbolized sex for two generations of movie fans.

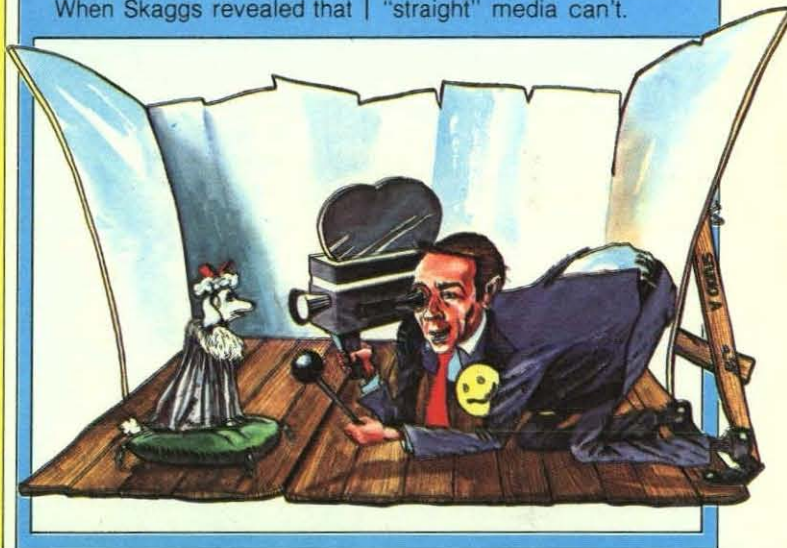
The "Marilyn" skin flick is available in both regular 8mm and super 8mm from Diverse Industries, Inc., 7651 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406.

PUTTING ON THE DOG

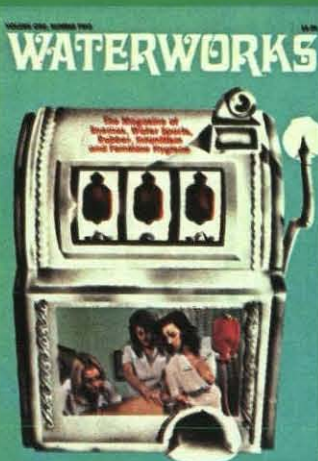
The "Happy News" hot dogs of ABC-TV's flagship Channel Seven in New York City got royally suckered recently when they broadcast a serious report concerning a phony canine warehouse for horny dogs in the Big Apple. After Manhattan's soft-core cable TV show, *Midnight Blue*, had interviewed doggy "whoremaster" Joey Skaggs (a widely known New York artist and prankster) in the midst of his bogus "cathouse for dogs," ABC's *Eyewitness News* apparently smelled a scoop instead of a pile of dogshit and leaped on the story without looking. *Eyewitness News* even brought a veterinary expert on their show who railed that the doggy bordello was nothing more than "cruelty to animals."

When Skaggs revealed that

the whole story was a put-on, both *Midnight Blue* and ABC *Eyewitness News* were equally red-faced to have been so completely flimflammed. The producers of *Midnight Blue* owned up to their gullibility with sheepish "We-been-had" grins, but ABC declined to comment on the shaggy dog story. A public relations flack at Channel Seven sniffed, "Eyewitness News would not want to be placed in the same category with *Midnight Blue*"—which seems rather unsporting of ABC, considering they apparently picked up the story from *Blue* in the first place. The whole incident just goes to show that folks in the raunch scene can take a good joke on themselves—and the poor assholes who work in the "straight" media can't.



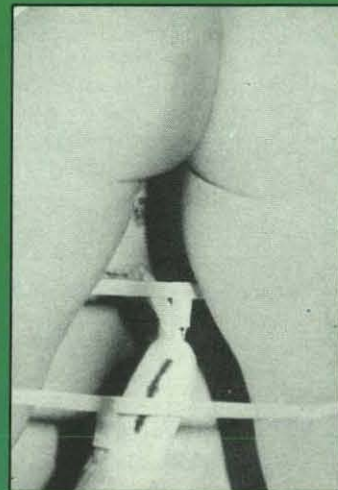
IN THE BAG

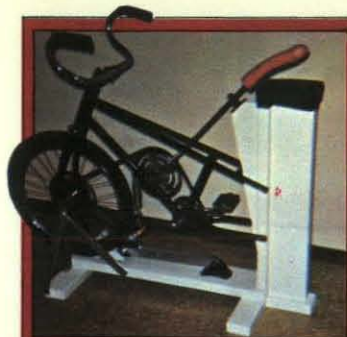


Water Works (\$6 per issue, from the Roxbury Press, 256 South Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211) is a magazine designed for the devotee who views taking enemas as an erotic pleasure rather than as a source of humiliation and punishment. *Water Works'* contributors rhapsodize on the transcendent joys of enema-taking, which, to hear them tell it, make ordinary fucking and sucking seem as mundane and unremarkable as taking a shit.

But enemas are not *Water Works'* only bag; the magazine covers the gamut of elimination amusements. There's a photo-illustrated article on rubberwear for folks who enjoy wetting their pants. For those of you who really believe "her pussy's only good for pissing," four pages of photographs are dedicated to pretty girls on the toilet, peeing.

We don't mean to dump on *Water Works*, but this is one magazine that's sure to wipe you out.





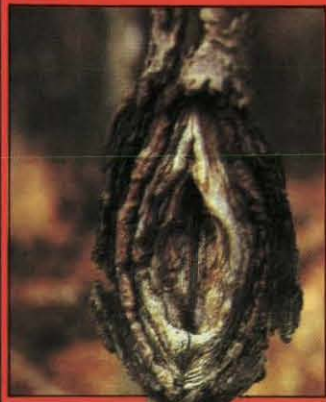
FUCK EXERCISE!

All right, ladies, it's time to start humping. Get rid of those unsightly bulges and maybe hubby will bulge a little more just south of his belt buckle. Using spare bike parts, spare lumber and his sexual genius, a reader has developed a sexercycle that he says puts a plus in exercising. Even if she doesn't lose weight, your woman will keep smiling.

You Hustlers having trouble convincing your lady she should trim down ought to give her a little prodding. Build your own private spa. This could definitely make riding a bicycle something your lady will never forget how to do—or want to stop doing, for that matter.

OPEN CUNT TREE

Forest fuckers looking for a tight piece would be barking up the wrong tree here. Although a botanist might be puzzled by this odd formation, discovered in Farmington, Maine, it is obviously the naturally obscene work of that sly old cunt, Mother Nature.



WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL 'EM "BLUES"?

Fans of "down and dirty" blues music will enjoy *Please Warm My Weiner*, *You Can't Get Enough of That Stuff* and (especially) *Copulatin' Blues*—three record albums that are rerecordings of raunchy blues ditties from the '20s and '30s. These aged, tinny-sounding renditions by such original black blues singers as Jelly Roll Morton (singing "Winin' Boy": "I took that bitch out on

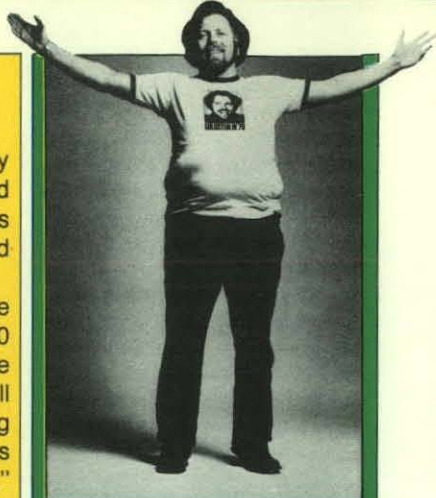
evoke an era when seminally hip blues musicians knew and sang about the *real* essentials of life: drinking, fucking and cheap thrills.

Despite the fact that these "dirty blues" were recorded 40 or 50 years ago, their "let the good times roll" message is still relevant today. After hearing such after-hours favorites as "You Put It in, I'll Take It Out," "Get Off with Me" and "I'll Keep Sittin' on It, If I Can't Sell It," the modern-day listener experiences an overpowering urge to go out and hunt up a late, loud and orgiastic party—or even to start one.

Copulatin' Blues (#ST-101) is available from Stash Records, P. O. Box 252, Tenafly, N.J. 07670. *You Can't Get Enough of That Stuff* (#1051) and *Please Warm My Weiner* (#L-1043) are both available from Yazoo Records, Inc., 245 Waverly Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10014. We don't know the prices of these albums, but if you're interested, write to them and ask.



the stump... I fucked her 'til her pussy stunk....") and Bessie Jackson (singing "Shave 'Em Dry": "I got nipples on my titties lak the end of my thumb, I got somethin' 'tween my legs'll make a dead man come....")



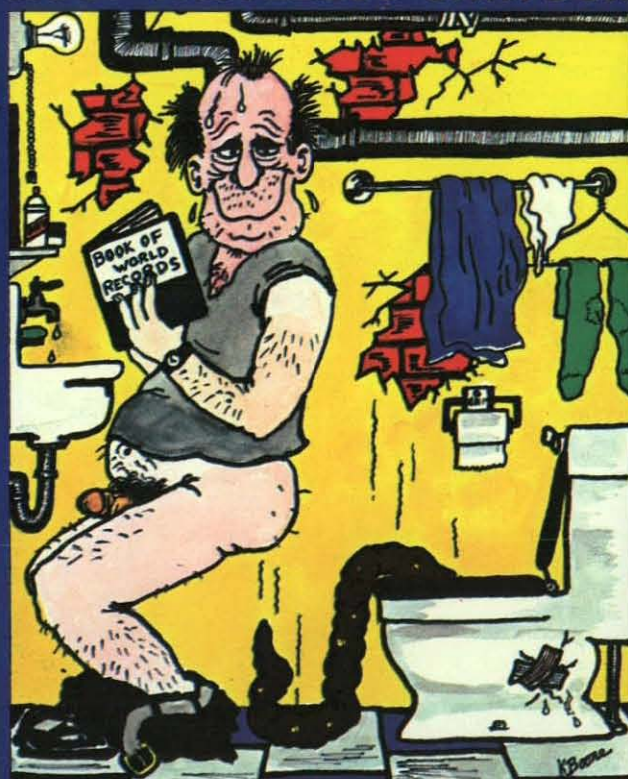
SCREW IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Would you buy a used dildo from this man? If so, you'd probably support him in his bid for the highest office in the land. It pays \$200,000 a year, with free housing, cars and plane rides. And lots of free secretaries. All this would fit in Screw magazine publisher Al Goldstein's economic package, the main plank in his presidential campaign platform, which we hear is made from second-hand plastic and not real wood.

Goldstein's campaign motto is "Uninhibited intercourse for the people, by the people and between the people." We assume these luxuries are ours as long as the 260-pound New York-based Hebrew doesn't have to pay for it. In fact, Goldstein's ascendancy to the Oval Office could mean drastic cutbacks in wasteful government spending. After nine busts on obscenity charges, he's likely to do away with his chief adversary, the financially troubled postal service—except for a skeleton crew to deliver his \$10 Hanukkah bonuses. He might even Jew down the exorbitant defense budget.

Can Goldstein get elected? Fat chance. Somehow, we suspect the flow of campaign funds might mysteriously stop at the low-rent New York offices of Screw—and Goldstein's synagogue might never see a penny of it.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON





SIGN OF THE TIMES

A sex movie in one of the cities where HUSTLER's been charged with obscenity? The morally upright citizens of Cincinnati must have been snickering and tittering and grabbing their groins as they passed this signboard. However, we're quite certain they kept their dirty little thoughts and pricks well hidden from the bluenosed prosecutor of

the Queen City.

Actually this outrageous message does not signal a movie about the terrors of venereal disease. It's merely the formulative stages of the complete sign shown on the reverse side of the board. However, if Cincinnati's self-appointed protector of moral virtue had happened along, some unsuspecting Cinema employee might have found himself sharing the headlines with Larry Flynt.



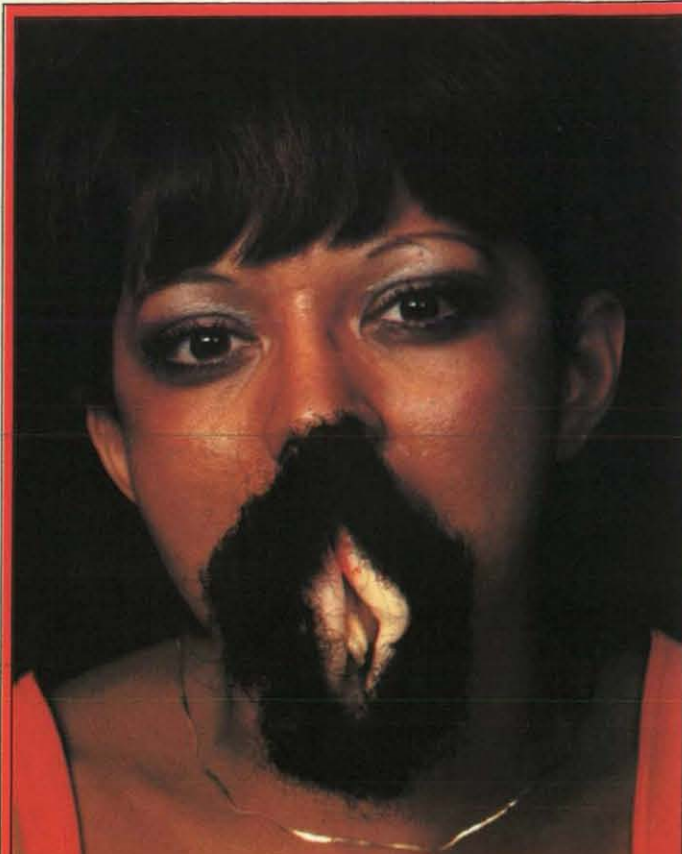
NEW SLANT ON LOVE DOLLS

The border cops stationed in the boondocks of Thailand to intercept Communist troops lead a lonely life bereft of women. Worried about the mental health of these fuckless policemen, higher-ups in the department decided to send plastic Japanese love dolls to the jungle outposts in an attempt to keep their men from bugging POWs, abusing wild animals and fucking over the ecology.

"It isn't funny," says a police official severely. "They're out there sacrificing their lives to

keep us safe [we presume he means the cops, not the dolls], and the least we can do in return is to provide them with a little amusement."

The official said the dolls, which are washable and could be used in three orifices at once, would each be shared among ten officers. Unfortunately the fierce controversy generated by the announcement of the love doll program resulted in a public outcry from the prudes and a change of policy. The border police won't be receiving the dolls after all. We venture the patrolmen have a good reason to feel really Japped out.

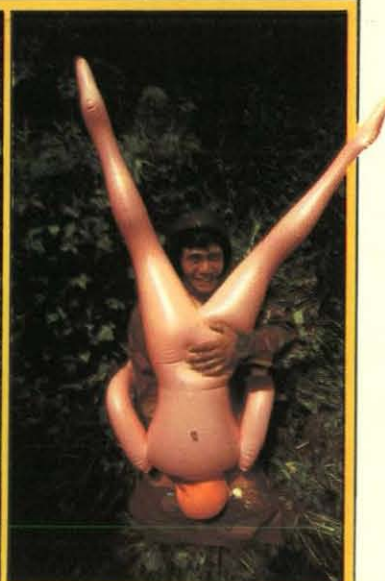


LIP SERVICE

There are those who say illogic is the native tongue of anything with tits. We can't speak for all women, but some, at least, seem to enjoy clouding things up. It comes natural to many broads; just like rolling in shit is natural for dogs: It feels good and they like it. They speak not from the heart but from the gash, and chances are that

at least once a month your chick will stop you dead in your tracks with a masterpiece of cunt rhetoric.

You just have to learn to live with it. So who's complaining? The one surefire way to stop those feminine lips from driving you crazy is to put something between them—like your cock, for instance.



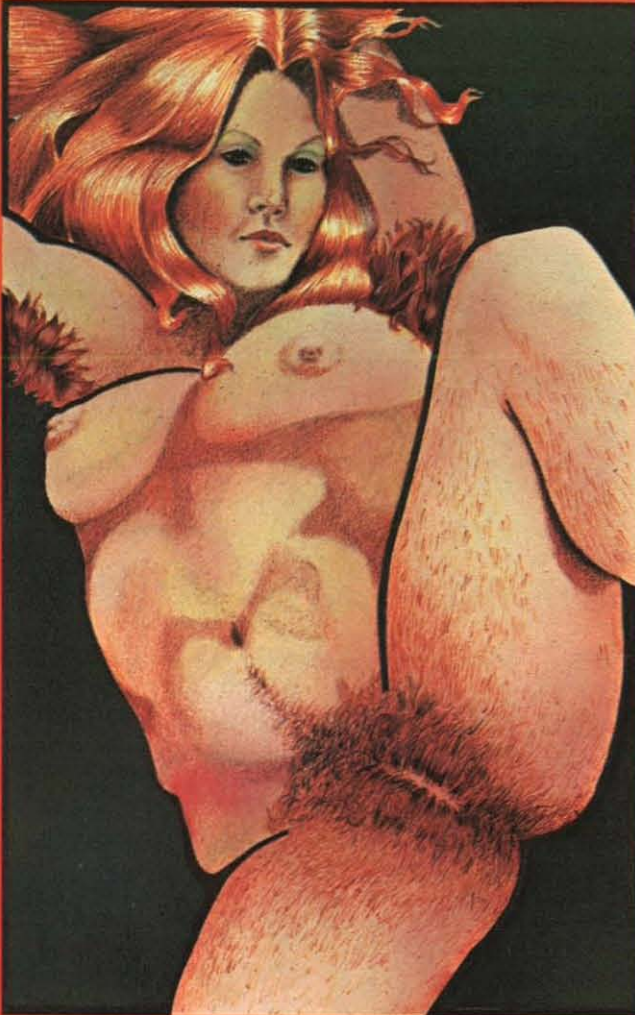
THE SAME OLD SHIT IN A NEW POT

If you've seen *Gallery*, *High Society*, *Genesis* or *Swank*, you've seen *Cheri*. *Cheri* is just the most recent attempt to snare your hard-earned hard-on dollar by those clowns in that traveling circus of New York sexploitation hacks who

seem to have had their names on the masthead of every limp dick men's magazine churned out in the Big Apple. They're up there jacking each other off and jacking you around: the same old shit from the same old assholes.

Cashing in on HUSTLER's success, they try to give you the cunt with no editorial commitment. Here at HUSTLER, sexual explicitness is a natural by-product of our honesty with the readers and not exploitation of a consumer caught with his guard down when he's horny. We don't mind competition, but we want the best there is—not this weak shit.

If you think you get more for your money from any other publication, tell us about it. We're willing to stand toe to toe, brain to brain and hard-on to hard-on and duke it out with anyone on the market.



HAIR-RAISING BEAVER SHOTS

We are being deluged with requests from our readers for photo features showing girls with incredibly hairy cunts. We don't mean just furry beavers but also crotches with enough hair on them to bury your face in. Since most of the girls here at HUSTLER have shaved their pussies, we are following our reader-participation policy and are sending you out to beat the bushes for fantastically furry cunts.

So send in a "boxtop" from

the muff you love to get lost in. Since we, like many men, find body hair a turn-on, we're interested in photos of women with hairy arms, legs and armpits. The hairier the better.

We've presented a woman with nary a hair on her body in the June 1976 pictorial "Hairless Experience." Now we'd like you to give us a woman with enough hair between her legs to braid and tie up with ribbons.

Get the picture?

ROAST DICK

Many women today feel that a sight like this is nothing to spit on. They're more into wienie roasts than hot times in the sack, and when it comes to sucking, they'd rather lick your barbecue sauce off of their fingers than finish off a good blow-job by licking up a load of cum.

An educated guess is that women's lib is the culprit. As they have demonstrated time and again, nothing moistens their OD green boxer shorts like the prospect of lopping off some man's cock, an adventure they look forward to like Apaches dream of taking Randolph Scott's scalp. The ideal man—as designed by these sisters—would be just another dyke, even if the girls had to gobble his crank off to make him look the part.



If you have any interesting or unusual bits and pieces of information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Blits & Pieces*. All submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HUSTLER thanks the following group of contributors to October's *Blits & Pieces*, who are all now \$50 wealthier: A. K. Andre, Ron Hansen, William H. Kinney, Tom Mattevi, Ron Morgan, Eric Otterness, Ronal Parlin, Richard Sams, Robert Shell, Jim C. Smith, Alan Tupman and J. W. Wolf.



"DEAR DIARY,
ONLY ONE THING TO
REPORT TODAY — THE
TROUBLE BETWEEN
HAROLD AND ME FINALLY
CAME TO A HEAD...."

by Tuppy Owens

We Englishmen (and women) are so jealous of you American Hustlers who can see cunts in your magazines—or at least in HUSTLER. Here in England the officials are stingy: We are allowed hairy bulges but no pink. We can just imagine you sitting there, happily leafing through HUSTLER, your eyes lingering on the stunning pink patches on so many of the pages, your minds fantasizing the feel, smell and the yield of each inviting pussy, your stiff cocks hungry for the real thing. We girls are very pleased about this trend: The more men focus their attention on cunts, the better time we'll have.

Strangely, there are very few articles that specifically deal with cunts in men's magazines. They cover cars, films, books, pretty girls and their careers, fetishes and unusual sexual habits and practices, politics and even suggestively formed vegetables, but they skirt the topic of cunts as if some big secret were involved. Perhaps they feel the subject is unmanly. Nothing could be further from the truth. Many men love to eat and suck cunts, and they know that every one they come across is different. And every real man loves to have his prick swallowed by a wet pussy. One stumbling block that may be the basis of some men's fear of women and sexual insecurity is that they really don't understand how to cope with cunts—how to fondle them with their fingers and hold them in their hands, how to jiggle them to excited juiciness and work them up to orgasm. It's easier for girls to learn how to handle cocks because the penis is large and easy to observe. It gets hard when you do it right and soft when you do it wrong. One of the fascinations of playing with cocks is feeling them stiffen and relax as one teases.

Because cocks are so big, a man can look down his body and watch what the girl is doing to his organ. It's hard for her to get

away with fobbing him off with unsatisfying treatments and some miscellaneous random movements. I know that there are some girls who, in darkened rooms and hiding underneath shirttails, only pretend to put a cock in their mouths. After coating the stiff member with saliva (or worse, oil), they go to great lengths to contort themselves so that the guy can't quite see that the mouth and nose are pointed away from (in their words) "the horrid thing." Then the penis is rubbed between their wrists or between

you touch it under her direction. You might even use a small mirror placed so that she can see what you see. If she loves her cunt as much as you do, you'll probably both get more satisfaction from fucking and all related contact sports.

In New York, Betty Dodson has been campaigning among women for some time to make them proud of their cunts and to encourage them to enjoy them more in masturbation. She's written a very good book called *Liberating Masturbation*

their chin and breasts, places that seem "less offensive" to these girls for some reason. It's silly. Personally, I can think of only one other place I'd rather feel the thrust of a hearty erection than in my mouth.

The point is that a cunt is inside, or "round the corner," so to speak. The pubic bone keeps a girl from seeing what you are doing to her cunt, and since things aren't quite so out in the open as they are on you, it's harder for her to direct your education to the most effective methods of manual stimulation. In addition, sexual foreplay initiated without knowledge or self-confidence may cause her cunt to go dry and tighten up, making the whole lesson twice as difficult.

One of the best ways to learn is to watch a girl masturbate. Then let her use *your* fingers to do the job. In this way you will learn the basic principles, which you can adapt to each individual cunt. We all vary so much. However, many girls will not be willing to help you out this way, even though they'd love you to understand their cunts better. Girls often think that their cunts are nasty or ugly, and they may be embarrassed by any attention too avidly directed at that lovely space between their legs. Here's a chance for you to learn together. Sitting between her upraised thighs, tell her how beautiful you think her cunt is. Describe the way it looks and how it changes as



HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. For far too long a time, these pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability. This series, the seventeenth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for **HUSTLER**. It is designed to help the Hustler give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you had thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.



GEMS ON CUNT

(this publication is available from Bodysex Designs, 121 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016) that might interest you, mostly for the extremely clear and easy-to-understand drawings of the various shapes and appearances of cunts. For some reason, she limits her discussion of cunt-handling to two out of the 60 pages of the book. She simply says a few words on the various methods of masturbation, including pressing thighs together (the upper thighs are one part of the female anatomy usually ignored by men, but they are extremely excitable), stimulating the vulva with fast-flowing water, using a hand or vibrator and various combinations of these methods. I doubt that a man will actually learn to get a girl off by reading this book, but he will discover much about women's sexual mentality, and as I said, he'll see some great illustrations of cunts.

Where can you read details about cunts and their sexual responsiveness? Many pornographers appear to be unable to offer any really adequate descriptions. In some books, women have even been inaccurately credited with the ability to shoot cum across the room, a concept that many of you men seem to lap up simply because most of you associate climaxes with spurting. It takes real talent to put a sexually excited cunt into words, a talent limited to such great writers as Henry Miller. For instance, here is his description of the cunt belonging to "the girl upstairs" from his book, *The Tropic of Capricorn*:

It was an enormous cunt, too, when I think back on it. A dark, subterranean labyrinth fitted up, with divans and cosy corners and rubber teeth and syringes and soft nettles and eider-down and mulberry leaves...sometimes it was like riding the shoot-the-shoots, a steep plunge and then a wet spray of tingling sea-crabs, the bulrushes swaying feverishly and the gills of tiny fishes lapping against me like harmonica stops. In the immense black grotto there was a silk-and-soap organ playing a predaceous black music.

Have you explored the inside of women enough to understand how vivid that description is?

A woman's cunt is worth some in-depth exploration—both the hole and the tissues surrounding it. It must be as satisfying for men as it is for women to know each tiny bit of anatomy so well, to be in such control that the pitch of excitement is

Men don't understand how to cope with cunts, how to fondle them and hold them in their hands.

determined by the movement, pressure and direction of one single finger. Women normally learn to reach orgasm one way and stick to that particular method for the duration of their lives. It's up to men to fondle them out of their rut, to make them climax upside down and back to front, from stimulation of not only the clitoris but of the nipple, ass and earlobe as well.

Since this article deals with the cunt, I'll begin with the clitoris and try to limit my brief discussion to the vaginal area—depending on how excited I become. Although orgasm stems from the clitoris, it's not the clit itself that needs touching. The clitoris is just like the prick in terms of friction: It's the rubbing of the skin that covers the organ that excites. In fact, the vulva and the cock are very similar. To reach orgasm, both need to be pulled, sucked, coated with juices and rubbed, taken in the hand and jerked off. Men's and women's reactions to this treatment are also basically the same: Thighs rise rhythmically, muscles tense and twitch, legs shift up and down and backs are arched. Many ecstatic reactions to fucking are avoided in pornography, possibly because pornographers feel that they look ungainly. As a result, too many girls are embarrassed to relax and move naturally in front of men. They're afraid that they'll look funny, but natural is beautiful.

I guess circular movements over and around the clitoris are the most delicious, but it's also fantastic to feel fingers run along the grooves between the big and little lips of the vagina, amazing to have the lips stretched out wide, arousing to have the whole vulva massaged from side to side by sweeping hand movements pulverizing the tissue. There should be no hesitation or feeble fumbling. Remember those swift, sharp jerks that your cock likes? Well, cunts want to be frigged the same way.

What I really miss from men is having my vulva taken in the hand and hugged. It feels really wonderful to have it held and


rubbed round and round against the pubic bone. My cunt gets excited and the juices flow, the tissues swell and engorge with blood, and the whole area feels like hot smoldering jelly with a firm little knob (the clitoris) in the middle.

Nipples are similar. Once a girl is hot, the breasts simply ache to be fondled. Sometimes a tender fingering feels mind-bending. At others, it's imperative to have the entire breast manhandled and rolled in circles around on the chest, nipples pinched, pulled, twisted and pressed back and forth over the tit.

What must be confusing for men is that what may feel dreadful to the girl at the onset of sex may feel absolutely incredible later on when she is aroused. Also, she alters physically. The cunt changes its shape and the nipples swell. Some of you think that cold, shriveled nipples with hard little points are in a state of excitement. Rubbish! An excited nipple has a swollen areola and is engorged and soft.

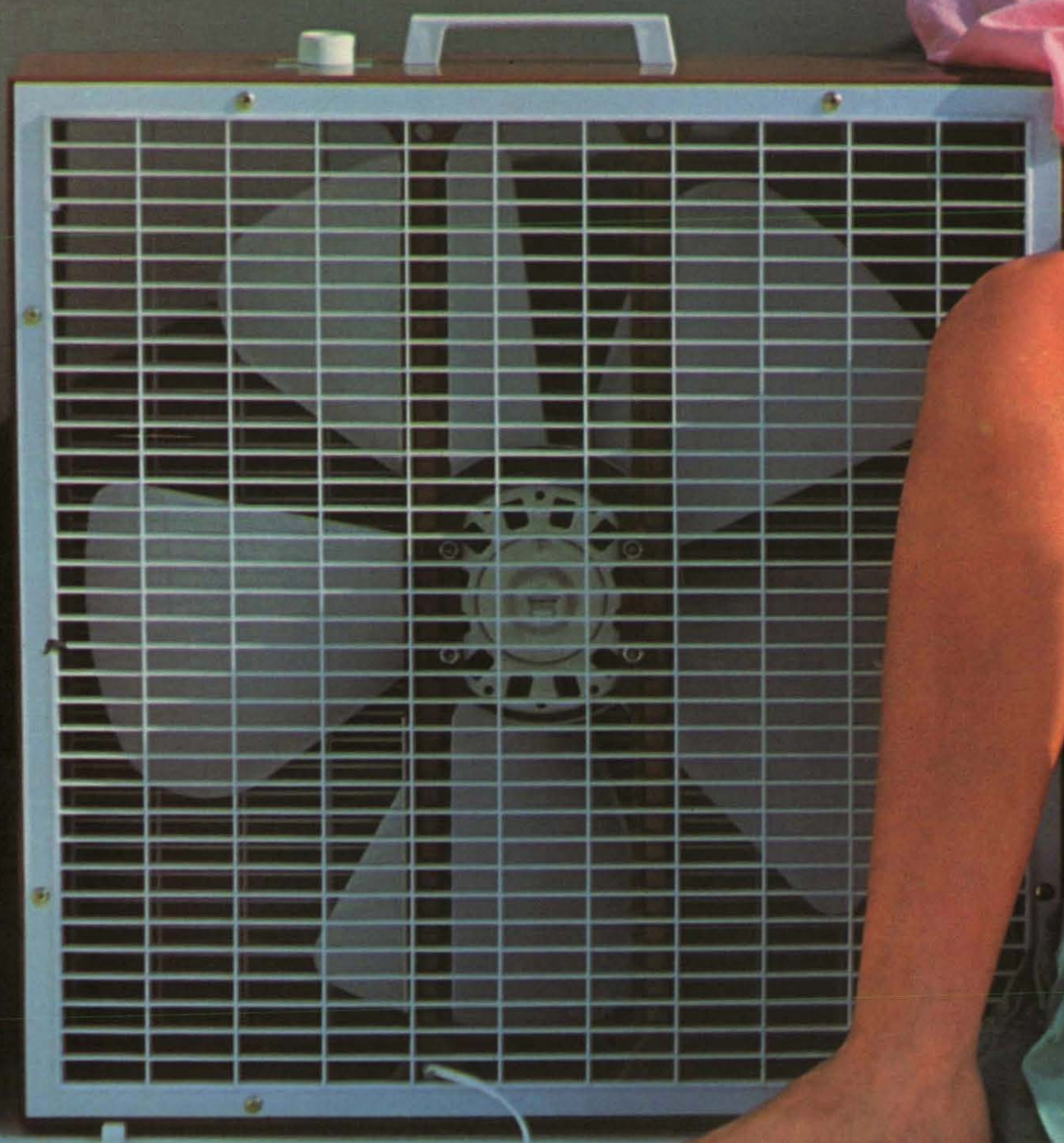
As you all know, girls can keep coming and coming. Some men find this tiring, even tiresome, and spread rumors that the female race is greedy, never satisfied, demanding and obsessive. But how can you really dislike a woman who's having orgasms? You men have so much power to control so much pleasure. Every few minutes, it takes only a gentle frig, a suck or lick on the clitoris, a glancing brush of the nipple, to send her rocketing off again into ecstasy. And when she comes down she'll be that much more devoted to you. Those little pink patches on the pages of *HUSTLER* are not to be feared. They are what you're after, and they are not to be slighted.

When a girl dresses every morning, she decides how she'll clothe her cunt. I am often tempted, especially on blind dates, to wear a skirt and no panties. I love the sensation of having a strange hand climb up my legs. The momentary hesitation of surprise is always enough in itself to moisten my pussy, lubricating the way for those fingers to plow straight inside.

How far this is from love, tenderness and gentle affection! Yes, but cunts—like cocks—seem to have minds of their own. They don't obey the codes of polite society. Cunts are ruled by that most basic of instincts, the sexual drive. The impositions of modern society can often make their lot a cruel one. A tender and knowledgeable lover will always be amply rewarded in kind; knowing what you're doing is the best way to get on the right side of cunts. It's worth it, my darlings, believe me. 

TONI

open and honest







[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)

A highly successful fashion model in Miami Beach, Florida, Toni's regal beauty has freshened the pages of *Vogue* and other such high-fashion magazines. While other haute couture models look as sexless and unreal as the mannequins being changed in Macy's windows—the ones with seamlessly smooth, plastic crotches and breasts bereft of nipples—Toni's ripe, freckled tits and come-hither cunt prove her to be a real turn-on in every sense of the word.





After years of being prodded and posed by faggot designers and effete, martini-sipping ad execs, Toni appreciates a man who is as real and open as she is. "I like it when a man looks me in the eye and tells me upfront that he wants my body. I figure if a guy has balls enough to take the chance of me slapping his face, then I should take the chance that he will give me a night full of good, belly-smacking sex. I haven't been disappointed yet."





NEVER FUCK WITH KARMA

by Harold Norse

The phone rang and a husky voice he didn't know asked for him.

"I was at your poetry reading last night," said the voice. "I've been trying to get your books at the public library. The librarian never heard of you."

"It's been known to happen," he said guardedly.

"But you've published all those books!" said the voice in surprise.

"I've been out of the country for fifteen years," he said. "People forget."

"The librarian checked and found a copy of *The Bouncing Breasts*, was it?"

"Beasts," he said wearily, "not *Breasts*. An old book. Hope you didn't get it."

"The copy was missing. How can I find your stuff?"

The usual question. Lots of eager college kids all over the country were asking it. Some went so far as to write papers on him proving that he *did* exist—and still nothing in print for nearly ten years in this country.

"The university libraries," he muttered defensively. Then, with suspicion, "Who gave you my phone number?"

"Oh, nobody!" said the voice gaily. "It's written in all the women's journals!"

"Well, if you don't mind, kid, I've got work to do."

"Hey, wait a minute! Remember the guy at the reading who asked if he could see you? All the rest were women. You gave your number to him. Afterwards, he was hitching a ride and had the piece of paper with your number in his hand. I just read it while he was telling me how much he dug your poetry. I wondered why it said *Nights Only*. That sounded kinda sexy." A throaty giggle.

A standing ovation at the enormous Zellerbach Auditorium... 2500 people at the Berkeley reading... people yelling and whooping as if he were a rock



star...mobbing him down front to stare at him...touch him...and Anais Nin, who hugged and kissed him, said how *great* he was...but it was *her* they'd come for...she was the main feature.... Now, one crazy telephone call, he thought bitterly, out of all that mob. Still, that voice—resonant, low-pitched—hell, it was sexy....

"What's your name, kid?" he asked, more gently.

"Mimi."

"Did we talk afterwards?"

"Yeah. I was the one who thought that poem about *red* was funny."

"Oh? That is one of my most serious poems." He remembered the girl now—a smart-ass, irreverent bitch. "'A furious and demoniacal chant.' That's what a famous critic called it. Another said no better poem could be found in any anthology of the past decade. In fact, it wasn't found in *any*," he added, with undisguised bitterness.

She was laughing. Callous, he thought, my luck.

"Listen," he snapped irritably, "why the hell did you think it was funny?"

"Well, I was sitting in the front row because I thought I'd be able to see you. But I was so close that I could only see your eyebrows waving over the stand. And the P.A. system kept sending out thousands of echoes, like a thousand people reading a thousand poems. Besides, I was getting banana peels all over the damn floor and everybody, and my feet were on the railing. I had sat on the banana before I got it out of my back pocket. I was munching on the squashed banana and you were talking of the navel of the world and I got the banana on the hand of the guy next to me and...."

Oh *no!* A groupie who calls him up to babble about *bananas*? Never argue with karma. You can't do a fucking thing about it. His fate, he reflected, had always been to suffer fools—but not gladly. He knew also that he often ruined possible opportunities because of a cynical, negative attitude and now, out of desperation, he decided to pursue this game a bit further.

"You know," he began slyly, "I thought you were a boy at first. I really did."

"A boy!" The throaty young voice came to a halt, shocked. He gloated to himself.

Then the voice resumed. "Well, I was wearing my cowboy pants. And when I'm wearing my shitkickers...well, I've been taken once or twice for a boy." She had recovered her aplomb quite fast. "By the way," she said, resuming her girlish, bantering tone, "did you see the two queens who came up to the stage at the end?"

"I don't remember seeing any queens," he said. "Maybe I mistook them for boys, too. Ha-ha."

She stood there oozing sex with fresh-lipped, alluring sensuality.

"I guess," she said, "your poetry isn't *that* funny."

"You were the only one out of twenty-five hundred people," he replied peevishly, "who thought it was." She had a sharp tongue that succeeded in nettling him.

"Oh, I think *everything* is funny," said Mimi.

What the hell, she was only about 16, he thought, why not just roll with the punches. She seemed to enjoy one-upmanship.

But in spite of her palaver, she had an irresistible charm that even came across at their first, brief, hazy encounter, an incipient style of cool irreverence and elegance that gave off an unmistakable aura of class. And with her striking, if boyish, good looks, he could not fail to respond to her. Her superior shit-eating grin had caught his attention after the reading. A mob of young autograph seekers and gray-haired elderly matrons pressed eagerly in on him from all sides; the contest with Mimi, who'd been the first to get near him, had lasted for only a few distracted minutes. She had annoyed him immeasurably then as she did now. He did not like being put on, and he felt that, in spite of her youth, she was already adept at this dangerous American sport, so close to (and so indistinguishable from) being put down. All this at the very moment of his "triumph," as he perceived it, caused him to coldly turn his back on her, making a display of autographing some old copies of hard-to-get books and giving his phone number to several nondescript individuals who requested it. One of these was the tall, dirty-haired boy with acne who stared at him shyly with dumb admiration, the one she met later hitching a ride. (Yet it was she and not the reverent fans who contacted him.) She had stood there oozing sex with a fresh-lipped, alluring sensuality that had aroused him, accompanied by a nagging sensation that, if he were not careful, the story of Lot and his daughters, with himself in the title role, would be replayed—with a Hollywood twist. And who cares if the daughters had in fact started it? Hah, tell that to the judge.

"Mimi, where are you calling from?"

"Berkeley," she answered.

"That's quite a bill you're running up."

"It's a friend's phone."

"Ah, of course."

"Shit, I've done seventy dollars at one time on friends' phones. I did fifty-five dollars once."

"You've got good friends," he said. "What happens when they find out?"

"The date is on the bill. Eventually I've gotta pay up."

With no trace of delicacy, he pointed out that she couldn't afford to buy his books. He was acutely sensitive on the subject.

"Well, right now I am broke," she said evenly. She had a rich voice, the kind that comes from a *rich* family, he thought. A student in Berkeley, a gift for satire—that's all he knew about her.

Mimi must have run up about 20 bucks by then. He wanted to get back to his job, a combination of looking at dirty pictures, masturbating and editing a manuscript of his poems (which always involved heavy rewriting) for submission to a New York publisher. Whenever he got into his work, he found the energy level so high that he had to jack off. I could do a lot worse, he thought lecherously, than playing with Mimi's cunt. To begin with, he didn't want to seem eager, especially since he was still not quite sure what she was up to. She was probably the type who only wanted a duel of wits, a game with a name. And besides, lifelong habits being impossible to break, he did not countenance interruptions, not even for sex (jacking off was an integral part of the creative process) when exercising his gift. And she *had* phoned during work hours.

So intense was his erotic frustration, however, that he was about to say, "Why don't you come to San Francisco? I live downtown near the East Bay Bridge." Instead, in order to discipline himself, he told her rather abruptly that he had to resume his literary labors. She said she would phone sometime.

The minute he hung up he was sorry. Unable to resume his task, he had to abandon it. He spent the rest of the night trying not to think about her, but without success. Mimi's magic had worked, had heated his blood. Fantasies of what *should* have happened mingled in his brain with the hard-core porno pics scattered on the floor and on the night table beside the bed. He flicked the pages with impatient fingers—pink, gleaming, wet pussies all over the slick pages, in vivid color, gaping cunts, flaring wide, moist, inviting, with soft, white thighs and voluptuous tits, all there to grasp his stiff, aching, throbbing cock. *Mimi, come over!* He was removing her cowboy pants and shitkickers and *wow!* She had a pair of *tits*, and he wasted no time in shoving

(continued on page 92)



BREESE
Pink as a Baby's Butt



You may have seen Lindsay Freeman portrayed as Baby Breese, a 12-year-old nymphet from a British hamlet, in a Penthouse pictorial. You may even have been duped into playing their contest to guess her age after they fooled you into thinking she was just an "itsy-bitsy" thing.



We found Lindsay in Wales and brought her here for a photo shooting. We hate to disillusion you, but Guccione has been reaming your imagination with an underdeveloped 20-year-old, born February 1, 1956, and, as you can see, this nymphet's bumhole seems to have gone through more than vigorous potty training.

To bear it all, the snot-nosed little cunt originally agreed to give us the standard HUSTLER pink shots but then refused to open up for the camera once she got here. Although we couldn't give you even a glance at her shopworn pussy, our photographer, Amy Freytag, was clever enough to capture on film Lindsay's gaping

asshole, where there's plenty of pink for everybody.

"Vaseline" Guccione tries to slide by with a lot, and he's just putting it up his readers' collective ass with this kind of bullshit. Here at HUSTLER, we are often accused of gut-punching, but we're honest about it—and we have the balls to give it to you straight.







HUSTLER's Guide to American MASSAGE PARLORS

by Frank Fortunato

Illustrated by Michael Jupp

I was in a mild state of shock as Bruce David, the Managing Editor of HUSTLER, spelled out the details of a possible assignment: an all-expense-paid tour of eight American cities to investigate the state of the massage-parlor nation. Now wait a minute, thought I. Is this solid citizen saying that HUSTLER is willing to pay me to get fucked and sucked from sea to shining sea in return for a few choice words on how it felt?

"Yes," Bruce replied.

"I want it," was my clever rejoinder.

How do you prepare for a job like this? Pack a case of wheat germ in a valise? Arrange for vitamin E injections? Buy stock in oyster beds? I've been a lecher since puberty, so this job constituted a dream

assignment—make that a wet-dream assignment. Within a week, the details were ironed out, an open booking ticket was waiting for me at LaGuardia Airport, and a check for expense money had arrived in the mail. The Rubdown Express was on its way.

I've always been fascinated by whores. Love, marriage and divorce are transitory predicaments, but hookers are immutable: *They are always there, and they are always available.* I never tire of walking down Lexington Avenue in New York City to spot an appetizing hooker, *knowing* that she is immediately available to me—no dinners necessary, no rituals wherein she can assuage her conscience by determining that you are a "good person." For her, any man with a stiff prick is OK. It's the way you

behave after you come that determines your "goodness."

Hookers are an antidote for women who use their cunts as weapons, who sit back and expect you to perform, eat fire and prove that you have power before they ball you. Whether lonely, lewd, hundred-dollar call girls or doorway denizens, they cater to lust—theirs and yours. I consider hookers, even the most man-hating, stupid, brutal, degraded and ugly ones, somehow special and sacred.

With my attitudes, it's not surprising that I was at one time part owner of a massage





parlor. My partner supplied the money. I supplied the mind of a deviate. It only lasted about a year because of our business incompetence, and only our masseuses made money, sometimes more in one day than we made a week. I was the only pimp in town who drove a Toyota. At the time, I reasoned, "What is money compared to an endless sea of pussy?"

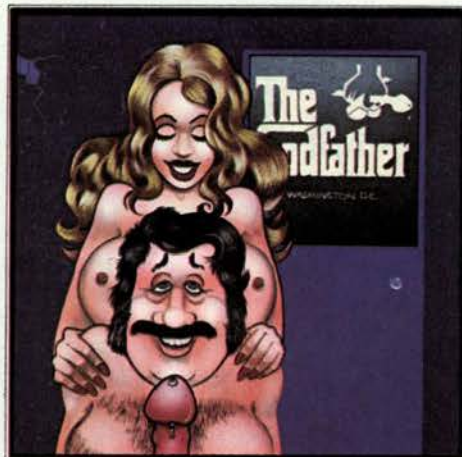
Between falling in love with the girls and fucking myself silly, I was able to observe the various factors that have contributed to the "parlor phenomenon." Basically, it's the quality of the girls. Massage parlors frequently set up a more relaxed and dignified atmosphere than a straight bordello. In most areas, they are insulated in that they are at least quasi legal, and there is a male "manager" present to handle unruly types. Moreover, many such places allow the masseuse to set the limit for sex, or the management sets the limit at hand-jobs or head. This appeals to many women who are amenable to hooking but unwilling to free-lance or to work the cold whorehouse scene. Consequently, sensitive, intelligent and often extremely beautiful women work in massage parlors: college students, career women, housewives, artists and non-professionals who enjoy their work and are three-dimensional, real people.

Any man still breathing must admit there is nothing unpleasant about a pair of hands cruising along the body from erogenous zone to erogenous zone, especially when the hands are attached to a masseuse who looks and acts as if she might be *someone's* girl next door. A decent massage not only feels good, it allows you more time to get accustomed to the presence and the individuality of another person as opposed to a more impersonal fast fuck. True, anyone who goes to a massage parlor looking for love and fulfillment is in trouble, but it doesn't hurt to like the sex object who gets you off.

This doesn't mean that every massage parlor is a fantasy palace and that every masseuse is a goddess of lust. Far from it. Many places allude to, and promise, wonderful acts—natural and unnatural—taking place within their confines. Syrupy telephone voices (often prerecorded) try to lure you like sirens, labeling their massages in swingers' parlance. However, a "French massage" is actually a rubdown with baby powder, and often the "lovely, sensual masseuse" turns out to be a tired, hungry whore close to menopause who crawls into the room on her knuckles. As in anything else, it is important to be selective, and usually the most crucial criterion is location. Contemporary community standards have

the final say about what's available in a massage parlor, and these vary from place to place—as I was soon to find out.

WASHINGTON, D.C.



The Capital: A spoked wheel deserted to the blacks and the *tourists*. I checked into the Holiday Inn at National Airport, knowing from experience that the local parlor scene was centered in the Arlington, Virginia, area.

There is no single formula for rooting out the massage scene. It varies from place to place. In D.C., it happens to be the Yellow Pages. A city of abundance is Washington. There are exactly 51 parlors listed in the directory. A few are located in D.C., but the majority are in northern Virginia. However, this smorgasbord has been whittled down recently by an anti-massage-parlor law passed in Falls Church, Virginia, requiring all masseuses and masseurs to have a thousand hours of "massage-related training" at an approved school. The result being that most Falls Church parlors have been temporarily closed. Nevertheless, it is still a boggling choice, and apparently the increased competition since I was here three years ago has driven the prices down. At that time, an hour's topless massage—with a hand-job thrown in—went for \$60. Today, the prices are more or less standardized: a topless at \$25, a nude at \$35, an inspired innovation called the "mutual" at \$45 and an hour with two girls from \$60 up depending on embellishments—champagne, bubble baths and other elaborate silliness being available. There is also a small out-service listing in the Yellow Pages with prices starting around \$50.

Eager to obtain the most for HUSTLER's dollar, and my libido, I made about a dozen phone calls in the line of duty. Soon it all began to sound like a litany—sultry voices, live and prerecorded, promising heaven and then some: "... See y'all soon, *big boy*."

There were places with names like "Bobby Jo's Flaming Den Health Salon of Virginia." I was about to close my eyes and pick one at random when a name struck me: "The Godfather—we'll make you an offer you can't refuse." My ethnic heritage decided this must be the place.

The Godfather, a five-minute cab ride from the airport, as promised, was nestled in a relatively new, one-story shopping center. It was a dimly lit place with full-length wall mirrors and imitation leather couches. On one wall hung a menu of possibilities, starting with a ten-minute session for ten dollars. Arrive with an erection for that one because ten minutes tends to pass rather quickly in a massage room.

I wandered around the waiting room alone and was about to check behind the couches when a door suddenly opened and a tall, slim, attractive blonde wearing a "toothpick" smile and a floor-length negligee greeted me. She was in her mid-20s and, despite the plastered smile, wasn't bad at all. I asked about the "mutual" on the menu for \$45, and "Crystal" explained that it's a number wherein you massage her and she massages you. It sounded good, so off we went into a small, softly illuminated room. After she collected the money, she disappeared for several minutes while I undressed.

When she returned, she shed her nightie to display an appetizing body highlighted by a fine ass. "I guess I'll massage you first," I said somewhat indecisively, and in a trice she was up on the single-width massage table, ass heavenward. The tuft of blonde flax peeking through her perfect ass globes proved Crystal to be a natural blonde. I found that massaging her was an awkward reversal of roles and heard myself throwing out lame conversational gambits: "Ah, have you been doing this long?" "Do you really dig your work?" "Where are you from?"

Crystal claimed to have come here from Sweden three years ago. This was doubtful since there wasn't a trace of an accent in her voice. Maybe she meant Sweden, Iowa. Eventually, Crystal turned over on the table, and I continued my ministrations over her breasts and thighs, occasionally dipping down to probe her labes, which were delivering a modest amount of sap onto my fingers. I couldn't help noticing that Crystal had a nice cunt, and since I had been unimpeded so far, I decided to take the dive. Suddenly I heard a voice say, "I don't let *everyone* do this, you know."

"Uhhh," I replied, peeking up through the pubic jungle to see a slight curl in that perpetual smile of hers. Then I remembered

that there was a time limit on this scene, and we exchanged places. She was a competent masseuse, and that turned my thinking toward getting off. I knew that a hand-job was on the agenda, but I decided to vie for more. After I turned over, displaying a proud boner, I asked, "Is anything else available?" "Like what?"

"Some head? If it's a question of more money..." I started to say.

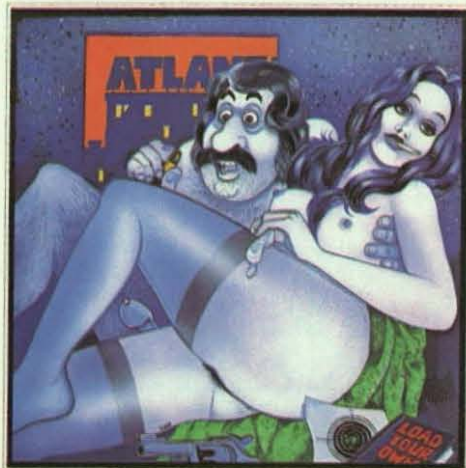
"No, it's not allowed here. I wouldn't do that for money," she replied, managing to sound almost sanctimonious.

"Then how about for love?" I countered, grabbing her closest hand and proffering a mock kiss. She wasn't amused, but she took my dick and began massaging it between her tits. I just lay back and let it happen, which it did. She cleaned me up and handed me a towel, directing me to the sauna that I had requested earlier.

What with coming and the sauna, I returned upstairs in a state of relaxation that bordered on comatose. As a result, I inadvertently opened the wrong door to find Crystal stroking away on some young citizen. "Excuse me!" I stammered.

"Oh, that's all right," said Crystal, still smiling. The young guy, probably a local, just scratched his head. In my parlor experience I've met many girls who derived a sense of detached control and even revenge from jerking men off. Despite the fact that she let me go down on her, I believe Crystal was into this bag. I also believe that if you have the "right girl," or once the masseuse gets to know you, you can get more than just a hand-job at The Godfather and similar parlors in the D.C. area. All in all, Washington is still a good town—for massage parlors.

ATLANTA



She: "Hello. Moon Shadow Massage."

Me: "Could you tell me something about

your services and rates?"

She: "Well, sir, we offer a half-hour session with one of our lovely, bikini-clad masseuses, who will massage away all your cares with precious mint oils, and that will only cost thirty-five dollars."

Me: "Is that a complete massage?"

She: "Oh, no, sir, Atlanta law forbids us to touch your private parts, but you can do that yourself if you like."

Gee, thanks. I'll say this though: Only a Southern lady could make a deal like that sound almost good. Almost.

In Atlanta, the Yellow Pages are virtually useless. Only four listings were of any genuine promise, and unless you are a stone exhibitionist, even those four are not very reliable. A check of the local entertainment guides rendered nothing. The only recourse was to explore the downtown area. Unlike many places its size and larger, Atlanta is a true city—hip, sophisticated, with a cultural life, good restaurants and a genuine urban atmosphere that also manages to embody some of the finest aspects of Southern hospitality. Unfortunately, they do not have such a benign outlook toward things carnal. Perhaps this is a surviving vestige of Baptist Conservatism. There is also a heavy gun culture—as I was to find out.

There are two "tenderloins" in Atlanta. One is in the heart of the downtown area on Houston Street, a short two-block stretch containing peep shows, porno stores, go-go bars and several "bathhouses" advertising "love tussles." I entered one known as the "Houston Bath House" and asked, "What is this love tussle, y'all?"

"Well, that's when you and a girl get together in a room and, well, sort of wrestle around."

"Oh."

"Why don't you try a session and find out?" I was immediately surrounded by five girls of all shapes, sizes and racial extractions. They weren't bad, but the whole deal sounded too vague to me and the place was considerably less than luxurious, so I backed out. "You ain't coming back, are you?" asked a strawberry blonde.

"Maybe I'll surprise you," I said.

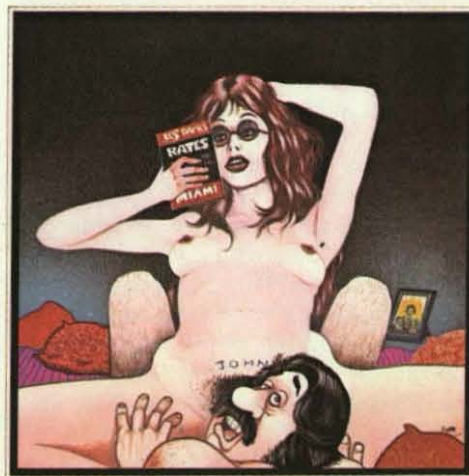
The other tenderloin runs approximately from NW 8th Street to 12th on Peachtree and is an all-purpose weirdness zone featuring several hippie bars, a gay peep-show club that doubles as a clubhouse-poolroom, a few porno stores, topless bars and a string of love-tussle joints. The entire area gives off an aura of transience and violence. For instance, while I was walking through around midnight, I witnessed a man casually pummeling the shit out of another guy who was clutching a bottle of Bud and

trying to maintain both sides of a conversation. Bystanders watched with indifference from a distance. A bright-colored Plymouth carrying two bearded young men wheeled around the corner. The attacker slid away, but the drunk uttered something incoherent. The bearded men leaped out of the car, cocking shotguns that they waved at the bystanders while strutting around shouting cop threats like, "We'll be back in three minutes!" A police cruiser pulled around the corner, and the bearded men waved.

Undaunted, I entered a love-tussle joint, only to be greeted by several beat-looking chicks and a man, ostensibly the manager, who was packing a .357 magnum on his hip—just the thing to relax the clientele. I took a cab back to the Houston Bath House, where at least I would do the surprising. The strawberry blonde leaped up as I entered. Business was still slow, and the other girls were sprawled about, cleaning their nails and reading magazines. The room she led me into was clean, and "Martha" had a nice body as well as a realistic, if dispassionate, working girl's attitude: "As long as you ain't a cop," and "I've got two kids to support." I slipped her \$40 for the session, and she slipped me my first rubber in a long time. We balled on a mattress to a series of Allman Brothers' tunes seeping in from next door.

The love-tussle parlors just don't make it. Although it is possible to get off in these places, they are mediocre at best. I do not recommend either of the parlor neighborhoods to the timid. The best advice I can offer is to hit town with a phone number or simply confine yourself to the city's other attractions.

MIAMI



Sun City: Mink stoles and the neon glitter of Collins Avenue contrast with the one-story patio culture that makes up the rest of the town. There's a sensual, slow-motion

atmosphere that makes everyone seem relaxed, as if on vacation. Boutiques sell women's blouses emblazoned with "Miami Bitch" and "J.A.P." Girls are everywhere—hitchhiking to beaches, their luscious tan bodies encased in bikinis, or slowly driving through a shopping center in a Mercedes.

The sports section of the *Miami Herald* is the best source of current parlors, with about 25 listings scattered around town. In Miami "scattered" means an hour of free-way driving, so determine as much about the deal as possible over the phone. The prices range from \$25 to \$75 for two girls and a "complete massage."

The scene is erratic here. The parlors use every form of legal gimmick and semantic dodge to keep ahead of the law. There are dance studios, art and photography studios, love-wrestling joints and "relaxation treatment centers," to name a few. The most dubious places seem to be the dance and art studios. The rates range from \$15 for a "veil dance" to \$50 for a "nude dance where you can touch the dancer." Stay with "relaxation treatments," a local euphemism for a massage.

Decadence is a big thing in Miami. Even the mediocre places will take a stab at it with smoked-glass mirrors and garishly covered water beds. But things can be tight in Miami, and it is entirely possible to find yourself sitting next to a very attractive lady on a water bed in a room decorated like a cathouse in Sodom and hear her tell you there's no sex. This can mean you will have to wait until the session is in progress to discuss extras.

A friend had told me the best parlor in Miami was a joint called "Les Dames." Although I was skeptical, he insisted that I check it out.

Les Dames, a typical one-story building on the Dixie Highway, is located in the south end of Miami. The parlors are open until three or four in the morning, so, arriving at midnight, I hit the height of the rush hour. Confusion reigned. Apparently there was no manager, and the masseuses were running the show. Traffic was heavy: Men with sperm counts drained were beating a hasty retreat while others wearing frozen expressions of lust were paying their way in.

I sat eyeballing the masseuses as they scurried in and out of my view—nothing spectacular. After an interminable wait, a black girl came running in to say, "OK, your masseuse is ready." I was set to raise hell about not being allowed to choose when a bespectacled girl, 4'10" and 95 pounds, appeared. She did not look day-number-one over 16: a sight that sent my lust barometer whacko.

"Have you ever been here before?" she

asked. I signaled no and followed her into a large, dimly lit room with two beds: one wet, one dry. In her cute Southern dialect, she explained the rates and services, pointing out that tipping could be discussed after the "relaxation treatment." She was obviously new, and there was nothing professional about her slow and deliberate manner. At this point, my horns were fully extended. If she had suggested a mutual reading of the latest copy of *The Watchtower*, I might have agreed. Instead, she said the sessions began at \$20 and ranged up to \$35 for a half-hour nude. I paid her for the nude session, and we sat and talked for a few minutes. "Laurie" explained that jobs were scarce in Miami, and previously she had been working in a factory for \$60 a week. Her husband was disabled from a motorcycle accident, and this was her first day at the parlor. Her story was a melodramatic tale of woe, but it had an obvious ring of truth to it. She epitomized one of the best features of massage parlors: the opportunity to be fucked by someone who is *real*, a chance to get your rocks off with some human contact thrown in.

She disappeared with the money while I undressed and plopped down on the dry bed, smoking, with a soft-on. When she returned, she began what amounted to a striptease in installments, taking almost five minutes since Laurie continually interrupted the process to tell me something else. She had a fine, miniature body with upturned breasts and a bitable ass. Laurie was 22 years old and had never been out of the Miami area. Since I didn't know what to expect from her, imagine my delight when she climbed up onto my chest, her cute little cooze about a foot from my eyeballs. Apparently, she felt relaxed because she spoke nonstop about her husband and their life together. It was tricky business to help her solve her personal problems and to maintain an erection simultaneously. Her husband's name was John, and to prove this she'd had it tattooed about three inches above her snatch.

"Looks like a new tattoo."

"It's about six months' old," she answered proudly while I was fondling her tits and pussy, which to my surprise was delivering a quantity of dew onto my fingers.

The massage lasted a half hour, after which I asked her what else was available. "Well, there's the *super* for thirty. That's a lay, but I'm really not into that yet. Then there's a blow-job for fifteen." I lay back, watching this fresh, bespectacled 16-year-old face blow my dick while I fingered her elastic-tight box, which Laurie had accommodatingly spread for me. When I came, it was one of those explosive ejaculations

that seems to empty the body of *all* vital fluids, including bone marrow. When it was over, she looked up at me for approval with a string of semen suspended from her lower lip to my genitals. In short, it was classic: a beautifully lewd experience. We parted friends—after a fashion.

True, I was lucky to find a girl like Laurie. However, the fact remains that girls like her can be found in massage parlors, and to my thinking they offer the best possible experience that's available in commercial sex. Based on the half-dozen studios that I checked in Miami, the masseuses are far above average in terms of attractiveness, and the rates are reasonable, considering what you get. All in all, I would say that Miami is a good town for a "massage."

HOUSTON



Houston is proudly billed by locals as the fastest-growing city in the nation. Certainly, it is a city that suffers from growing pains. NASA and the oil companies have taken over the town by creating jobs that attract thousands of New Yorkers and Californians. The result is a hurricane effect as the crazies from the coasts and the old-line conservative traditions converge. Local TV throws out recruiting ads for the police department and Bible-thumping shows featuring young charlatans in black velvet suits. The city gives off a confused but highly energized vibration.

By any yardstick, it isn't a good town for massage parlors. They're illegal in Houston but can be found outside the city limits, the majority located in the vicinity of the airport. The Houston Yellow Pages are a source for parlors, but I found that many had either closed or were not answering the phone. A better, more up-to-date source is *TV Facts* magazine, which can be found in any hotel or motel. It includes listings of the parlors, escort services, strip clubs and even "the world's largest adult movie motel." Al-

though massage is available in the usual forms in the Houston area, it still tends to be more expensive than average. Phone prices are often deceptive. A \$15 half-hour session jumps to \$45 if you want your masseuse nude, and then you must barter for what you want, which could bring the price into the \$100 range.

I never got to that point. I chose a place called the "French Quarter" because it was average in price and associated with another joint called the "Houston House of Massage." I took a cab from my airport hotel, believing that the parlor was nearby. Nine dollars later, the cab pulled up to the only light in the jet-black Texas void: a single building on a deserted street called Airline.

Inside, one girl faced a complement of hungry-looking male flesh. Six men, local and *touristo* in appearance, were milling around like a pack of starving hyenas. "We're shorthanded tonight, but I'm expecting a girl from our other studio," she said, looking worried over the prospect of handling this array of lust-crazed Friday-night clientele. I can't say that I blamed her.

I went back outside to see if my cab driver—a character like Jonathan Winters doing an impression of LBJ—had waited for me as he said he would. He was gone. I stood there for several minutes, smoking a cigarette and thinking dark thoughts.

Back inside, my reappearance filled two other members of the hungry horde with despair, prompting them to exit. By a process of elimination, I was getting closer to a massage. I sat down and exchanged hostile stares with a cherubic, carrot-headed kid dressed like a parfait. I took in the decor, which was a depressing combination of cheap wood paneling and Keane prints. The cherubic kid bounced up, announcing he would be back in a minute. Shortly thereafter I heard a car wheeling around the side of the building. The girl behind the desk, who still had two men waiting for her, said, "That's her. Do you want to take a session now?" It was a hustle; I know better than to buy into a massage sight unseen, but under these circumstances I made an exception and paid her \$25 for a half hour.

The small, paneled room was clean; a massage table took up the majority of free space. Sooner than I expected, a woman approaching menopause entered the room and introduced herself as my masseuse. She took off her robe, displaying a set of wasted, pancake tits. "Hello, sir. My name is Cindy. Please get over on your stomach." I groaned. Getting down with this creature was about as exciting a prospect as being set adrift in a lifeboat with Susan Brown-

miller and a case of near beer. But out of curiosity more than anything else, I asked her what was available. "I'm sorry, sir. We've had trouble with the police, and you look like a cop to me." Shades of Atlanta. I took another look at her tired face and decided not to push it. At least she was a competent masseuse. "I used to be a nurse," she confessed.

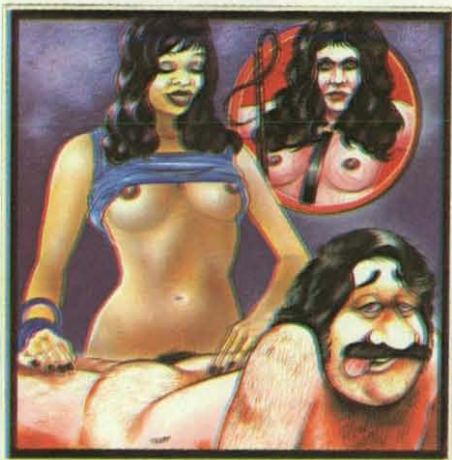
At the end of the session, she jabbed a finger in the vicinity of my prostate and asked, "Would you like to relieve yourself, sir, before the end of the session?" I said, "What?" She repeated herself with a malicious gleam in her eye. I thought about it for a moment and decided that she would enjoy it more than I would. "No, thanks." She *did* look disappointed.

The cherubic kid was still in the waiting room. "How was it?" he asked.

"I don't know. It depends on how much you dig your grandmother." He stared at me as if I were a Communist.

During the ride back to my hotel, the cab driver, a transplanted New Yorker, informed me that the "three best places" had been closed down prior to my arrival. That just about sums up the massage scene in Houston: It is mutable and subject to much police harassment. With some luck in your timing, you may get what you want, but Houston is not a good town for massage parlors.

LOS ANGELES



It is a three-and-a-half-hour plane ride from Houston to L.A. across the beautiful mountain terrain of Northern Mexico. Los Angeles looms as an endless checkerboard basin from the plane. The lyrics of Chuck Berry's song "The Promised Land" kept running through my head as the jet taxied into the airport.

It has always seemed to me that things sexual and bizarre germinate on the West Coast and reverberate East. Every way-out

cult—sexual, political and religious—has found a home here, and I could hardly wait to be converted. L.A., however, was my fifth city in seven days, and it was all I could do to drag my half-dead ass to a motel in Hollywood.

The sex tabloids are the best source of what's happening. They are sold in every porn store and in street corner coin boxes in most neighborhoods. The *L.A. Free Press*, *L.A. Star* (local edition) and the *Hollywood Press* are the best sources for parlor listings. A total of 63 new massage parlors applied for licenses in December 1975, and I have heard it said that there are over 700 parlors in the L.A.-Orange County area. After spending four days there, I believe it. A sexual cornucopia catering to every fetish and taste imaginable unfolds as you pore over the tabloids. Amputees waiting to be fondled and photographed, water sports and enema specialists, slaves and mistresses, masturbation clubs and clubfooted masturbators—the whole gamut.

Out-service seems to be a big thing. There are dozens of listings promising any type of girl you want. I thought of asking for an Icelandic chick with three breasts and a tattoo of *The Last Supper* on her back but was afraid that in L.A. they might have one. (I didn't try the out-service because my job concerned massage parlors. However, a local friend told me that the out-service, with its diverse listings, is entirely controlled by one "corporation" and that the girls are primarily addicts. However, this is strictly hearsay.)

There is a plethora of massage parlors. So many, in fact, that competition is fierce. Prices start around \$10. Many places are open 24 hours a day and accept all types of credit cards and checks. Places with names like "The House of Oral Love," "Intercourse Massage" and "Pussy Power Massage" are common. Nothing subtle about L.A.

My coverage of massage in L.A. was one-dimensional. This was because of the abundance of "Oriental" massage parlors. Being from the East Coast, with its much smaller Oriental population, these places were a novelty to me. Presented with this opportunity to satisfy all my "China girl" fantasies, I almost overdosed.

There was no trace of smog on my first day in town, so I just decided to relax by smoking some medicinal herbs and motor-ing around town in search of some Oriental comfort.

My first stop was a place called "Nagoya Massage." However, it was 11 A.M., and Nagoya wasn't open as yet. No matter. I whipped out a list of Oriental massage parlors and consulted same for another

place in the neighborhood: "The Oriental Massage," 7560 Sunset Boulevard. Five minutes later, I was there, and so were they. A door chime rang as I entered, and an attractive Oriental girl in her early 20s appeared.

"Hello-honey-you-want-massage?" she inquired, sidling up to me and digging her hands into my ass.

I returned the greeting. "Absolutely."

"OK-baby-you-follow-me," she said, detaching herself from my eager grasp and leading me into a small, sparsely furnished but ultraclean room. I paid her the \$13 fee, thinking with anticipation that she was to be my masseuse. Several minutes later, I had my head snapped back. Dressed in a short blue sunsuit, a petite girl with shimmering jet-black hair and features as delicate as porcelain entered the room. I looked again. She wasn't just pretty, she was beautiful.

"Hello, my name Shirlee," she said.

"Outa-fucking-sight," I mumbled, smiling goofily.

Shirlee was 23 years old and from Korea, as were all the masseuses in this particular parlor. She had been in the country three months. It may have been the day's first energy or just her style, but whatever the case, she poured herself into the massage, starting on my back and kneading, rolling and rubbing her way south through an

elaborate leg and foot massage, then back north to my shoulders, where she started the procedure anew.

Suddenly, she half-leaped onto the table, her dress so short it barely hid her laundry. Stealthily, I slipped a backhand up her leg to her exquisite ass and beyond to her pussy. Almost imperceptibly, she spread her legs, then leaned forward and ran her tiny tongue into my ear and over my shoulders. My cock instantaneously grew in pneumatic gradations, and I partially turned to kiss her. It was actually getting poignant.

She started tracing a path down my back with her tongue, over my ass and down between my thighs to my balls. After Atlanta and Houston, it was difficult to believe that all this was actually happening for \$13. It seemed that the girl and I had made a connection of sorts. I turned over, and she began a slow, teasing, fingertip movement, carefully avoiding the problem area. Then, with her breasts exposed and her panties down to her knees, she sank down again with that magical, flicking tongue over my balls and cock, staring at me all the while with a half-proud, half-mischievous expression. She brought me to the edge against my will, and now I was trying, with a gentleness to match her own, to slip myself into her mouth while fondling her pussy. She smiled, saying "first-time" as if we were on

a high school date, and leaned forward to kiss me, literally lifting my tongue out of my mouth and my head off the table as she brought me to an explosive climax with pistonlike strokes of her hand.

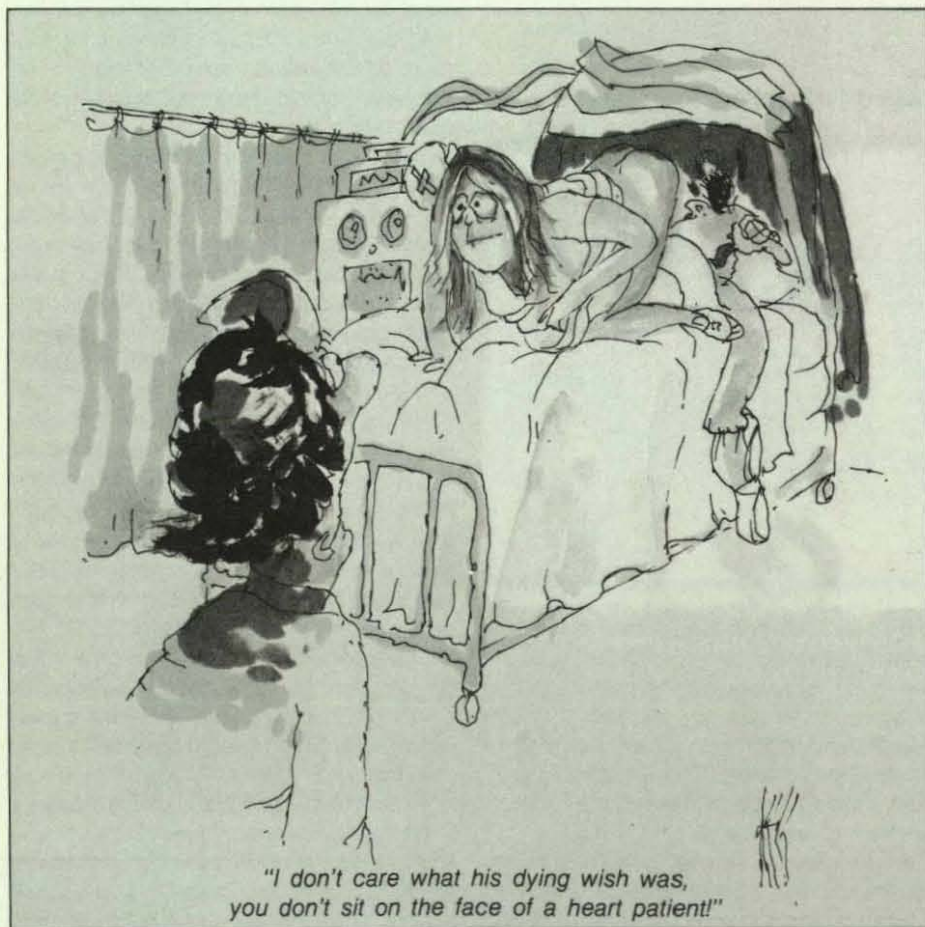
"That was fun," was all I could think to say afterward. She nodded enthusiastically and laughed. As part of the ritual, she helped me dress, smiling shyly and kneeling to put on my socks and boots. Never was there any mention of a tip, but when I gave her an extra \$10, it was readily accepted with ladylike graciousness.

I left the place wondering if I were in love. For \$23, it was the best experience of this rubdub odyssey. But the day was young, and there were other places that warranted a look-see. I had noticed in the tabloids several ads for bondage houses. I am not an S&M man, but the uniqueness of such places demanded that I check them out.

The first joint was dramatically called "Natasha's Chateau," and it advertised "Complete slavery by the day, week or month." The address in Beverly Hills turned out to be a mail drop. When I called, a most unslavelike voice gave me an address in Redondo Beach, a price of \$50 for half an hour and emphasized that there was no sex. It smelled like a scam. I decided to pass up Natasha's in favor of a more interesting ad for "The House of Dominance." There was no phone number in the ad, but above a photo of a lady secured to a wall with 17 straps was the caption: "A true female submissive for you to beat, humiliate and place into bondage." Imagine that.

The address was 3141 Cahuenga Boulevard, a service road off one of the freeways some distance from downtown L.A. The roadside house is indistinguishable from any other in the neighborhood except for an "open" sign on the wrought-iron door. A huge but tame-looking man answered the bell. One wall was covered with photos of dominant models dressed in the usual studded-leather drag and not-so-dominant hog-tied models with dildos and enema tubes shoved up their asses. There was an array of studded leather whips, paddles and cuffs.

A man behind the front desk pleasantly explained the scene. "We offer no sex here," he stated flatly. "We have a twenty-five-thousand-dollar investment here, and we don't want to jeopardize it with sex." He sounded more like a smut fighter than a bondage baron, but he was proud of his place and his handmade leather accouterments, eventually leading into a sales pitch for a pair of restraint cuffs for \$18. When I declined, he handed me a price list that cheerfully described their services: "Give a girl an enema!—\$20," or you could



"I don't care what his dying wish was,
you don't sit on the face of a heart patient!"

receive one of four varieties yourself from a "cold water" to a "high colonic." There were a number of other sessions available—all of which seemed to involve *someone* getting their ass bounced around. At the bottom was a release statement relieving the proprietor of any responsibility for cuts, bruises and abrasions inflicted by the employees.

"Here's my dominant model now." The door opened and a 30ish woman entered. She looked the part: a tall brunette with dark, ice-cold good looks. I asked for a tour—costing four dollars—and she led me through three chambers so well outfitted that they would have left a masochist coming in his pants. Every imaginable kind of whip, cuff, harness, stock, pneumatic gag, chain and dildo was available. They even had a functioning rack. Not being an *aficionado*, I questioned and wisecracked so much amid their 25 thou worth of equipment that my tour guide's eyes narrowed in contempt at my ignorance and lack of respect. She asked if I would like a session. In an attempt to politely refuse, I expressed interest in a submissive model.

"I do the submissive sessions," she said.

"Ambidextrous, eh?" I joked. She didn't smile—she wasn't exactly the frivolous type—and I didn't take a session. I'm sure the place is a wonderland for those into the bag and—I suspect—that discreet sex is available since "tipping is customary" signs are hung throughout the building.

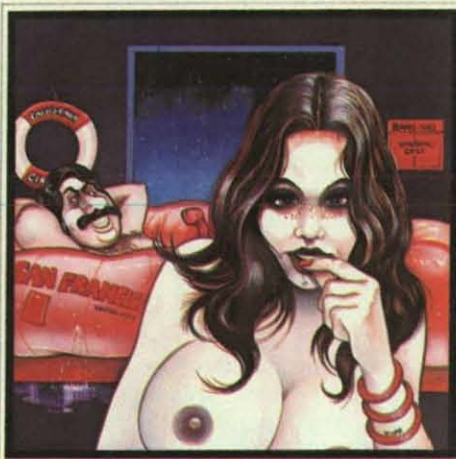
The next day, I decided to make certain that my experience at Oriental Massage wasn't a fluke. I went to the "Kiku Studio" at 5916 Melrose Avenue. Again, clean but spartan surroundings. I was led to a room by an elderly Japanese lady who resembled Bloody Mary from the film version of *South Pacific*. The masseuse, named "Carol," was attractive, 24, Japanese and an expert fellatrice, alluding that anything goes on the second visit. She dressed me without any mention of a tip and received one with grace. Another good experience for \$23.

It's not that Oriental girls are like their food, leaving you hungry three hours later, but I did want to make *absolutely* sure. I visited the Nagoya at 7055 Hollywood Boulevard. This was the largest of the three, employing five girls, and unlike the others, staying open until two A.M. The price tag again was \$23. The Oriental massage parlors train their girls in *shiatsu*, which is a legitimate and excellent Japanese massage and easily worth the price of a session itself.

There are dozens of Oriental massage parlors in the L.A. area, many of which don't advertise, and they are as standardized in appearance, price and service as Mc-

Donalds. But they're much better. Although I didn't cross-check, a local assured me they are the best "value" in Los Angeles, city of pure sex.

SAN FRANCISCO



The gray city of love, beautiful and sophisticated in so many ways, a city with all the other amenities, draws a blank for massage parlors. This is not to say that parlors don't exist here at all. They do—in abundance on Powell and Mason Streets. However, these are strictly hit-and-miss propositions. I'm not saying that it's *impossible* to find sex in a 'Frisco parlor, but, on the other hand, it's been reliably reported that you can spend \$35 to \$50 in these places for a *massage*. Disgraceful.

All is not lost in the Bay Area. Combine a car with a copy of the *Berkeley Barb* and you're in business. Across the water, in Berkeley and in such urban also-rans as Richmond, Oakland and Hayward, are a slew of anything-goes massage parlors.

Berkeley seems little changed from the radical bastion that it was in the '60s. In the '70s there is a new catalog of causes: "Death to the Sexist Pigs—The Feminists' Union," is painted on a wall facing the "professional building," which houses three massage parlors. Some of the best-looking young hookers anywhere in the country work the parlors scattered around the city. They are open until three or four in the morning and charge only \$10 for a nude and \$15 for a mutual-massage session. The first place I checked was the University Avenue branch of "California Girls," a Berkeley-centered chain of three massage parlors. Inside was by far the best-looking masseuse I had seen since leaving New York: a statuesque brunette with a young, soft face, a perfect frame and exquisite shoulders. I resisted the impulse to throw myself on top of her, wanting to at least eyeball a few more places.

All the studios keep a low profile and have from two to five exceptionally foxy girls working the day shift. Given the time and the money, I could have easily fucked and sucked a swath across town from parlor to parlor, but this was a one-shot deal, and, remembering the *vision* I'd had on University Avenue, I went back.

A fine-looking blonde answered the door. "Camille," the brunette, was there, plus another blonde, who was also stunningly beautiful. I wanted all three of these women immediately, but I settled on the brunette when I noticed a sizable patch of pubis peeking out from the vee in her bodysuit—the coup de grace.

Camille led me to a clean room with a water bed rising in the center like a huge sarcophagus. I paid her for the session, and at close range she was as lovely and as unselfconscious of her looks as she had been in the waiting room. She stripped. Camille was intimidatingly foxy. She eased onto the water bed, and I began a tactile exploration of her assets. There transpired the inevitable bartering game and an information exchange. Trying to find some pat reason for her presence in the place, I couldn't help asking, as tactfully as possible, if she was giving her money away in some sort of pimp-hooker relationship. "Don't make me laugh," she answered.

She went on to say that she was 19 years old, a student who worked at the parlor three days a week to earn enough money to maintain an expensive sports car and a matching life-style. She claimed to have earned \$300 in the five hours that the place had been open that day.

I gave her an extra \$40 (all I had left) for a half-and-half number. "I don't ever do this for less than sixty," she said, smiling wryly. I managed to feel flattered. She proceeded to give me some excellent head, interrupting herself occasionally with questions like "So what's so great about New York?" Having other things on my mind, I gave her a highly encapsulated version of my views while she sporadically licked at my cock. Eventually, she returned to the task with some talented deep throat that almost caused me to swab her tonsils with my spratz. I complimented her on her cocksucking prowess, and she commented, "I'm glad that we're going to have sex."

"Why?"

"My mouth gets tired! Haven't you ever given a blow-job? You should, just for the experience." Ah, these children today.

Camille was a true whore at heart with her "three-blow-job limit" per day. In all honesty, this fact left me with mixed feelings. I felt that a girl with her assets was going to waste in Berkeley, regardless of

how much she earned. On the other hand, she was indeed the stuff that dreams are made of, and I'm sure she had transported many a john into Dreamland. She was a good ball with a surprisingly tight cooze for a girl her size. She ran through the full program of feigned reactions until I exploded deep within her. It had cost \$55 total to be with her—a ridiculous bargain.

In a flurry of mutual compliments, we parted, she to hustle more money, me to drive back, satisfied and entertaining the absurdly wistful sentiment: "Tis pity she's a whore."

CHICAGO



"Daley's too damn strict," complained a veteran cab driver. I had been forewarned that Daley had closed down the Chicago parlors for the Democratic primary; but now, with that less than august event assigned to history, I hoped the situation would have lightened up. No such luck. Things are so bad that New York parlors advertise in the Chicago Yellow Pages.

The scene is confined for the most part to high-priced call girls, a few stray hookers on Rush and Division streets and several "private club" massage parlors—none too easy to find. Finally, with the aid of a cab driver, I found a parlor at 839 North LaSalle. It was a corner storefront with a wooden sign hanging over the door: "337-6064," was all it said. It is actually named "The Harlem Leisure Spa," but these days discretion rules in the Windy City.

I asked the rate for a massage and was duly informed that "massage" is illegal in Chicago, but body rubs were all right. One of these would dent me for \$25 plus a \$5 membership fee. As I made a motion to leave, the manager whipped open a file drawer stuffed with cards. "We have a thousand highly satisfied members." Sure, pal. His sales pitch implied that the membership arrangement was the only thing that

allowed them to stay in business during this crackdown period.

"Would you like to see the girls?" Why not? I stepped through a curtained door into a well-lit room, too well lit. One look at the girls told the whole story of massage kicks in Chicago: Four obese numbers—and I mean fat mammas—one half-decent specimen and a burly, serious-looking gentleman with heavily brilliantined hair and gold teeth, who was overseeing the whole crew, were gathered in a semicircle, watching TV. There are times when I suffer from poor judgment, and this was one of them. I shelled out \$30, filled out a file card with false information and selected the best-looking girl—Marilyn.

Marilyn and I didn't exactly hit it off. Suffice it to say, we had a slight communication problem: She wanted \$100 to ball me, and I couldn't figure out why.

"You don't think I'm worth it, do you?" she accused. "You're priceless, Marilyn, but, you see, I don't have a hundred bucks," I said. She was crazy, this Chicano lady, and on another night I might have enjoyed her for just that reason, but that night I couldn't get into her nutzoid act. I was prepared to call it quits, but she was the type who hooks, at least partially, for the reassurance of knowing that men will pay for her sex. She was determined to get *something*. It turned out to be a \$20 bill for a blow-job rendered indifferently to strains of Muzak: a blow-job received as indifferently as it was rendered, except for a slightly paranoid flash that she might bite my precious prick. She didn't. It was one of the few times I can recall driving away from a blow-job with a feeling of leaving "work."

Chicago is a complete washout for commercial sex.

NEW YORK



Whenever possible, I subscribe to the principle: "Go first class, go third class, but

never go second class." The New York parlor scene is diverse enough to provide three classes, and I decided to check the top and bottom rungs. On the bottom end, there has been an emergence in recent years of the \$10 "workingman's" whorehouses. Strictly speaking, these are not massage parlors but rather no-nonsense quick-piece joints. The end result is the same.

I chose a place called "The New Meeting Room," mainly because they had enough imagination to hire a guy to parade up and down 44th Street wearing sandwich-board signs that read: "COMPLETE SATISFACTION—\$10." The New Meeting Room occupies the second floor of 7 West 44th Street. The elevator deposits you at a huge, subdivided loft floor. To the left is a long line of rooms, to the right a desk. Behind it a man stands, silently dispensing tickets at \$10 a shot. The clientele sits at one end of the waiting room, the ladies at the other.

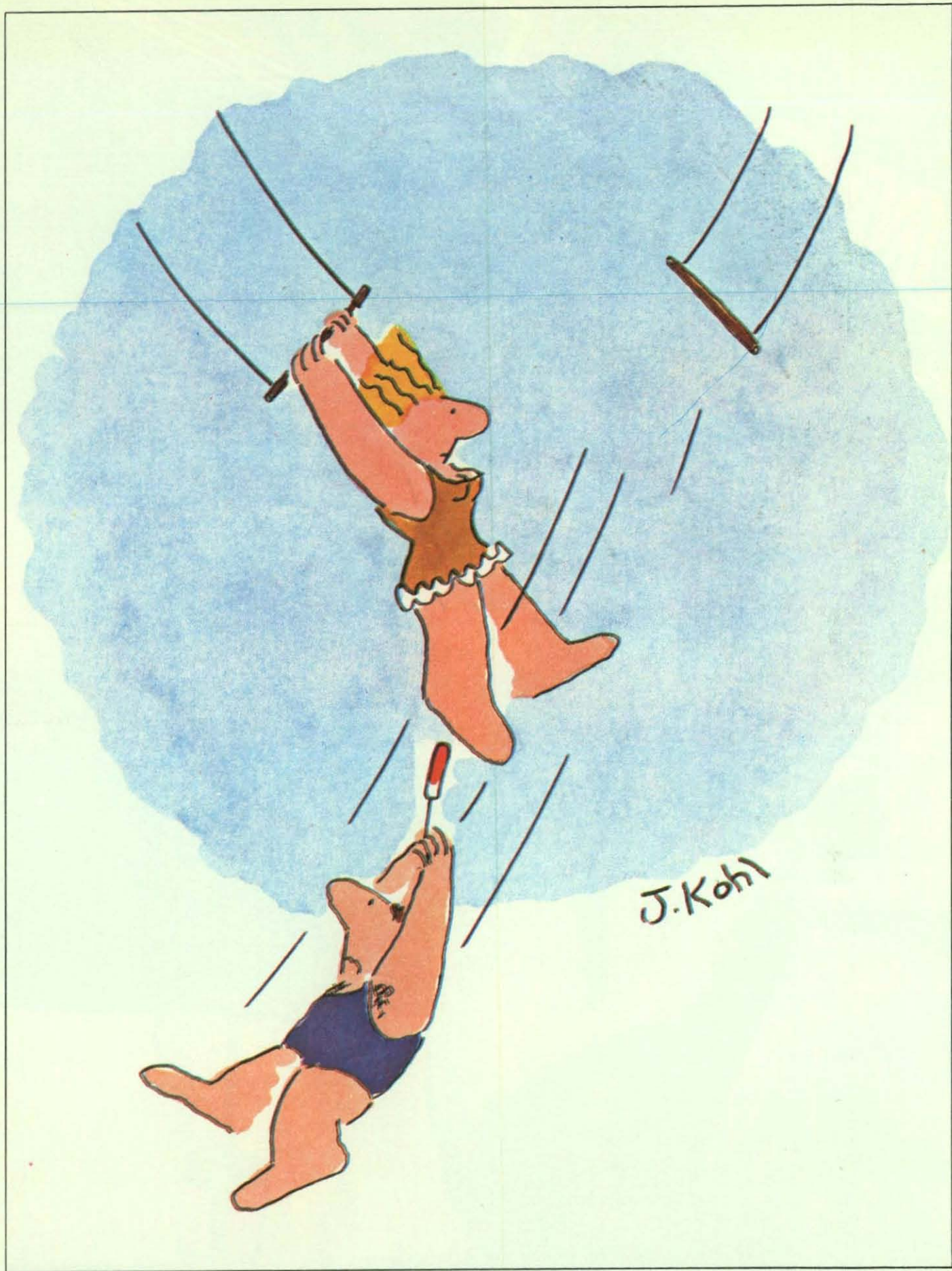
They are only seminal receptacles, these women. It's not unusual for a popular girl to be with up to 50 men a day and work a 12-hour shift for seven straight days. Controls are strict. Every room has a peephole built into the door to make certain the girls don't perform some act that is against the rules; i.e., anything other than fucking or sucking. A middle-aged man, who doesn't look like a hard-core voyeur—or anything else for that matter—roams the halls, occasionally stooping and squinting into a room to make sure that everything is kosher. And his only other function seems to be the general harassment of the girls, primarily over the time they spend with the clientele. (It's supposed to be no longer than 15 minutes.)

The customers are a mixed bag: Chinese in gray suburbans and white socks, aging hipsters with ponytails reaching halfway down their backs and nervous, pimply kids waiting for their first piece of ass. In general, a collection of the city's *lumpen*. They sit in postures of grim isolation like so many subway riders, making the joint resemble a dentist's office rather than a whorehouse.

Guilt. Our conditioning being what it is, men do not use prostitutes with the same attitudes that they bring to their barbers or mechanics and other individuals in service-oriented trades. Thus, paying for it connotes failure; however, they may "pay" the legal woman in their lives in a dozen more subtle but equally material ways.

"Maximum Tip: \$5. Please report any girl who asks for more." When you choose a girl, she collects the ticket issued at the door and at the end of the day receives five dollars for each one. These sex machines

(continued on page 105)



MOLLY ROLLER QUEEN





A few fast laps and some hard jamming leave Molly feeling spent after acting out her own favorite version of rollerball. "All that sweating and grunting and grinding leaves me quivering for hours," she tells us after watching her hometown favorites, the San Francisco Bay Area Bombers.

Although ramming Molly against the rail might put you in her penalty box, she's into a more mellow style of hot body contact after her wheels stop humming. She says she gets psyched by having her uniform peeled off her slim, sweaty frame, but it appears that this action usually stops before her "trainer" gets to her socks. No doubt he's busy socking it elsewhere.









HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula.

However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure that your money is buying the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up, but it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Movies

by Tim Beckley

ROLLERBABIES



In the not-too-distant future sexual intercourse will be illegal—outlawed! Big Brother will be keeping tabs on your bedroom behavior through closed-circuit cameras installed in every household. Furthermore, in this crazy, mixed-up, topsyturvy society, oral sex is considered to be a misdemeanor, punishable by a stiff fine. The theory being that it could lead to other, more advanced, forms

X RATED REVIEWS

of stimulation—including fucking. Because of the severity of the crime, self-masturbation springs eternal as the only authorized method of release, for even though the populace has been administered doses of "sex suppression pills," there are still quite a number of hot cocks and juicy pussies around that crave some type of entertainment.

Strangely enough, in this futuristic world pornography is a major industry subsidized by the government. Live sex shows abound in nightclubs, and on TV the most popular series is the "Fuck and Suck Show."

Bizarre? Something right out

of a science-fiction thriller, you say? Absolutely!

The premise of this film is a dandy, a marvelously creative idea. Basically, as the title implies, it is a satirical spoof of the science-fiction epic, *Rollerball*. As the frames flash across the screen, it may be hard to compare this small-budget porno flick with the original Hollywood release, but director Carter Stevens obviously deserves some credit.

All the action in *Rollerbabies* centers around Sherman Frobish (Robert Random), the producer of the "Fuck and Suck Show." Frobish knows he must come up with some brilliant new idea for his video program

because the ratings have been plummeting rapidly. He has been given his walking papers by the head of the FEC (Federal Exhibitionist Commission), and things look bad.

The search for new talent is on. Frobish auditions a glittery-costumed newcomer (who just happens to be Terri Hall). "Are you a virgin?" he asks the girl who arrives at his office. "Of course," she replies. "What do you think I am—a common criminal?" Later that night he takes his "discovery" home to break her into the business. A lens devised by mad scientist Dr. Rochsov prevents the CIA (Carnal Intelligence Agency) from receiving a true picture of what's going on inside the apartment. If they were to find out, Frobish knows his balls would be in a vise.

"You've got to have a good gimmick to survive in this business," he tells the attractive woman of tomorrow. Dipping into a shopping bag, the gal comes up with her "gimmick": a gallon of pistachio ice cream. She proceeds to heap the cold dessert on Frobish's crotch, smearing it all over his groin in what has to be the craziest, most far-out scene in a far-out film.

Gimmicks of every variety abound in *Rollerbabies*. Something is being thrown at the audience every few minutes. The mind boggles and even gets bored after a while.

There are, for example, androids that replace inflatable love dolls and Anita Gumshoes (Suzanne McBain), the girl who can get men off by masturbating them with her mind. Oh, my, what has our planet come to? Best of all, there is *Rollerbabies*, a new sport, where porno stars actually fuck while on skates. After watching this segment, you will understand why this game stands a solid chance of replacing traditional roller derby.

Unfortunately, after you've had a good laugh, be prepared to be let down, for nowhere in this film is eroticism exploited. A good theme—well thought out—is just not sufficient in



Rollerbabies sends out a fast-rolling plot but fails to score hard-ons.

HUSTLER's book to make a classic X-rated film (which this should have been). The gobs and gobs of fucking and sucking seem all too mechanical. Agreed, it's fine to have a story line (we're all for it), but the main purpose of porn is to excite, titillate and turn you on. *Rollerbabies* skates right past this point. So if you want to spend some time chuckling, OK. But if you're looking to shoot your wad into the aisle, forget it!

VIRGIN SNOW

A swinging ski lodge in the Catskills provides the setting for this avalanche of scorching porn.

Shot against a backdrop of snow-covered mountains, this film is certain to go a long way in further popularizing winter sports. Beautiful snow bunnies cascade over the picturesque ski slopes, anxious to participate in the various outdoor—and indoor—activities.

Virginia's sex life has been dull—totally unsatisfactory. It's been so long since the dark-haired lady has had an orgasm that she can hardly remember what screwing is all about.

"The last six guys who balled me left me cold," Virginia tells her friends. "Why, I remember David, my last boyfriend, used to fuck me in public places; he said that would turn me on. He forced me to do the most degrading things in elevators, doorways and restaurants. Nothing! Randall promised he would be unique. He was a dud, too!"

Listening with sympathetic ears, Virginia's girlfriends are quick to offer a remedy. "Come up with us to the lodge," they insist. "There are plenty of real nice-looking guys with super-hard cocks, always out to get laid."

With little ado a pleasing idea quickly turns into a nightmare. On the slopes Virginia's kid sister Marilyn (played by Jean Jensen, the blonde bombshell) does her best to get everyone pissed. She goes around stealing boyfriends, fucking them in the men's room (on the sink) and giving blow-jobs in the frosty outdoors.

By far the kinkiest scene—a first as far as I can recall—depicts in graphic (porno-graphic) detail a stud having his (frozen) joint sucked on a ski lift.

Though you could not place

this film in the category of the top ten X-rated flicks of all time, *Virgin Snow* does produce. Quality production and ample sex, with the addition of some pleasing-to-the-eye scenery, make for an entertaining excursion into the swinging sex life of people addicted to the snow. You won't get frostbite watching this film.

DIXIE

Dixie, a low-budget, 64-minute hodgepodge of a film, is pretentious and disjointed. It has only two saving graces: nonstop sex and the foxy new faces that cover the screen from credit to credit.

It purports to be "adolescent porn," a sure seller in the marketplace—using the tried-and-true angle of a 15-year-old girl's progression from an amateur slut to a teenage hooker. In an hour-long film, you can believe that it's a fast and furious education. Abigail Clayton, newcomer to the porn ranks, plays Dixie. As baby-faced and fine of limb as Miss Clayton is, she is *not* 15, and she is not an actress either. But then, in a film with seven separate sex scenes in 64 min-

utes, there's not much call for acting. The producer's feeble stabs at story line and dramatic values are mercifully lost amid all the writhing and rolling.

You might wonder how they packed so much sex into such a short film. It goes something like this: Dixie's older sister Pam—a call girl—agrees to take Dixie under her wing for righteous guidance and then gets into some righteous balling with one of her johns—known to Dixie as "Uncle Bob." The flick gathers steam as the forgotten Dixie wanders into a playground, where an ice-cream vendor does a stupid takeoff on an inane old Marx Brothers' routine: "Come and get your tuttsie-fruitsie ice cream." This leads, perversely enough, to Dixie's going down on the vendor for an "Italian ice cream cone."

The scene changes without explanation to a good-looking young redhead named Cookie, who hips Dixie to the play-for-pay game. Cookie summarily gets her little scarlet cookie chomped by a monocled Englishman to the accompaniment of violins (the only musical break from the Mantovani-like Muzak that permeates the rest of the flick).

In the next scene Dixie is back home again. She answers a phone call from one of her sister's johns. Over the telephone the man lures her into describing her assets before the poor little semi-innocent catches on to his con. Following his long-distance instructions, she goes on to lift her starched dress and begins fingering her cuter than cute cooze in one of the movie's hornier sequences.

It looks like the audience will get more of the teenage whore story now, but it doesn't turn out that way. A golden shower scene, which has nothing to do with the story, is the film's next and most bizarre sequence. Dixie's sister and a brunette first pose in the nude for an Oriental citizen. Then the man positions himself horizontally. One hooker takes a huge load from his tiny cock while the



Cocks with frostbite combine with hot bunnies for ample sex on the slopes in the sporting *Virgin Snow*.

other straddles his chest and washes him down with a river of lady piss.

The film flashes back to Dixie and Cookie, who pick up a guy in the park for a little three-way action.

With no logical buildup the frames are suddenly filled with "Uncle Bob," who puts the moves on Dixie, who in turn puts the bite on him: "I don't give anything away anymore!" A hooker is born. The film ends as it began—with sister talking to sister. However, now they're talking shop: Dixie has become a full-fledged teenage hustler, but the audience isn't really sure how it happened.

For sheer quantity of sexual content and the quality of the girls, this West Coast offering scores a few points, but with sex scene crammed against sex scene there's no room for erotic progression. As a result *Dixie* comes off as a poorly spliced medley of loops.

C.B. MAMAS



After suffering financial embarrassment on the monumental Biblical porn film, *Sodom and Gomorrah*, the Mitchell brothers announced that they would be returning to the low-budget weekend wonders and loops that had originally made them famous. They saw their market as being the heavy "fuck 'em and suck 'em off" flicks that can be produced for less than \$40,000. A modest investment that's likely to grow ten times that much over a period of a couple of years.

C.B. Mamas is—and the Mitchell brothers make no claims to the contrary—a real "cheapie" (even by current porn standards) but one that, surprisingly enough, serves up more raunch than a lot of the competition boasting budgets many times larger.

Pretty Leslie (Leslie Bovee, *HUSTLER*'s October centerfold) kisses her husband goodbye at the front door, shoos the kids off to school and, like any good little housewife, begins to straighten up around the

house. The girls are due at any moment, and Leslie can hardly wait.


After the usual greetings, the neighborhood women gather around their new toy, a CB, and begin broadcasting emergency messages: "Beaver Country to Animal Kingdom, dogs at the pound, cats ready to play"; "nonvegetarian shopping for a pound of chuck steak"; and "the fryer's in the oven, and she's a real gobbler." Amid static the replies start pouring in: "Animal Kingdom to Beaver Country. Sperm whale bringin' a big water hose."

The meanings are not very well hidden. The C.B. Mamas are hot to trot, and from the responses that are crackling over the CB, we can tell that help is on the way. Responding to the "emergency calls" are truck drivers, a jet pilot, a milkman and a bird watcher.

If you're looking for a porn film with a substantial plot,

ignore *C.B. Mamas* like you would VD because it looks like the Mitchells threw the script out the window (if they had one to start with). However, there are the usual cunt-lapping, cock-stuffing, deep-throating and ass-licking scenes that we've all come to know and love the brothers for.

The real ballbuster is a brief appearance by the "Milk Lady," Sally Foremost, who empties her gigantic mammaries all over some lucky dude's face. There is enough cream in Sally's tits to flavor a hundred cups of coffee. Special mention should be given to the new porn sensation, Leslie Bovee, who tore up the screen in Alex de Renzy's *Femmes de Sade* and now returns to heat us up again.

HUSTLER to *C.B. Mamas*: You're a fine group of beavers, but tell the Mitchells we expect a bit more from them in the future. Over and out. 



C.B. Mamas' call letters are F-U-C-K, and their raunch rates a 10-4.

On the Circuit

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

(Erection)

3 A.M.
Cry for Cindy
Deep Throat
(Uncut version)
The Devil in Miss Jones
(Uncut version)
Diversions
The Divine Obsession
Expose Me, Lovely
Femmes de Sade
Midnight Desires
The Opening of
Misty Beethoven
Pussy Talk
When a Woman Calls

(Three-Quarters Erect)

Anyone but My Husband
Fantasex
Farewell Scarlet
Honey Pie
Hot Summer in the City
Love Bus
Oriental Blue
Sixteen
The Story of Joanná

(Half-Erect)

Beneath the Mermaids
Danish Pastries
A Dirty Western
Her Family Jewels
Hot Dog
Gums
John Holmes Festival
The Milk Lady
Sensations
Summer of Laura

(One-Quarter Erect)

The \$50,000 Climax
Ecstasy in Blue
Exhibition
Inside Marilyn Chambers
The Story of O
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex

(Totally Limp)

Deep Throat
(Censored Version)
The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Patty
Snuff

Books

by Mark Baker

STRIPTease

by Richard Wortley
Chartwell Books, Inc.
110 Enterprise Avenue
Secaucus, New Jersey 07094

Striptease is a pictorial history of 100 years of undressing to music. Too bad most of the pictures are in black and white and are as limp as the text. Stripping may be an art, but its quality is measured in stiffness of erection.

The wrinkled paps and potbellies that are the staples of the first two acts in most run-down burlesque theaters are not covered—or uncovered—in Wortley's history. There is very little pubic hair and no cigarette-smoking or light-bulb swallowing cunts at all.

If you want to beat off under your hat, you'll probably be limited to the photo spreads at the very front and back of the volume. The three women in these photographs, with fine tits on their ideal, professional-model bodies, demonstrate techniques of striptease for the amateur domestic stripper. They're provocative in sheer lingerie, but not explicit.

busted him in the mouth, every razor-toting, hard-assed bitch he shackled up with and every club-swinging cop he ever pissed off left a mark on the man—if not on his face, on his mind. It's been said that Bukowski has more ex-friends than anyone else in the world. He's also a drunken, unemployable son of a bitch who calls himself a writer. So is Henry Chinaski, the narrator and main character of Bukowski's novel, *Factotum*.


A factotum is a handyman—someone who can do a little bit of everything and not much of anything. That's what Chinaski does from one end of the country to the other, holding

spittle and blood. The sight of it threw her into a frenzy.... If I come, I thought desperately, I'll never forgive myself. As I reached down to try to yank her off by the hair, she clutched my balls again and squeezed them without pity. Her teeth scissored midpoint on my penis as if to slice me in two. 'NO!' I yelled. She persisted with inhuman fury. I began to come. It was like sucking the insides out of a trapped snake...she sucked at that sperm, gurgling it into her throat. 'Martha! Stop! It's over!' She wouldn't. She continued to suck and bob. 'NO!' I yelled again.... This time she got it like a vanilla malt through a straw."); how he scorched his cock so badly with crab-killing ointment that he couldn't walk; how he got drunk on cheap wine, got old on a hard life.

His perspective on life and America comes from the shit-stained sheets in ramshackle rooming houses from New York to L.A. He's the guy who hangs paper in your crappers, leans on the hand truck in the warehouse and tries to fuck the Japanese salesgirl in the storeroom. He's the guy who gets fired for coming in drunk, but Chinaski knows his boss, and wouldn't consider subjecting himself to the insanity that put that man in charge ("You haven't been busting your ass, Chinaski." I stared down at my shoes for some time. I didn't know what to say. Then I looked at him. "I've given you my time. It's all I've got to give—it's all any man has ...

If anybody's lost anything on this deal, I've been the loser. Do you understand?").

Chinaski is a lazy alcoholic, but he knows something most of us don't—or at least something we won't admit to ourselves—about the madness of going to work at the same job at the same time every fucking morning of your life: "I fucked better as a bum than as a puncher of timeclocks."

With this short book, Bukowski proves that he is a drunken, unemployable son of a bitch—and a great writer. 



After this busty beauty is uncovered on the inside cover of *Striptease*, it's all tease and no strip.

Since the author, Richard Wortley, opted for the history instead of the hard-on, he might at least have made it a *comprehensive* history. Any horny voyeur who's hit the Block in Baltimore or any of the topless-bottomless local dives knows there are a lot of dogs and horses pounding the boards: women who strut and flop across the stage with all the beauty and grace of penguins in bondage, and who convey all the excitement of an Automat as they yank off their clothes without a trace of style.

Part of the problem with this publication may be due to the stripper's creed: "Make them wait." But Wortley makes the reader wait and wait...and wait...and wait...and....

FACTOTUM

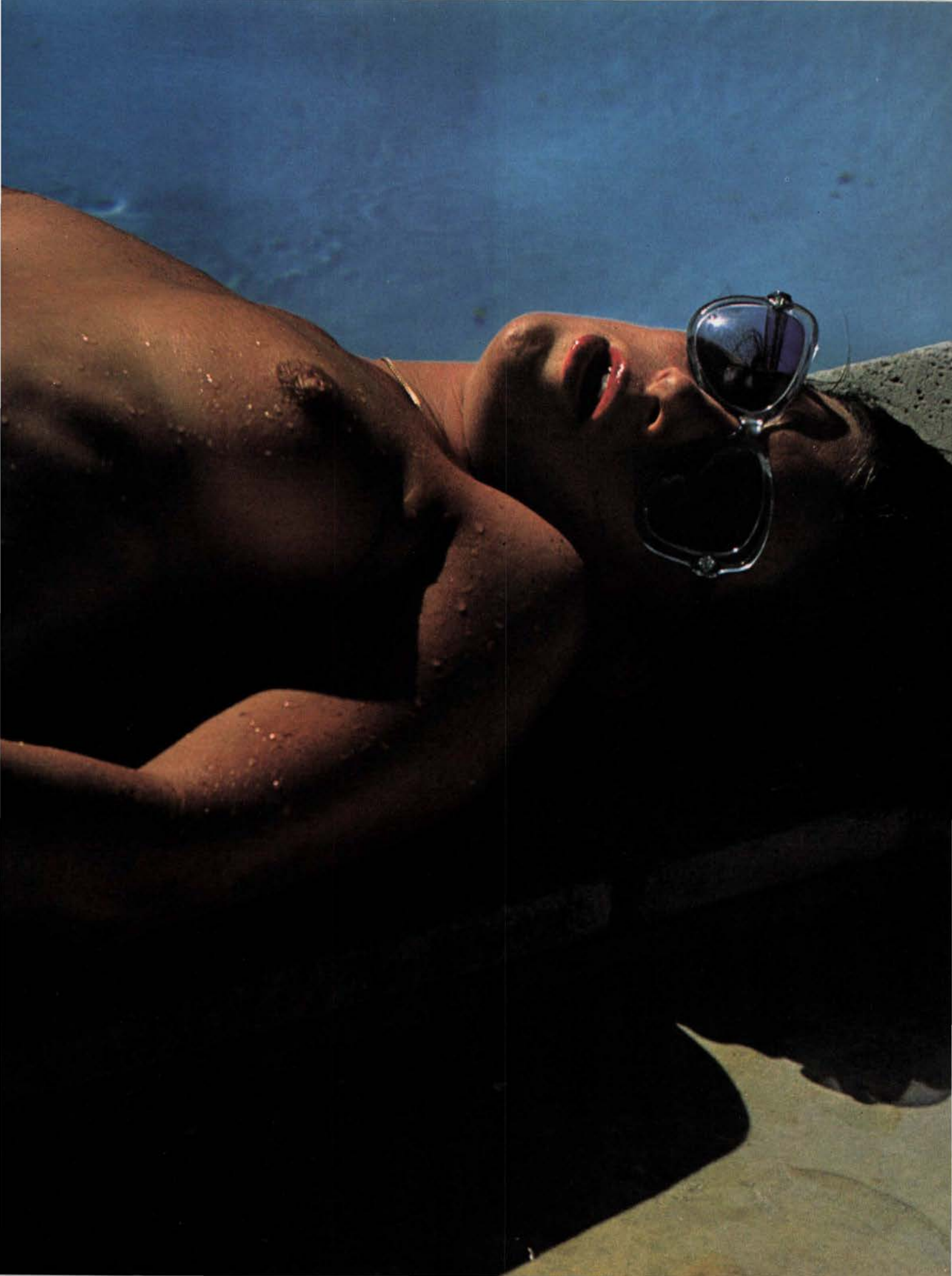
by Charles Bukowski
Black Sparrow Press
P. O. Box 3993
Santa Barbara, California
93105

Charles Bukowski is an ugly man. Every bar brawler who

down some shitty job as a shipping clerk until he scrapes together the money to go on a binge or catch a bus heading somewhere else. He tells his story straight and simple: how he punched his father when the old man tried to smear Chinaski's nose in the puke he had vomited onto the middle of the living-room carpet; how Martha, the fat whore, came to his room in New Orleans to give him a tongue gagging and blow-job that he didn't want and almost bit off his prick ("My pecker rose, covered with

hot box office
LESLIE











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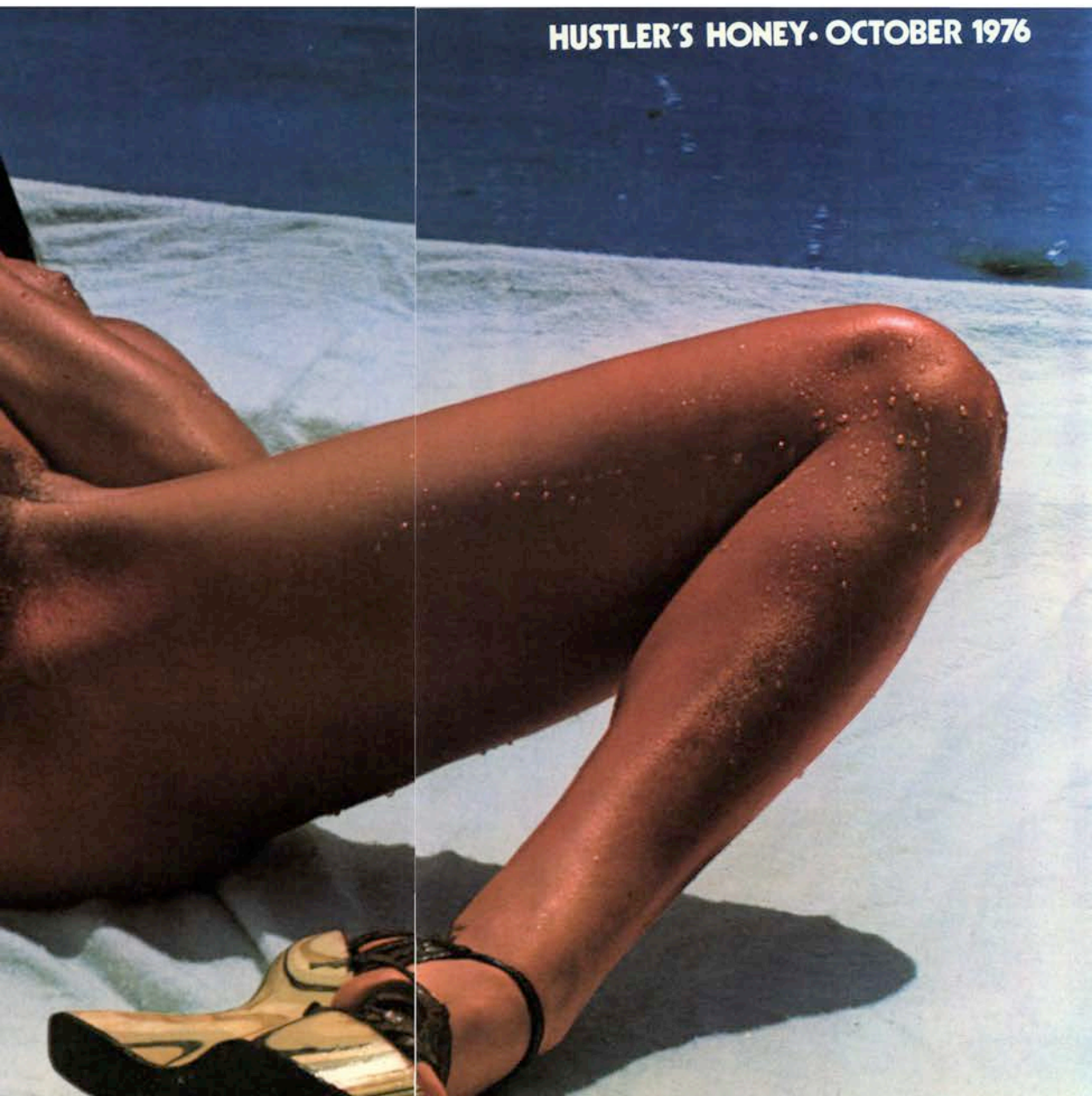
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HUSTLER'S HONEY · OCTOBER 1976





Leslie Bovee is the most sought-after starlet in the XXX-rated motion picture world right now. She's drawing rave notices and cum-stained fan mail from both critics and filmgoers for her humid, humping-and-grinding performances in two current blue-movie hits, *Femmes de Sade* and *C.B. Mamas* (see HUSTLER's *X-Rated Reviews*, September and October 1976).

Leslie has been coming on strong in the erotic movie scene ever since she first moved to Hollywood from her native Oregon four years ago. She maintains that her renditions of hot-to-trot honeys in her recent hard-ticket hits are convincing because horny parts are a natural for her: "I'm sexually demanding—I like to feel a man inside me

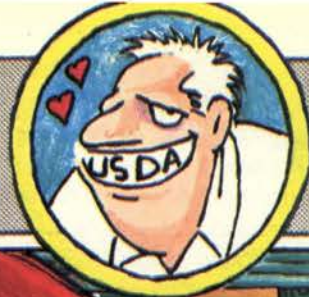
at every opportunity. Every move and gesture I make is sensual, and erotic movies allow complete expression of this sensuality. It's the breath of life for me.

I enjoy a man with strength and power, one who can handle my tremendous sexual needs—especially if he's a nonactor who's trying to satisfy me rather than a movie director. Even though I've made love in practically every imaginable way in my movie roles—anal sex, oral sex, group scenes, mild S & M—a man's physical strength adds a whole new element to the sex experience. His overpowering force makes me feel as if the thing is happening to me for the first time."

We like a girl who's open to new things.



CHESTER THE MOLESTER



HUSTLER HUMOR...

A grungy old lumberjack, in town for the first time in weeks, went to the local brothel and demanded the roughest, toughest and meanest girl in the house.

"That'll be Mary," said the madam. "Go to Room Four, and I'll send her up."

"Fine," said the lumberjack, "and tell her to bring a couple of beers."

In due time, Mary appeared. She put the two bottles of beer on the floor, took off her negligee, positioned herself on her hands and knees and pointed to her pussy.

"No! No!" exclaimed the lumberjack. "In the bed, the old-fashioned way!"

"Sure, pal," grunted Mary, "but I thought ya might want to open them beers first."

Know how to tell if a girl is wearing pantyhose? When she farts, her ankles swell.

What's worse than ten dead babies in a garbage can?

Answer: Nine dead ones and one live one at the bottom trying to eat its way out.

A hunter walked into a doctor's office with a wounded hand, the result of a hunting accident. Upon seeing the wound, the doctor called for an anesthetic.

"No need for that," said the hunter. "I've been through worse."

"What could be more painful than this?" asked the doctor.

"First I'll tell you about the *second* most painful. I was hunting one day, and I had to shit, so I just dropped my pants and squatted. Boom! I tripped a bear trap that slammed shut on my nuts."

The doctor grimaced. "Jesus, that was terrible. But tell me, what was worse than that?"

"When I hit the end of the chain," said the hunter.

There was a man who was walking the streets looking for a dime to use as bus fare when he happened upon a beautiful hooker. The hooker told him that she had a dime up in her cunt, and if he could get it out with his teeth he could keep it. So the man started chewing and chewing away until finally he got it out.

Naturally, being excited about finally getting his bus fare, the man never even thought about thanking the hooker. So he ran straight to the bus stop and reached it just as the bus pulled up. The man got on the bus and dropped his fare into the token box.

But just as he sat down the driver turned and said, "Just how far do you think you're going to go with a scab, asshole?"

One day an old Indian walked into a bar carrying a pistol, a bag of shit and a dead cat. He asked the bartender for a glass of whiskey. He drank the whiskey, picked up the pistol and shot three or four times into the bag of shit. Then he picked up the dead cat and started chewing on it. Not being able to hold back any longer, the bartender asked the old Indian what he thought he was doing. The Indian replied, "Hmmm. Me want to be like white man. Me want to drink whiskey, shoot the shit and eat pussy!"

Did you hear how the pervo earned the title "Meanest Man in the World?" He raped a deaf and dumb girl, then cut off her fingers so she couldn't tell anyone.

A man was baby-sitting for his little girl one afternoon when she called him into the front room and pointed out the window.

"Daddy, what are those two dogs doing on the front lawn?" she asked.

The father thought for a moment and said, "The dog on the back hurt his paw, and the dog in front is helping him to the doctor."

The little girl replied, "Gee, daddy, that's the way it is with people, too. You try to help someone out and you get fucked."

The HUSTLER Barfinary defines *Polish Sausage* as a hot dog with cancer.

A drunk walks into a bar and says, "I can sing through my ass."

The bartender says, "You're drunk. Get the fuck out of here."

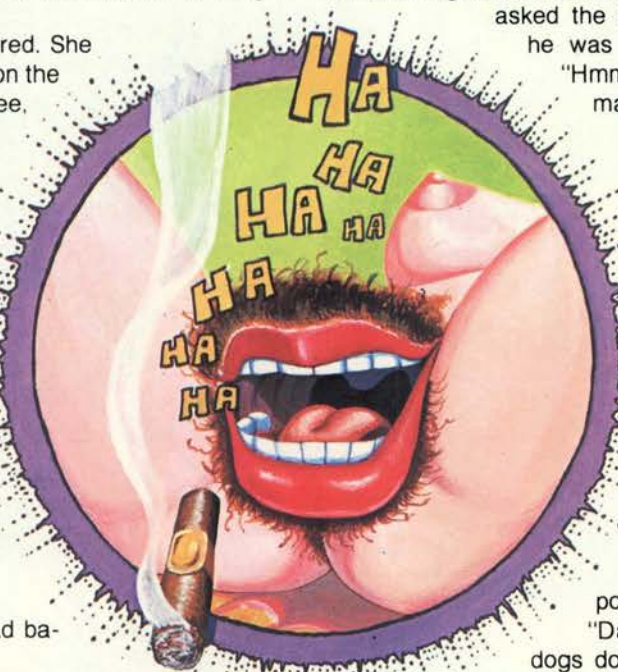
The drunk says, "No, I'm not. I really *can* sing through my ass."

The bartender says, "All right, let's hear you sing 'Dixie'."

The drunk proceeds to pull down his pants and shits all over the bar.

The bartender says, "Why the fuck did you do that?" "I was just clearing my throat," the drunk replied.

Notice: The jokes in HUSTLER Humor are not necessarily new jokes, but *funny* jokes that you may or may not have heard. We do this intentionally for the benefit of all readers. If you have a joke that you feel is exceptionally funny but that nevertheless might be an old one, don't hesitate to submit it to us. Even if it causes us to throw up, we'll give you \$25.00 if we publish it. Send to: HUSTLER Humor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.





SCREW

ON TRIAL

BY BRUCE DAVID

The 727 banks as it prepares to land in Wichita. If I were to look out the window, no doubt I would see a tiny patch of light where the city sits on this Midwestern plain. But I never look: It's a hard-and-fast rule of mine. I prefer not to be reminded that I'm 30,000 feet in the air. I drink a lot when I fly. In fact, during the three-hour layover in Chicago I managed to get totally bombed.

Fear and alcohol are a heady combination, one that generally makes me more expansive, which is how it happens that I find myself in conversation with the two guys sitting next to me. These guys are oilmen, flying to Wichita to inspect the oil distilleries or something. They are the first two Midwesterners I meet, and it's gratifying that they are both leather-skinned and tan—in fact, they look like they rode out of a Marlboro ad.

"We're Reagan men." There it is, just like that. The guy with the string tie stares at me. In a strange way, he has just presented me with his credentials. Now he is waiting for me to present him with mine. *I'm a pornographer on my way to an obscenity trial.* What can I say?

It's been a year and seven months since Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley were indicted. A lot has happened in that time: Buckley and Goldstein severed their partnership, Goldstein buying Buckley out; I quit working for *Screw* after a fight with Peter Brennan, the magazine's managing editor (he got mad when I made fun of his platform shoes); and Goldstein and I have been feuding over the ownership of *Midnight Blue*, a New York-based cable TV show that I started. Somewhere in the middle of all of that I let Larry Flynt con me into moving to Columbus, Ohio—city of short trees, wide streets and undoubtedly the only place in America where they serve Irish coffee with creme de menthe and a strawberry. Goldstein acknowledged my move to Columbus by calling up Larry Flynt and telling him that I commit unnatural sex acts with my dog.

Goldstein and I have not seen each other in over six months, communicating only through our lawyers. Even my trip to Wichita was bitterly contested by Goldstein, who called up Larry to offer a substitute reporter for HUSTLER, someone more to his taste. (That was Mary Reinholz, the writer for the "Liberated Woman" column in the *New York News Sunday* edition. The whole deal had really aggravated the shit out of me. When I first took over as managing editor at HUSTLER, I'd asked Reinholz to write for us, but she'd

curtly refused. I'll admit that there was some small provocation for Mary's rancor—she'd found out that I was trying to sell a story to *Kinky Korner* about the night we once slept together. Sure it was venal of me, but for a girl who fucks with her socks on, Mary doesn't have much of a sense of humor.)

Drunk on an airplane and with all this running through my mind, I feel very little compassion for Goldstein's situation, or for the fact that if convicted on all counts he could be imprisoned for a total of 65 years. However, I am very concerned about the survival of the First Amendment: The whole Wichita deal stinks of government entrapment. Would this guy sitting in the seat beside me be concerned if he knew how the government is trying to trash freedom of the press? The distance that separates his world from mine suddenly yawns between us. But I'm an Easterner, and I feel like a goodwill ambassador to a strange land, so it seems appropriate that I make a good impression.

"Well," I finally say to the Reagan man, slurring my words only slightly, "it's a shame they'll probably keep him out." I figure my answer is perfect. It's noncommittal, but it sounds sympathetic. I smile at the oilman.

He smiles back. "Well, there's always assassination—if you know what I mean."

I'm not sure if I know what he means. I'm not sure that I want to know, either.

Goldstein in Wichita

Once we've landed, I get up a little groggily and slowly shuffle into first class on my way to the exit ramp. I stop short. There's Goldstein's wife, Gina, and his former secretary, Els. Then Goldstein looms up out of his seat. One of those great cosmic coincidences: Al is returning from a weekend in New York. Drunk and hysterical, a crazed ambassador from back East, I automatically give him a big smile and a warm hello. When I'm in this condition and convinced that I've just escaped the jaws of death (flying and Reagan men), I'll talk to anyone.

Al is equally surprised.

"I was on the same flight," I happily volunteer. "In the back. Larry makes us go tourist."

Al smiles. "When did you get on board?"

"Chicago. I spent three hours waiting there for

this flight to arrive from New York. I must have missed seeing you when I got on." Of course, I hadn't been able to see much of anything when I got on.

"Where are you heading?" Al asks. I tell him that I plan on staying at the Regal Inn, which is, in fact, where Goldstein himself is staying. Without even thinking about it, he invites me to share a ride with him. This is a very cordial meeting for us—but in Wichita all differences melt; we are not as alien to each other as we are to Wichita itself.

Al: "How do you like Columbus?"

Me: "It stinks. If cities were people, Columbus would be Karen Quinlan."

Al: "How's Larry and Althea?"

Me: "Fine."

Al: "How's your dog?"

Me: "Fine."

Al: "Larry said you're still fucking your dog. Is that true?"

Me: "Only when I'm horny."

A typical Goldstein conversation. It's his way of being friendly.

The Courtroom

The jury is grim. Most of the 12 jurors and four alternates are over 40, fat, and female. One woman is so fat she looks like a tank with eyelashes. All the women are gone to seed and seem long past having any active interest in sex. Except for one young girl—thin, dark-haired, almost a child. The men look like cowboys, tanned and windburned. Of the two younger men, one looks like a '50s street punk; the other a putz. Solemn, devoid of any trace of humor, compassion or intellect, all of them look like they go to church every Sunday. I figured Goldstein and Buckley were hung the minute the jury was seated.

The two New York pornographers sit opposite the jury across the large, wood-paneled room. Dressed in suits, Goldstein and Buckley look almost human—that's uncommon for Goldstein, who has such contempt for proper dress that he even wears T-shirts on TV talk shows. Buckley is sunk low in his chair, his short form all but vanishing beneath the table. Although he's in his mid-30s, he somehow looks like a little boy. I can almost believe he is contrite.

Buckley is no longer a partner in *Screw*, but he must stand trial for the "offensive" issues of the magazine that were published during the partnership. In fact, the bust was one of the reasons Buckley decided to sell out. Buckley had been increasingly losing interest in *Screw*, more and more often choosing to let Goldstein chart its course. But he didn't trust Al—he thought Al was too irresponsible. He was right.

There is, in fact, some attempt made to separate Buckley from Goldstein during the

Staring at "Bunhead's" well-rounded tits gives me a hard-on. I wonder if that's appropriate at an obscenity trial.

trial. Buckley's lawyer, Arthur Schwartz, is at pains to inform the jury that even the *Screw* Two did not always see eye to eye. But to his credit, although Jim was seldom present at *Screw* to approve what went into its pages, he will not disavow the publication. It would be an easy out, but Buckley strongly believes in the First Amendment.

Milky Way Productions, the parent agency of *Screw* and *Smut* (an unpretentious porno-fiction tabloid that was also charged) is represented by Paul Cambria. Young, tough, aggressive and smart, Cambria has a New York style and bearing in marked contrast to Jim Lawing, a local lawyer hired for his contacts in the Wichita community. Lawing wears baggy suits and strides through the courtroom like he's stepping through shit.

Goldstein's lawyer is Herald Fahringer. He is 50ish, tall, white-haired, stately, self-assured; and when handling a witness, as quick as a flashing switchblade on a New York street. Fahringer is obviously in charge of the defense. Despite myself, I am impressed and even awed by his presence.

There are two members of the prosecution. Harold Damlin was sent from Washington to handle the government's case. He says little in the courtroom, but in the judge's chambers it's apparent that he calls the shots for the prosecution. Damlin looks like a CIA agent, young, short-haired, neatly but unobtrusively dressed. He blends into the crowd, except for those eyes—the eyes of a cop.

There is a gag order on the case, so neither the defense nor the prosecution is allowed to talk to the press about the trial. But that is the extent of the order. They can talk to anyone they want about other matters. In my naive zeal my first day at the trial, I approach Damlin, just to get a sense of him—to see if he really comes across as a CIA agent. Near the end of the day, I see him walking down the hallway.

"Excuse me."

Damlin turns around abruptly, his face a cold, inscrutable mask. Raising an arm, he points his finger at me, "I know who you are, you're from *Screw*. I know who you are."

"Well, I'm from *HUSTLER*. I used to work for *Screw*."

"I know who you are. I'm not talking to you. There's a gag order on this case."

"Well, I don't want to violate the gag order. I just thought . . . I just thought that you could give me some general information, like how you spell your name."

"I know who you are, I'm not talking to you—all that information is public record."

With that, Damlin turns back toward the prosecution's local representative, Assistant U.S. Attorney Larry Schauf. Schauf is a short kid. He wears suits two sizes too big. He seems to function as little more than Damlin's shadow, yet he does most of the questioning of witnesses in the courtroom. When he talks, he reminds me of Bob Newhart. The only nice thing about Schauf is his sexy wife, who sits in the gallery to lend her husband moral support throughout the week's proceedings. Schauf performs for her.

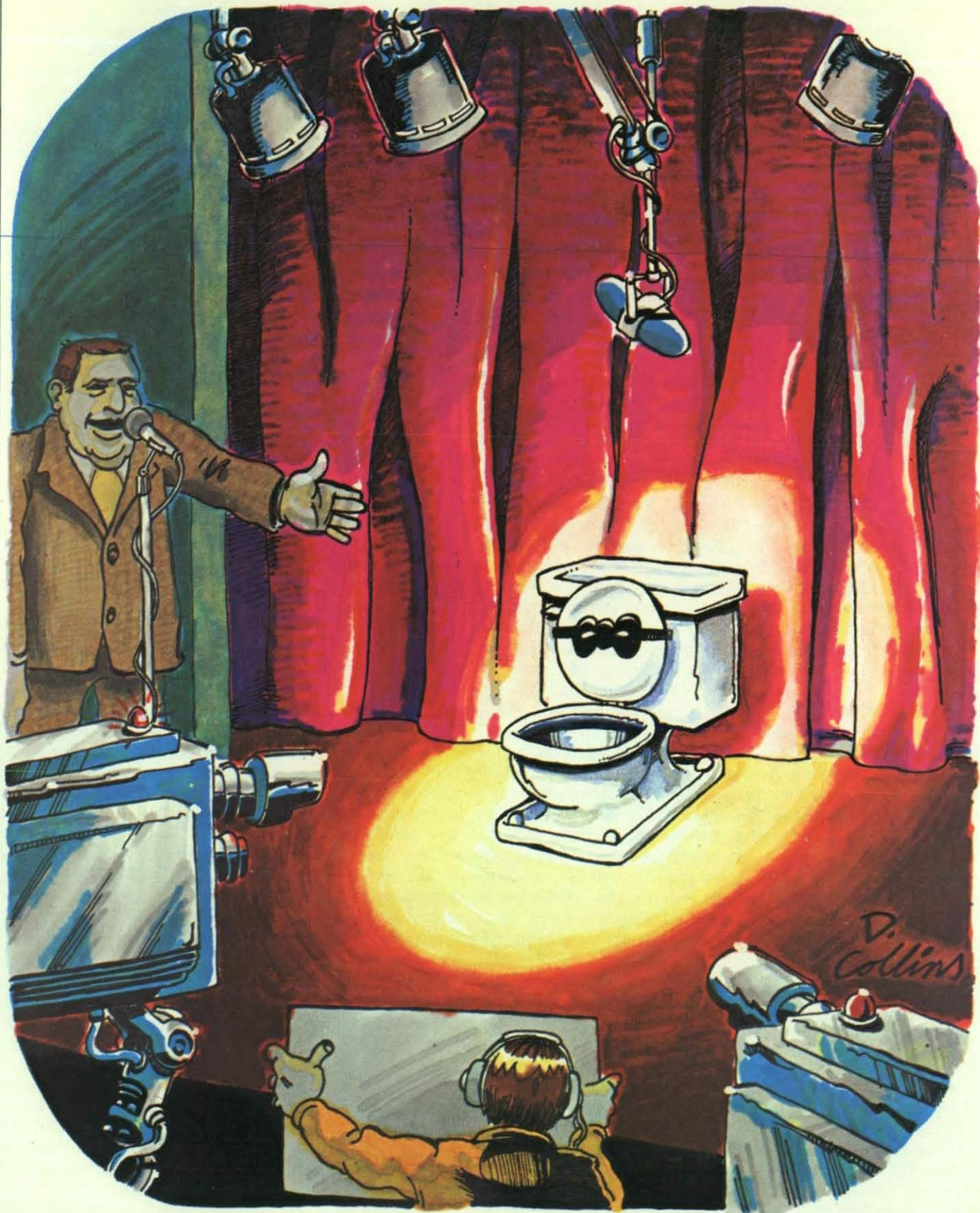
Mrs. Schauf, or "Bunhead," as Jim Buckley's wife Helena prefers to call her, is one of those rare blondes who, while not particularly striking, definitely has a sensual way about her. One suspects that she is capable of being very passionate in bed. She always sits behind either me, Gina or Helena—frequently with her head thrust forward as if to read the notes we all take. I spend much of my time in the courtroom staring from behind my sunglasses at "Bunhead's" small but well-rounded tits and fantasizing about what I would do to them. This gives me a hard-on. I'm not sure that's appropriate at an obscenity trial.

Of all the participants in the courtroom, only one remains opaque—Judge Frank Theis. His face is grotesquely twisted as a result of osteomyelitis. Even so, it is hard to find Theis ugly. Intelligence and strength show in his face. However, as events unfold, his strength and intellect seem leveled against the defense.

The Case

Because I was delayed in Columbus, my first day in the Wichita courthouse coincides with the final witness for the prosecution, New York Postal Inspector Raphael Lombardi, a short, mousey-looking man who, on orders from Washington, initiated the series of events that would result in the Wichita obscenity trial.

There is a certain cynicism on the part of the defense about the nature of the case. Not possible obscenity, but the magazine's irreverent and feisty nature seems to be the reason for the government's scrutiny. To many, it was Goldstein's constant jabs at the establishment that had prompted government interest in the publication. To Goldstein, and even to the *Screw* staff, which generally shares Al's sense of



"...And now, heeere's Johnny!"

alienation, this legal battle seems scarcely different from those days in high school when teachers would order miscreants to stand in the back of the room because they had the wrong "attitude."

According to testimony, the way it worked was simple. Lombardi sent postal money orders and completed subscription forms to six Kansas postal inspectors, who in turn simply mailed the material back to *Screw* magazine in New York. Then Milky Way Productions responded to the phony subscriptions by sending their publications into Kansas. These copies of *Screw* and *Smut* were remailed, unopened, back to the postal inspector in New York. Thus, clever government that we have, the crime was established, the evidence in hand.

The defense, not surprisingly, feels that this is entrapment. They suggest that a demographic study was conducted by the government to determine where in the United States they would be most likely to get a conviction and that the government chose to prosecute in Kansas on the basis of that study. Considering the frequency of anti-Nixon attacks in *Screw* (from 1968 until Nixon resigned) the defense suspects that former Attorney General John Mitchell himself might have designed the scheme. Nor are they placated by the prosecution's denials that point out that in addition to the six postal subscriptions to *Screw* and five to *Smut* seven legitimate subscriptions were sent regularly to residents of Kansas.

The Human Mole

I didn't pay that much attention to Postal Inspector Lombardi while he testified. He is so pale and drab, so much the bureaucrat that I feel sure he was just another witness. But once he stepped down from the witness chair and was released from his duty to testify, he did not go home as one might have expected him to. Instead he's still here, hanging around the courthouse, sitting in the observation gallery, scurrying up and down the hall, or loitering outside the courtroom during recesses.

On one such occasion, my third day in Wichita, I find myself standing next to Lombardi as we wait for the trial to resume. I look up at him with curiosity, and he acknowledges my presence with a quick, almost imperceptible, nod. I figure this is my chance.

"You still here?" I ask, always the friendly pornographer.

Lombardi's eyes pop wide open. He actually starts to back away from me, and in an almost hysterical, high-pitched voice he squeaks, "Stay away from me, don't talk to me, don't talk to me, I've been told about you—I'll say hello, I'll be pleasant, I'll extend

Considering the nature of the film, showing women shoving eels up their cunts, a Kansas jury would crucify Goldstein.

the basic courtesies, but I won't talk to you, I can't talk to you, I'm not going to talk to you!"

I stared at him in dumb fascination. He keeps rattling on, pathetically repeating the same words over and over again, his voice getting louder and higher. People begin turning to look at me, and I'm starting to feel self-conscious, standing there staring at Lombardi, waiting for him to run down.

Between Lombardi and Damlin, I'm beginning to feel as if the word *pervert* were stamped-on my forehead.

After this incident, I begin to notice that Lombardi is the prosecutor's pet. He does not confine himself to simply lounging in the observation gallery of the courtroom. He attends all the hearings in the judge's chambers (open apparently to everybody but the jury) as legal points and counterpoints are debated and guidelines are established by the judge. Frequently this strange little animal can be seen passing tattered notes to one of the prosecutors or to "Bunhead."

The next time I see him in the judge's chambers, I no longer dismiss him as an innocuous stray puppy. On this particular occasion, the prosecution and the counsel for the defense had adjourned to the chambers to determine the admissibility into evidence of a mail-order porno film reviewed in *Screw* magazine. The prosecution, citing a precedent in the Hamling decision, argues that any publication that advertises or reviews a pornographic book or movie and gives information as to where and how the product can be seen or obtained is as guilty of committing a felony as the producer of the "obscene" product.

The defense claims that since a film might be found obscene in one community (*Carnal Knowledge* is given as an example) but not in another, such a ruling would cause a publication to reflect the lowest common denominator. More importantly, it would mean that if the New York *Times* reviewed a porno flick (Clive Barnes has reviewed a few) that was later found to be obscene, the New York *Times* could be similarly indicted. Then, too, considering the nature of this film, which shows two women shoving dead eels up their cunts, its

admission into evidence is bound to be prejudicial. A Kansas jury would crucify Goldstein and Buckley.

As Damlin and Fahringer argue their points back and forth, the diminutive frame of Lombardi unexpectedly comes loping into the room, hunched over in some aberrated attempt at deference toward the judge. Fascinatingly grotesque, Lombardi exudes an undefinable quality. Slinking lower still, he skids across the back of the room to curl up (knees drawn up to his chest, arms wrapped around his legs, thin, gray fingers dangling down to his feet) on the carpeted stairs leading back to the courtroom. Lombardi's gray, lifeless face bobs up, his eyes catching mine. I turn to Goldstein questioning. What is it? That long gray nose, the gaunt face—a rat?—a marsupial?

Goldstein reads me immediately. "The Mole," he whispers, adding, "the prosecution didn't even have to give him a hotel room. He sleeps in a box in the judge's chambers."

Wichita

I landed in Wichita Sunday night, arriving downtown, courtesy of Goldstein, at about 10 A.M. Because of the local blue laws everything was closed, and it wasn't until the next day that I was convinced people actually lived here outside the confines of my hotel in this pocket of bricks on the flat Kansas plains. It is not an unattractive city despite oppressive summer sun that blasts unshielded eyes and bakes the skin. The architecture is simple, economical. The streets are clean, and the air, though hot, is pleasantly free of discernible pollutants. Despite the buildings—or perhaps because of them—few are higher than 14 stories—there is a sense of freedom, an absence of restraint, fitting for people who, according to Jim Lawing, take fierce pride in being independent, needing no one, beholden to no one.

Lawing obviously believes what he says. During his opening statement to the jury, he tells them to send a clear message to Washington: Let them know that the people of Kansas don't like being used to settle debates that have nothing to do with them or Kansas. Let them know, he says, that Kansans aren't the sexually backward people Washington thinks they are. It is a good point, but...will it work? Or does the independent streak of the people of Kansas end where their conservative politics and devout religiousness begin?

Wichita is the heart of the Bible Belt, dotted with churches like acne on a teenager. Until recently, it was also a dry state, and even now it's against the law to drink



"Oh...ahh...hmmm...that feels so...good...hmm...ahh...."

anything stronger than 3.2 percent beer without being a member of a "private" club. Of course, the privacy of the clubs is a fiction, seldom requiring anything more than a quickie purchase of a ten-dollar membership at the door. That can get expensive if you don't want to be limited to just a few night spots—and the membership requirement is strictly enforced by the State Liquor Board. By the courtesy of former State Attorney General Vern Miller, trains passing through Kansas have actually been stopped for serving liquor in violation of state law.

With a population of 300,000, Wichita also has a significant number of John Birchers who, as recently as 1963, were throwing enough weight around to intimidate the Economics Department at Wichita State University for teaching Keynesian theory. Although Wichita is evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans, the rest of the state is almost exclusively Republican.

Wichita is also a city in transition, with new elements—transplants from the East and West—constantly butting up against the old guard. Four blocks from my hotel, the Vogue Art Theatre features hard-core fucking and sucking. A short distance from town, a number of bars feature topless go-

go girls who often double as prostitutes. There is one nude photography studio in town, the Blue Orchid, four private swingers' clubs, and until last January there were about 15 massage parlors.

The clamp-down on massage parlors is widely believed to have been caused by two unrelated events. In one case, two 15-year-old girls were discovered working for a black massage-parlor owner. In the other, a church was bought and converted into a rubdown spot. The ensuing public outrage resulted in legislation requiring a masseuse to be licensed and prohibiting inter-sex massage. In other words, a woman must massage a woman, a man must massage a man. Presumably, a homosexual massage is OK in Kansas.

Only one of the former massage-parlor owners is in a good legal position to fight the inter-sex ban. That's Joe Jennings, a stubborn, tough-talking bar owner who's also running for county sheriff. His lawyer, not surprisingly, is Jim Lawing.

Prurient Interest

Eventually, I feel that I am on trial along with Al and Jim. In reality, that isn't quite the case, but all the elements that make me the person I am are most definitely being tried in this Wichita courthouse. This is forcefully

brought home when the prosecution reads excerpts from one of my *Screw* columns to the jury. It is the one I had written in response to *Screw's* 1973 New York obscenity conviction (a relatively minor case), in which I declared, "We can, too, stoop to further lows." It had been intended as nose-thumbing humor. Read out of context by Schauf before the blank-faced jury, it seemed stark and damning. I'm pissed that they're using me—my words—to drive the knife in even deeper.

By midweek, I had stopped taking my sunglasses off in the courtroom. It made me feel secure having them on. Besides, the glasses made it easier for me to stare at Schauf's wife undetected—which is what I'm doing while listening to Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, coauthor of the famed Kinsey Report, testify for the defense. Pomeroy was telling the jury that he did not think either *Screw* or *Smut* are prurient—an important legal test for obscenity—given the court's definition that it incites shameful, morbid behavior in the average citizen. According to Pomeroy, the material that is published in *Screw*, including photos (which were shown to the jury) that depict a man pissing on a woman, repulse the average citizen rather than compel him to engage in a similarly shameful activity. A normal man, Pomeroy says, will still exhibit healthy, warm, loving sexual feelings toward the female.

Fascinating testimony: It just occurred to me that my interest in Schauf's wife is solely prurient.

Conversation at the Hotel

By mid-week, everyone suspects that Judge Theis is favoring the prosecution, an accusation prompted in part by Theis's decision to admit the eel-fucking film into evidence, and in part by Theis's habit of helping out the prosecutor when he floundered by asking the witnesses questions that were damaging to the defense.

Both Al and Jim are beginning to talk about expressing their hostility to the judge in open court, and fuck the consequences. But so far, most of their frustration is unleashed in the refuge of the hotel in some very spirited conversation at poolside.

Goldstein: "What can you do, we don't have a chance, the judge is against us. One of the jurors won't even look at the evidence. Did you see that woman? Every time Schauf held up one of those photos, she'd look away."

Buckley: "It's an emotion-laden issue. People can't be objective about sex, especially if they've never had it. If they're

(continued on page 86)





COOKIE



If you want to make time with Cookie, you'd better be prepared—she awards her own version of the merit badge to guys who please her. Although her men usually are at least a little older than her 20 years, Cookie's been harboring a fantasy of playing the "older woman" for some time.

"Sure, I like manliness," she says, "but I get turned on by innocence, too. I often dream of initiating some boy into manhood. In my fantasies I'm a counselor at a girls' camp, and I entice a Boy Scout into the woods away from his camp on the other side of the river.

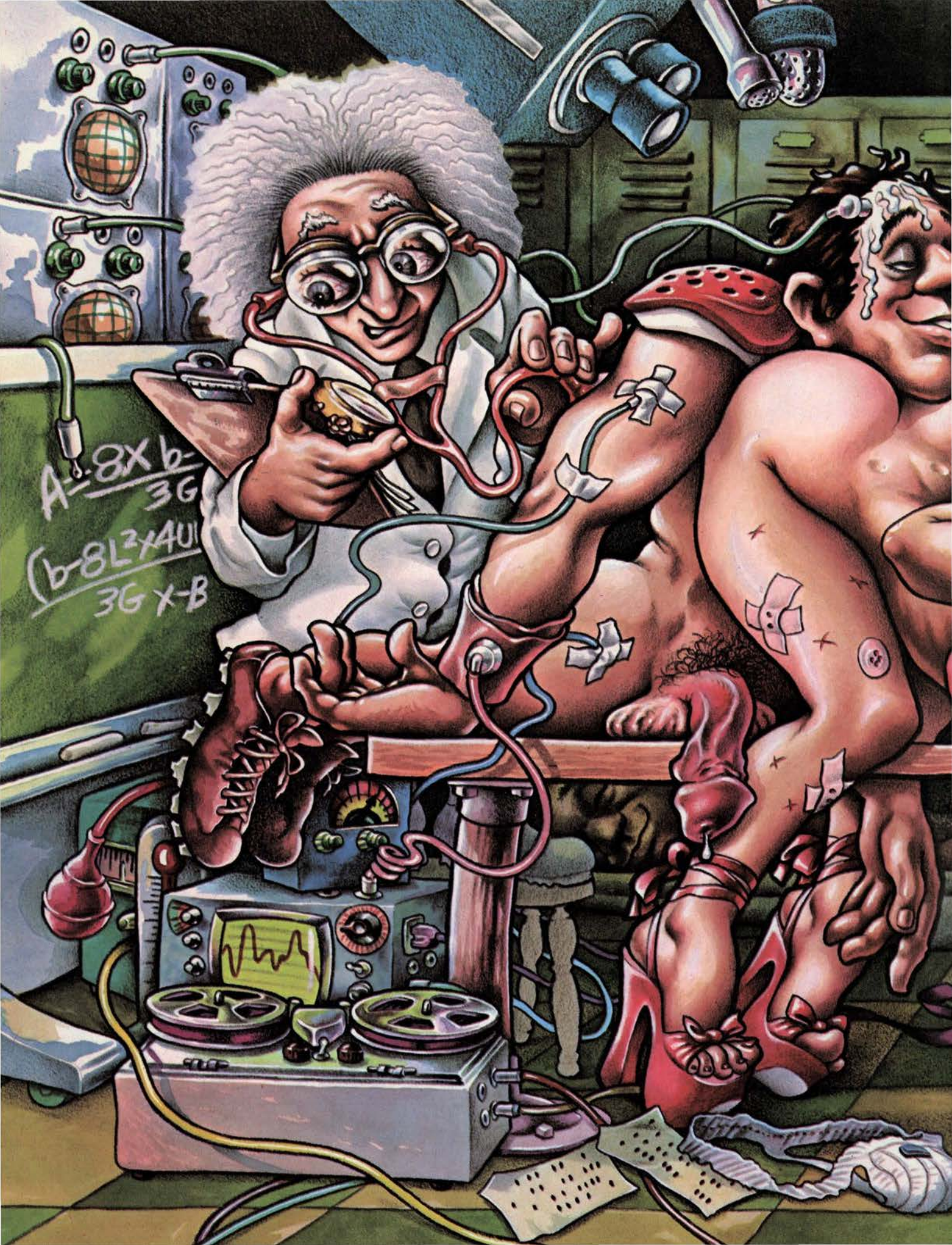
"I take him to a grassy meadow and bring him off with my mouth so he won't shoot too quickly. Then, when he's come the first time, I instruct him in the ways of pleasing a woman. I guide his hands over my body and teach him to use his tongue. At last I give him a fast, hard ride into manhood that he'll always remember. Even when he gains experience in the world, that session will still be hard to top. The thought of changing a lover's life so totally that he'll never forget me really makes me squirm with excitement."

A good Scout is always ready to lend a helping hand.

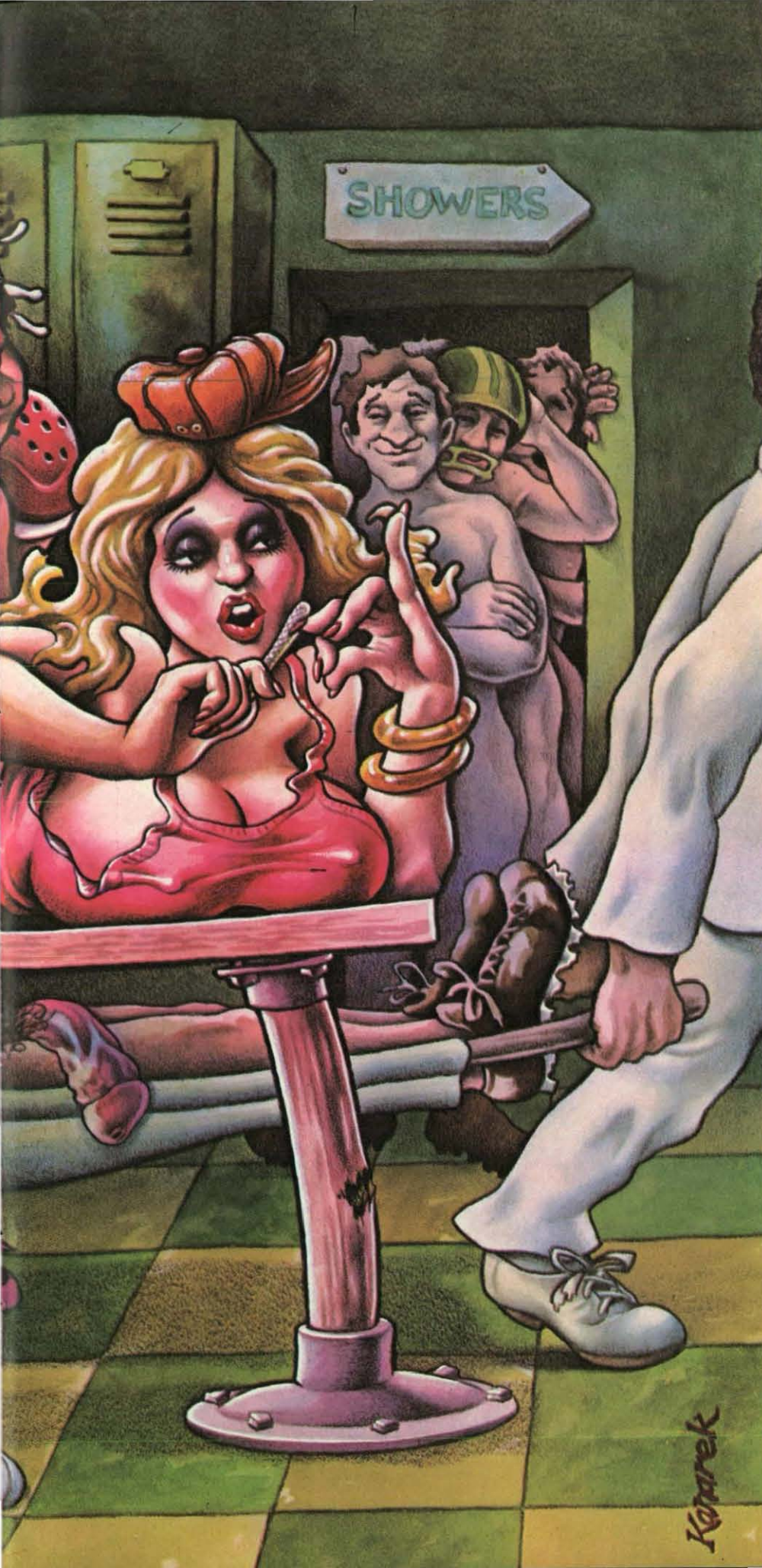








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$$\frac{(b-8L^2 \times 4U)}{3G \times B}$$



Getting It Up for the Game

by Curt Richards

Illustrated by Michael Kanarek

Does sex before the game affect athletic performance? No, you say? Well, who the fuck asked you?

As a matter of fact, in the last few years a debate has been raging among athletes, scientists and sundry jock sniffers as to the relationship between pregame balling and achievement on the playing field. Almost no scientific literature exists on the subject. In the '30s a lone researcher did attempt to verify claims by female hurdlers who said they could leap six inches higher after cunnilingus. Unfortunately he was discovered prowling around the ladies' locker room during the Berlin Olympics and had his nuts kicked in by an outraged bronze medalist from the Cameroons.

Luckily, of late we have a rapidly growing body of information on the subject thanks to the studies by Dr. Muttie Sheekpootzer, the famous Israeli humanist, sexologist and fist fucker. Dr. Sheekpootzer became interested in the subject after making an amazing, if accidental, discovery. On the eve of a regional women's lawn tennis tourney, he was paddling the buttocks of a quarter-finalist with a shiny aluminum tennis racket as she lay athwart the bathtub of her hotel room. He smacked her 60 times and came twice in the process.

The following day she won her match 6-3, 6-3.

The night before the semis, he whacked her 90 times and shot his wad three times. This time she won 6-1, 6-1.

Virtually insane with the excitement of being on the verge of a scientific breakthrough and stroking an incredible hard-on, he calculated that if he paddled his subject 120 times, she would shut her opponent out entirely and he would come

four or five times. The night before the finals, he did just that.

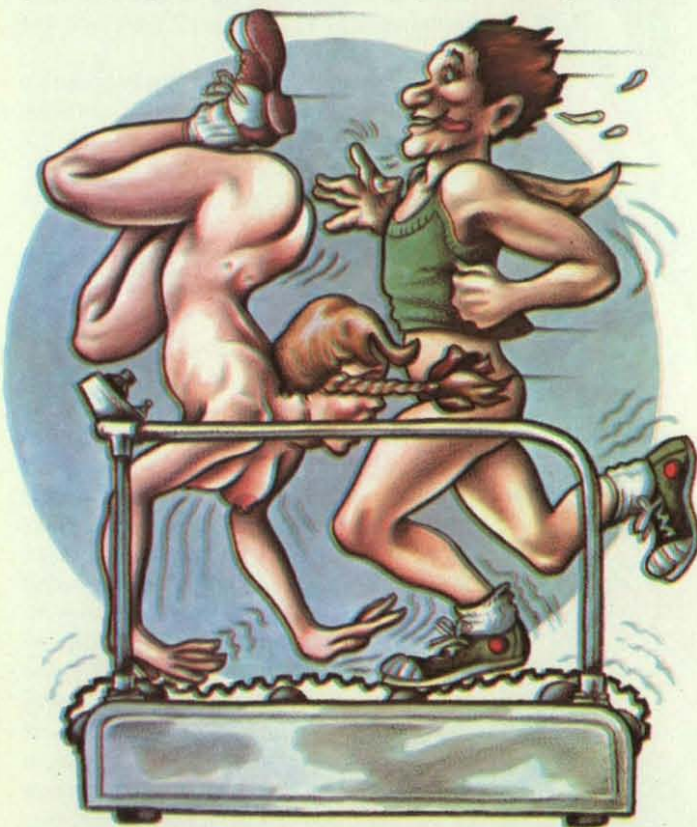
She was rushed to Forest Hills General Hospital. To this day, she must perform all bodily functions while lying on her stomach.

Such crude early endeavors notwithstanding, until recently there were no funds, facilities, trained personnel or any experimental subjects available for a formal inquiry juxtaposing sexual activity cum (you should pardon the expression) sports activity. About three years ago, however, Dr. Sheekpootzer founded the Williamsburg Institute of Central Kansas for the Determination of Athletic Performance, known by its acronym, WICKDIP. Of

his vision is just one small example of the kind of excitement that this red-cheeked, silver-haired, walleyed little man brought to his work.

Funding his institute with pledges embezzled from the National Children's Television Workshop, Dr. Sheekpootzer undertook to answer such questions as: Which sex acts are beneficial to athletic effectiveness, and which acts are detrimental? Which are so terrific you don't give a shit about athletic effectiveness? What is the longest home run ever hit in Forbes Field? Who can be bribed at the Ford Foundation to give us a grant?

A brief tour of the institute, located in a quiet suburb of Leavenworth, will give you an



course, in order to make it come out WICKDIP instead of WICKDAP, Doc Sheekpootzer had to change Athletic to /thletic. And actually, the institute is located in northern, not central, Kansas, so technically it should be WINKDAP. However, that would never have done, and Dr. Sheekpootzer's breathtaking willingness to bend the language to

idea of the pioneering work being done there. In a large gymnasium on the right as you walk in, you'll see three or four marathon runners on treadmills, having their cocks nibbled by 15-year-old nymphets while sensors attached to the runners' bodies monitor their responses. Every few minutes one of the subjects will come, forgetting himself so complete-

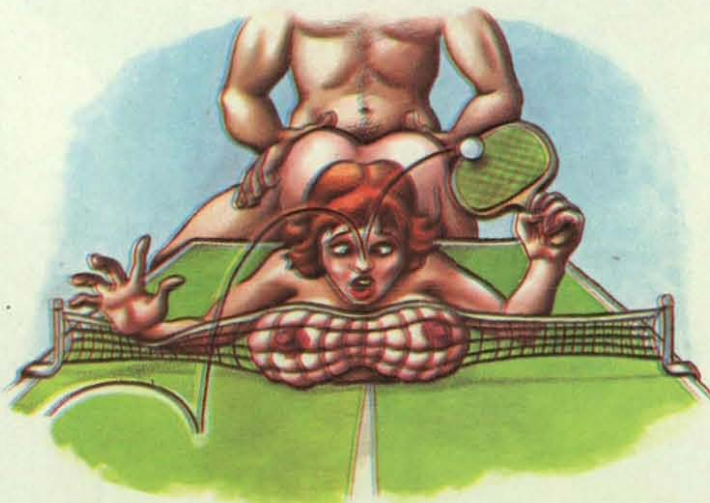


ly that he may stop running and knock everybody off the moving belt, which causes a hell of a lot of confusion. The astonishing thing is the scientific dedication of the girls, who must crawl backward on their hands and knees at precisely the same speed as the treadmill while allowing for the yaw, pitch and roll of the trotting runner's dick. It's a beautiful thing to watch; it really is.

We move on to a hockey rink, where an exciting experiment may well change the complexion of the game. Just off the ice, a goalie is indulging in an unspeakable act with a Black Angus heifer; in a moment, he

will come skating onto the ice to defend the net against an offensive squad that has just gang-shagged the equipment manager's wife. The goalie is brilliant, the attackers sluggish. The heifer is delirious, but the equipment manager is pissed. It all goes to show you.

On the second floor a group of scientists is observing a couple of naked female ping-pong players competing while being fucked from behind by orderlies. Did you know that it's impossible to put any top-spin on a ping-pong ball while you are being fucked from behind by an orderly? Try it. Then, too, it's impossible to





watch this experiment without creaming all over yourself. And that's the problem. The observers have all slid down to the floor of their booth for a strap-popping competition with the nurses, and nobody's monitoring the test equipment.

So much for our tour. What conclusions have we come to?

Many factors are involved in the relationship between sex and sports. A number of the most significant are summarized below:

1. *Age.* Obviously there is going to be a lot more action if athletes are in the 20-40 age range rather than the 60-80. After 80, it's a miracle if a badminton player can find his bird at all. Even though this shouldn't be a hard-and-fast rule, it's nevertheless called the Hard-and-Fast Rule after its discoverers, Sid Hard and Benny Fast. Some interesting anomalies remain, however.

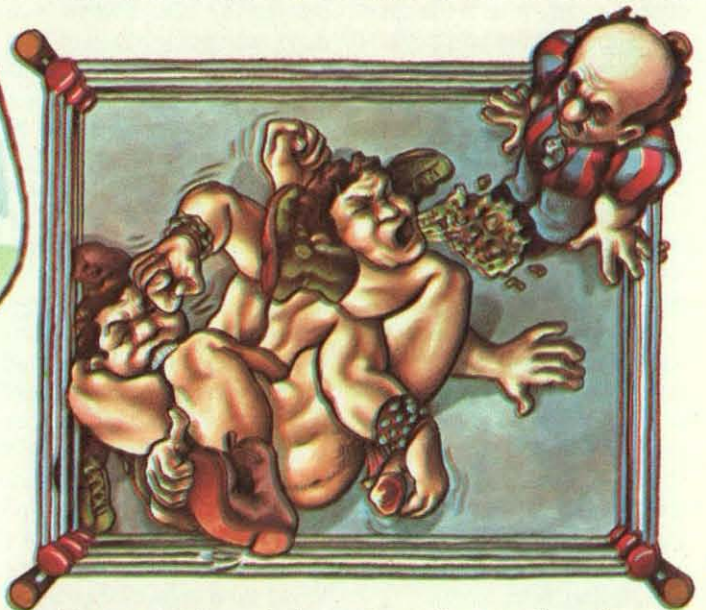
In 1974 a 72-year-old nursing home couple was sent out

on a shuffleboard court after a protracted session of mutual masturbation during which the pair had to be reawakened seven times by electric shock. Their opponents were two 23-year-old instructors employed in the old folks' home. To everyone's astonishment, the older couple whipped the kids by 14 points. The enraged losers cut the victors' prune rations for four weeks.

2. *Astrological sign.* Incredible as it may sound, astrology can play a significant role in determining how fucking will affect athletic performance. In an experiment performed during the recent Bermuda Cup Yacht trials, we enlisted two captains who in every respect (not counting the number of knees) were equal, except that the first was a Scorpio, the other a Taurus. We provided each with a woman, and both men pumped away at his piece of ass for precisely the same length of time. Then the two challenged each other in their identical 12-meter yachts on the high seas off Bermuda. The Scorpio crossed the finish line in record time in spite of a

food consumed by an athlete between the time he shoots his wad and the pistol shot at the starting line can make an enormous difference on the outcome (of the sports event). In the 1972 Olympics a pair of evenly matched Russian wrestlers were given identical sexual assignments (raping a couple of Hindustani gymnasts) and then fed different meals. One, whom we'll call Igor Gregorovich Nikolnikov, feasted on Beef Stroganoff, Peaches Melba, and a demi of 1971 Chateau Lafite. The other, whom we'll also call Igor Gregorovich Nikolnikov, was fed a Burger-King-Whopper-with-Cheese-hold-the-Pickle-Extra-Lettuce-on-a-Sesame-Seed-Bun, a side of french fries and a chocolate malted. The two were then pitted against each other in the ring. The first forfeited when, after the first fall, he threw up on the referee's shoes.

4. *Menstrual cycle.* There is no doubt that a female's athletic performance will be affected by her monthly menstrual cycle, but all the institute's staff members found

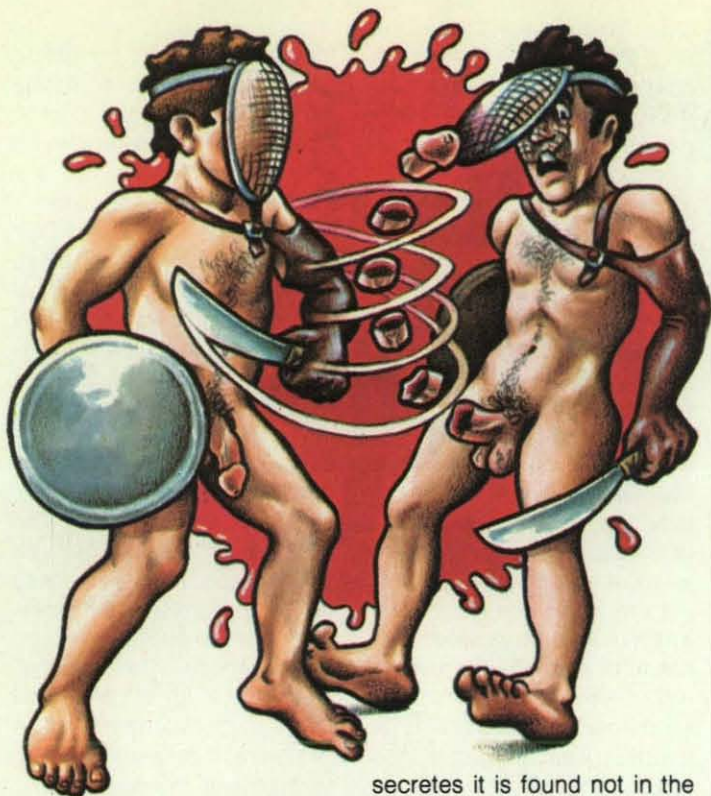


suspicious torpedo explosion below the waterline as he was rounding the leeward buoy. The Taurus encountered a gale, was blown into the Bermuda Triangle, and has never been heard from since.

3. *Food.* Amount and kind of

the subject so disgusting they refused to participate in any research.

There are many, many other factors, some so subtle their influence can be determined only by computer analysis. We programmed our IBM 3660



with every factor we could think of that had to do with pregame sex, and we have come up with the following formula, which, though crude, will provide future researchers with guidelines for follow-up experiments:

In this formula, *A* is athletic effectiveness, *X* is the league standings, *b* is orgasmic intensity (measured in moans of ecstasy), 8 and 6 and 4 and 3 are numbers (what did you think they were, asshole?), *L* is grandmother's maiden name, *U* is cunt juice (measured by feel), *M* is a typographical error (it should have been *N*), *G* is the weight of the bat in milligrams (if the game is baseball) or the size of your racket (if you're in the Mafia), *x* is the lower-case version of *X* and *B* is the length of your stroke. The latter is extremely important: If you have a stroke during sexual intercourse, you won't be worth shit out there on the playing field.

Probably the most critical factor in determining athletic performance is the amount of pussiflavin secreted during the sex act. The existence of this hormone has been suspected since the 14th century, but because the tiny gland that

secretes it is found not in the genital area but in the right earlobe, it was once believed to have something to do with the way one hears the word *steam-fitter*. Try pinching your right earlobe and repeating *steam-fitter* 25 times. Then release your earlobe and say it 25 times more. Do you note any difference? Of course you don't, schmuck! We just said it has nothing to do with that!

Let's get to the findings.

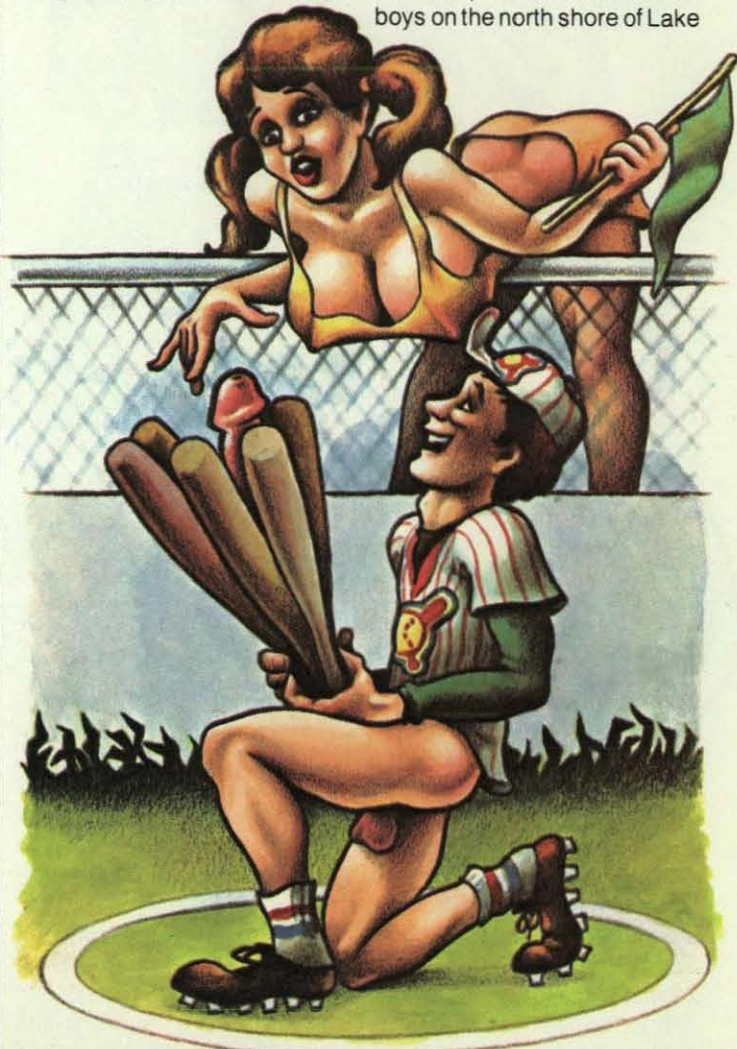
Our findings show that of all sports that are responsive to pregame sex activity, machete fighting is far and away the most sensitive. One can draw a precise parabolic curve (if one's hand isn't shaking) between the number and intensity of orgasms experienced by macheteists, or whatever they're called, and the number of points they score. Honest! You can look it up. Next in order are bullfighting, squash and sumo wrestling. At the very bottom of the list is jai alai. Why? Who knows? It could be anything.

The burning question on everybody's mind is, does sex before a game stimulate the athlete or enervate him? Of course it stimulates him, but can he play ball afterward? It depends. Before a critical

game with the Denver Broncos, we took the front four of the Kansas City Chiefs and put them in bedrooms with girls handpicked for their sexual prowess, passion and endurance. The rushers were instructed to ball the girls for a minimum of four hours and a maximum of eight. From the laboratory they went straight to their locker room to suit up for the game. The result was astonishing. We took every penny we could scrape up and bet it on the Broncos, taking the four-point spread. Denver creamed the exhausted KC Chiefs, two fat bookies were wiped out, and today no member of our staff rides in anything less than a late-model

outfielder while he stood in the warmup circle before each at-bat in a game against the Chicago White Sox. He went three for three, including an inside-the-park home run. Unfortunately, the girl was spiked in the tit during a close play at home plate and sued the front office for over two million in damages. Paying her off did not bother the owners, though. From that day on, attendance at the stadium tripled.

So the question is yet to be resolved. Meanwhile the institute is exploring an even less familiar issue, namely, whether you should undertake *sports activity* before having sex. Opinion is sharply divided into two camps: Tonnawakkee for boys on the north shore of Lake



coupe de ville.

Another experiment produced precisely the opposite result. We arranged for a nubile young volunteer to suck the dick of a Cleveland Indian

Wauramaug, Tonnawikkee for the girls on the south shore. Parents wishing to visit should get in touch with Uncle Dave Kaplan before the third week in July. 🍌

LONDON (HNS)—Jesus Christ now has some competition as a result of an action taken recently by England's House of Lords. After 50 years of legal dispute, the Committee of Privileges in the House of Lords has ruled that Geoffrey Russell, now 54, was born to a woman who had never had sexual intercourse; consequently, he was named the rightful heir to the barony of Amphill.

Geoffrey's mother, the Lady Christabel Amphill, was sued for divorce by Lord Amphill in 1921, one year after giving birth, on the grounds that their marriage had never been consummated, and he therefore couldn't be the child's father.

At the divorce trial, Lady Christabel claimed that she had never had sexual intercourse with any man. Doctors testified that Christabel was indeed a virgin when the baby was born.

The case was tried three times. The third time, in 1926, Christabel won, and the court declared that Geoffrey was the legitimate and lawful offspring of Lord and Lady Amphill.

Christabel finally divorced Lord Amphill in 1937. He remarried twice and had another son, John Jr., by his third wife. The recent and final decision came as a result of a petition by John Jr. to have himself declared the rightful heir.

MINNEAPOLIS (HNS)—April has traditionally been a popular month for weddings—which may be fine for women—but April is the worst possible time of the year for men to engage in sexual activity, reports French chronobiologist Alain Reinberg.

Reinberg says production of the male sex hormone testosterone decreases in the spring and is at its peak in the fall. Male sexual activity in many animals as well as man follows this same pattern, increasing in the fall and diminishing in the spring, Reinberg added.

Chronobiologists are not sure why men have such seasonal rhythms, but the University of Minnesota's Franz Halberg says that the sexual cycles are not just psychological, but that blood pressure, cholesterol levels and male hormones are all implicated.

This suggests that October, not April, would be a better month for weddings.

SRI LANKA (HNS)—Western tourists who have been flocking to the beaches of this tropical island nation and nearby South India are "going native" by dispensing with bras—and often bikini bottoms as well—and are running into a double standard that

SEX BITS

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler a well-rounded knowledge of what's really going on in the world and why it's happening.

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

both perplexes and angers tour operators.

Native women go topless around the fishing villages and beaches of what was formerly Ceylon and South Indian provinces, but local residents and authorities frown on total exposure by visiting tourists.

As a result, tour operators are beginning to take groups to the Maldives and Seychelle Islands in the Indian Ocean, where there are miles and miles of powder-soft, sandy beaches, seas as transparent as vodka, and the natives get a kick out of seeing nude Westerners.

The no-nude rule is expected to have a depressing effect on Sri Lanka's tourist industry.

TOKYO (HNS)—A 40-year-old Japanese housewife who lost a major portion of one of her breasts in an operation to remove a cancer now has a full, rounded breast as the result of a new transplant technique.

Professor Toyoyoshi Fujino of Tokyo's prestigious Keio University Medical College succeeded in transplanting tissue from the woman's buttocks to her breast. A vein in the transplanted tissue was connected to a vein and an artery in the woman's chest, keeping the tissue "alive."

While there is no feeling in the new breast tissue, Professor Fujino said it was technically possible to connect the nerve system of the chest with that of the transplanted tissue.

Every year in Japan alone, over 10,000

women undergo a radical mastectomy as a result of cancer. Fujino said that similar transplants might benefit many of these women.

PALO ALTO (HNS)—Science has taken a big leap forward in coming up with an effective birth-control system that is easy to use and causes no side effects.

Scientists at the ALZA Corporation in Palo Alto have developed a contraceptive system based on mixing the natural hormone progesterone with a polymer that degrades slowly in the body.

The polymer-hormone mixture is molded in the form of a hollow, T-shaped intrauterine device that is filled with progesterone. The polymer slowly dissolves over a period of one year, releasing the desired amount of hormone.

Alan S. Michaels, one of the researchers who developed the technique, said the hormone exerts a local contraceptive effect rather than a systemic one. "And since the total hormone content in the 'one-year' device is less than what is in a single birth-control pill, there are no side effects," he added.


The new system, called "Progestacert," is now being introduced on the American market.

LONDON (HNS)—The venerable British Medical Association (BMA) is currently promoting a prescription for a healthy sex life that would have been unthinkable a short while ago—sex any way, any place, any time.

This new and revolutionary medical advice is contained in a booklet called *So Now You Know About Sex*, published recently by the BMA.

Speaking for the Association, Dr. Elizabeth Penrose said a normal sex life was whatever pleased both partners, and in order for sex mates to obtain the necessary sexual satisfaction, partners should follow the "sex any way, any place, any time" rule.

BIRMINGHAM (HNS)—Irene Cartwright, an alterations assistant in a men's tailor shop, was recently declared "redundant" because her employer would not permit her to measure the inside of a man's trouser leg.

Mrs. Cartwright took her case to an industrial relations board. They ruled against her, saying that a woman should not be given the job because measuring the inside of a man's leg is "too intimate." 

SCREW'S OBSCENITY TRIAL

(continued from page 74)

frigid, they'll vote against us. If they've never sucked cock, they'll hate us."

Goldstein: "This isn't a jury of my peers. I'll bet there isn't one fat, bearded Jew in Wichita."

Schwartz: "If we lose, I'll say it was Fahringer's fault."

Lawing: "I think the jury will surprise you. I know these people."

Schwartz: "But if we win, I'll say that they called me in at the last minute to help them out of a fix."

Buckley: "In the beginning, I thought we had a chance. I guess I was just naive. There is no such thing as justice. You can't expect justice in Kansas."

Lawing: "It's not really that bad. I'm telling you. This isn't a bad guy. He built the Democratic party here."

Goldstein: "I'm familiar with the Democrats here. Both of them."

Lawing: "Don't forget Kansas produced Doc Brinkley. He's the guy who owned a radio station in the '20s, on which he advertised his famous goat-gland operation to restore youth. That was all about increasing the sex drive."

Goldstein: "Tell Schauf that if he leaves us alone, I'll let him fuck Jim Buckley."

Schwartz: "I keep thinking this hotel is a Jewish Trojan horse. They get all the Jews in here, and then the ceiling comes down."

The Bob Newhart Comedy Hour

By Friday, we are all demoralized. Then Dr. W. Walter Menninger—on leave from the Menninger Foundation to work at the Topeka State Hospital in Kansas—testifies for the defense. Calm, lucid, incredibly self-possessed, with a string of credentials long enough to choke Linda Lovelace, Menninger is the first witness for the entire trial to wake up the jury. For the first time, the defense suddenly and unexpectedly looks like it might have a real chance. As the prosecution begins cross-examination in an effort to discredit the witness, we all sit quietly in the courtroom, holding our breath.

(Since tape recorders were not allowed into the courtroom and since the actual transcripts of the trial will not be available until after this issue goes to press, I will recreate from my notes an abbreviated account of that confrontation.)

"Dr. Menninger," Schauf says with his usual touch of arrogance, "isn't it true that Dr. Freud established the basic principle of the id, ego and superego?" Tossing out

words like *id* and *ego*, Schauf seems more than pleased with himself, thinking that his college Psychology I course finally paid off.

For a moment, Dr. Menninger stares at him questioningly, then responds, "Those aren't principles. I'm afraid you're misusing terms that are too complex for you."

Schauf is stung, damn it. A nationally respected psychiatrist has dismissed him as an asshole. Worse, it happened in front of his wife.

Schauf tries to regroup. "Dr. Menninger, a while ago you mentioned that most people don't think they would be motivated by pornography to commit rape; they always think that it is the other guy who is susceptible. Isn't this really an example of what Dr. Freud called repression? When they say that they aren't susceptible, but the other guy is, aren't they really repressing their own desire because they can't accept it in themselves? And isn't it true that if they didn't repress, their animal nature—the id—would take over?"

Again, Menninger looks at Schauf with surprise. But this time the surprise is more obviously mixed with contempt. "I don't want to be disrespectful, but I'm afraid that you don't fully understand the theory—this all-or-nothing phenomenon is fallacy. The id doesn't work like that."

Schauf persists anyway. "Isn't the id triggered and ready to go?"

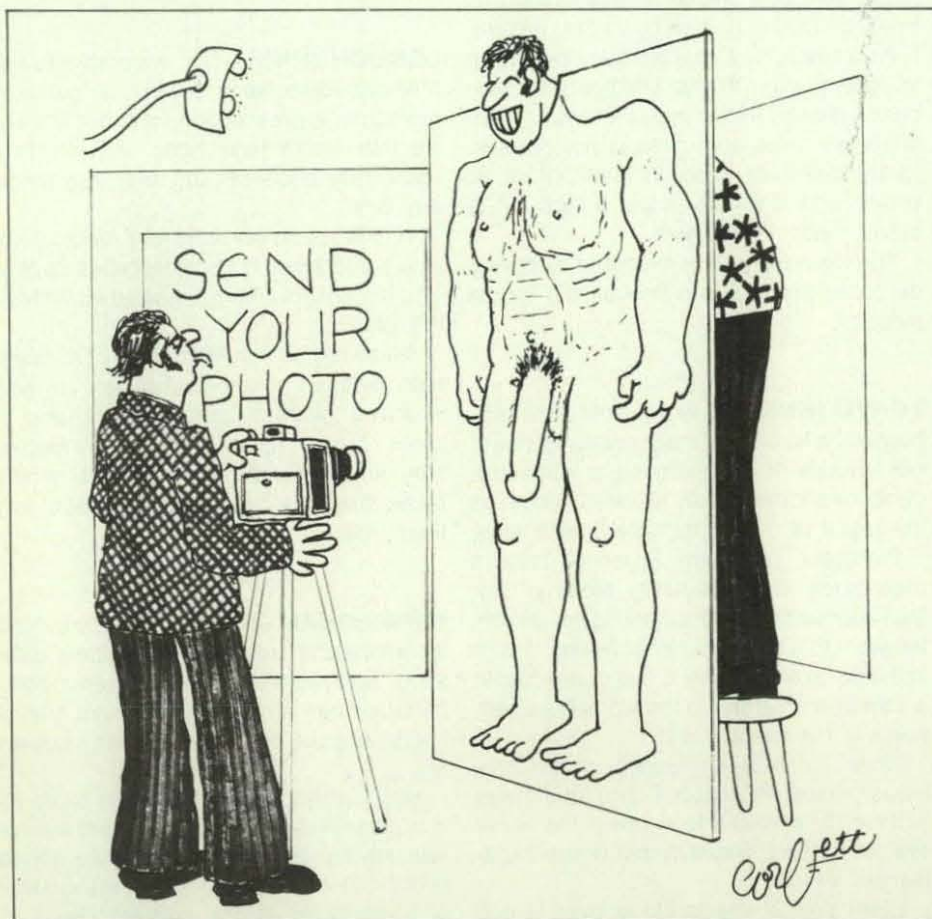
"Not so," Menninger replies evenly. "It doesn't explode."

Schauf is smart enough to know he's getting mauled, but probably it's his desire to redeem himself in front of his wife that pushes him on despite reason. In fact, if Schauf weren't so emotionally involved, even he would probably realize that what he is doing is a classic example of id triumphing over ego. All along I figured his wife as a castrator, and now I imagine Schauf is terrified of facing her scorn.

So he decides to take a different tack. In his testimony for the defense, Menninger mentioned that the majority opinion of the President's Report on Obscenity and Pornography had held that there was no evidence to indicate that exposure to pornography produced antisocial behavior. Schauf now attempts to get Menninger to admit that there was also a great deal of valid research to back up the minority opinion: that pornography is harmful.

Menninger, a good friend of Dr. Edward G. Greenwood, who helped write the majority opinion, won't buy it. "That's not the way I read the data," he tells Schauf.

"Well, isn't it true that nobody can say with certainty whether or not pornography is harmful? Psychologists are not scientists. There are no hard scientific facts to back up



their conclusions."

"Not true," Menninger shot back. "There is a great deal of reliable statistical data. All science is probability." Menninger glowers at Schauf as though he were an insect that had landed in the psychiatrist's soup. Then, raising his voice in righteous anger, "Look, the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography was initiated under Lyndon Johnson shortly before he left office. Mr. Charles Keating [a notorious anti-smut crusader, head of the Citizens for Decent Literature] was put on by Nixon. As far as I can tell, he came in with his mind made up. There was nothing in the data to support his position."

Schauf blanches under the attack. A couple of additional words are briskly exchanged between Schauf and Menninger, too fast for me to follow. Then Dr. Menninger says, "I'm sorry, but it really makes me mad to hear my good friend and colleague, Dr. Greenwood, characterized as a smut peddler." Silence. You could have heard a pin drop. Totally deflated and humiliated, Schauf finally sits down. All of us do our best to suppress a desire to cheer.

Goldstein later characterized the incident as well as anybody when he said, "Schauf was like a high school student who thinks that because he has dissected a frog, he can tell a brain surgeon how to operate." I personally felt that "Bunhead" would have his nuts that night in bed.

The Summation

Before the trial ended, a number of things happened that should be noted here. Brendan Gill of the *New Yorker* and Steve Heller of the *New York Times* testified that they did not find *Screw* obscene. A librarian for the Wichita Public Library testified that any child in Wichita 13 or over could check out books like *The Joy of Sex*. More importantly, shortly before the case went to the jury, Judge Theis made two decisions that favored the defense: He dismissed the woman juror who had refused to look at the evidence during the proceedings, and he reversed himself on his previous decision to admit the eel-fucking film into evidence. Theis agreed with the defense that the Hamling decision was not a precedent and that the original 100-year-old law supporting this count of the indictment was overly broad.

Since the film could no longer be brought into evidence, that count of the indictment was ruled out. Instead of 13 counts, there were now 12. Instead of facing 65 years in jail, Goldstein and Buckley now faced only 60 years.

Now, after four long weeks of trial, Fah-

ringer finally approaches the jury to give his summation. Handsome, and with an easy grace, he is the embodiment of reason, the quintessential statesman, the superfather figure of us all. But there is something else, something that demands even more respect—the soul of a fighter.

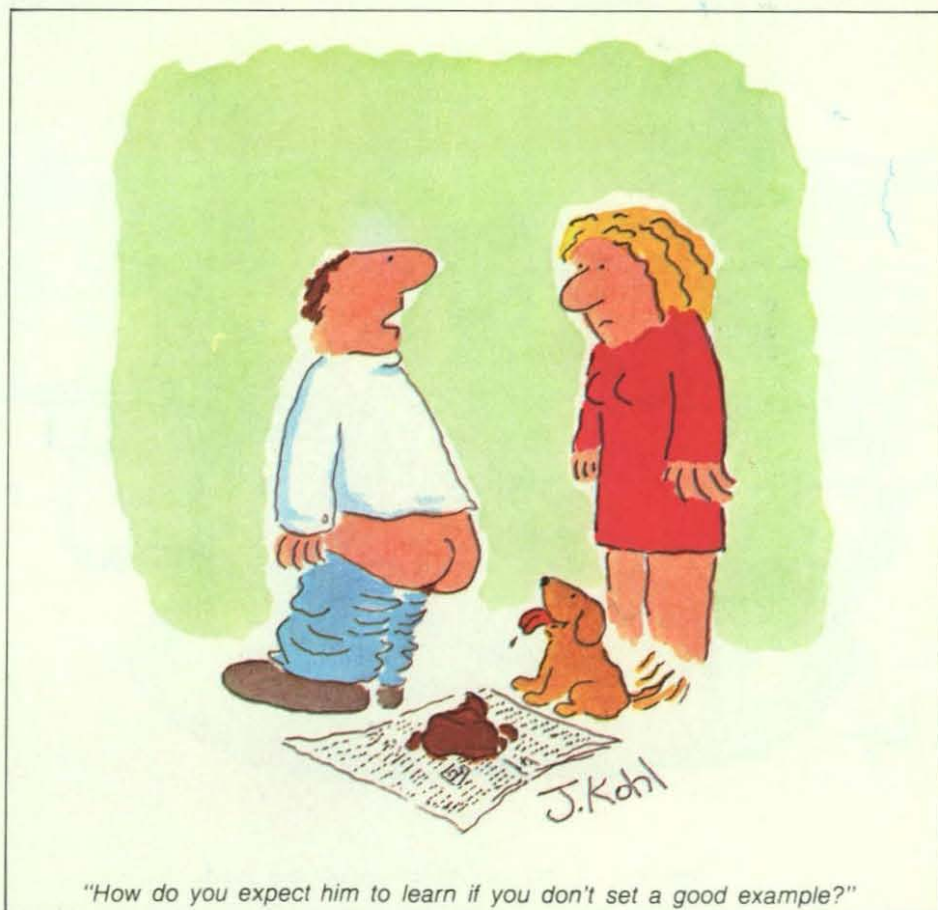
In college, Fahringer was on the boxing team of Penn State University. Later, he worked as a sparring partner in professional boxing camps. Years of refinement have obscured the rough edges of the boxer, but as the song says, "the fighter still remains." In his checkered past, Fahringer has also been an actor, a radio announcer and a salesman. He must have been a good salesman.

Addressing the jury, Fahringer's clear, reasoning voice holds them entranced: "Perhaps one of the most terrifying times in American history occurred in 1692, when in Salem, Massachusetts, about thirty adults, chiefly elderly women, were condemned to death because they were believed to be witches...because they were different, bizarre, unusual. Because witchcraft was feared through ignorance and lack of understanding, the community, driven by fear, condemned these old women to death. And they did so mainly because of the children—they did so for the protection of the children."

Although *Screw* is not sold to children, the prosecution had attempted to establish that *Screw* would subvert the children of Wichita. Fahringer's counterpunch is well aimed.

"Until recently, sexually explicit material was the witchcraft of the 20th century. It was thought to be evil, thought to be harmful. Today we know there are no such things as witches, just as we know today that pictures and stories dealing explicitly with sex are absolutely harmless. Today we know, as a result of the findings of the President's Commission on Obscenity...that this type of material doesn't cause any antisocial conduct...but the tragedy of that dark chapter in American history is that those old women were nonetheless condemned to death...in courts of law by prosecutors, judges and juries, people driven by unfounded fears and by hysteria. The black smoke of those witch fires and the stench of the burning of human flesh hang over this country as an ominous reminder of the importance of rules of law designed to protect all persons from an unjust conviction. If you don't abide by the rules that will be given to you by the court in this case, you will, in effect, symbolically reignite those witch fires and turn back all that civilization has given us."

It is stirring. Fahringer looms in the



"How do you expect him to learn if you don't set a good example?"

courtroom as a heroic figure—the unbowed champion of truth.

"Even more importantly than that," Fahringer's voice rings out in a warning, "you must keep uppermost in your mind that freedom isn't always putting up with things that we like. Sometimes it involves the toleration of that which we hate. It is not always easily recognized: Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are an X-rated movie playing in a nice neighborhood. A few years ago, it was kids with long hair tramping around the federal courthouse shouting 'No! No! We won't go!' In New York City, it was construction workers rolling down Broadway in large trucks with big signs that read 'Love it or leave it!'"

Fahringer's voice envelops the courtroom, pushes the listeners, moves them in strange, unexpected ways. He is now the master manipulator; for the first time the jury shows traces of emotion. Others were moved to the verge of tears. Even Goldstein, who was in fact the subject of Fahringer's words, found it difficult to refrain from weeping. How many in the courtroom, I wonder, are embarrassed to discover that they can still be stirred by ideals? And how would they feel if they knew Fahringer had used that same basic speech many times before?

Fahringer continues, "Freedom is the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Wichita Eagle*, *Playboy*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, *Screw* and many other publications. It's all these things and a lot more. But one thing is certain: Whatever it is, it is indivisible. You can't take it away from Al Goldstein, or me, or you, and give it to someone else....

"Freedom is never lost in one fell swoop but little by little, one book at a time, one film at a time, one newspaper at a time....

"You must remember that the right to a free press was given to us by our forefathers not because they believed the use of that right would always be pleasing to those in places of power, or that it would always be exercised in good taste. That precious right was given to each of us because our forefathers knew of no other way that a free people could conduct a representative form of government.... A strong nation, I believe, can endure any publication, any book, any speech, and that's the real question in this case.... The district attorney asked me whether I was going to stand up here in front of you and say that I was proud of *Screw* magazine. No, I can't say in good conscience that I am proud of everything that *Screw* magazine says, but I'll tell you what I am proud of. I'm proud of the fact that I live in a country

where I can read *Screw* magazine if I want to, or throw it in the waste can if I want to. That's what I'm proud of."

Later, when the jury went to deliberate, Goldstein would say, "Yeah, that's what it's all about."

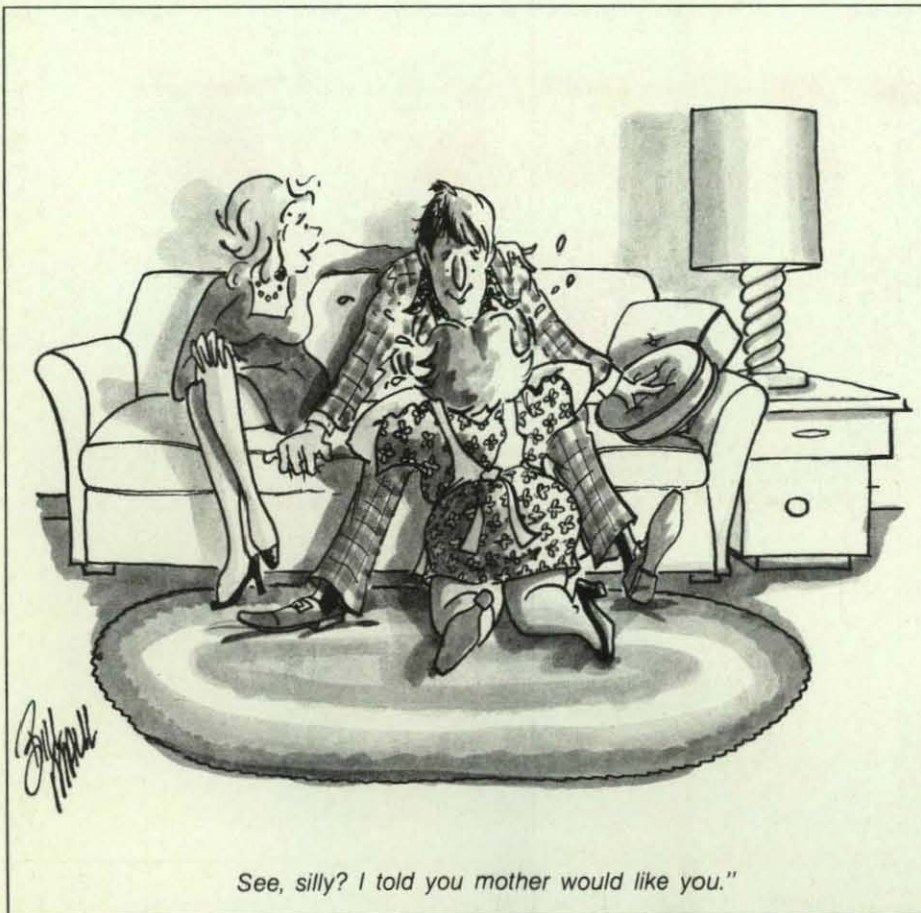
I still think Goldstein's a hostile prick and a paranoiac—but even before Fahringer's summation, it dawned on me that he's also a guy who presented this country with the truth in the form of his own neurotic, uninhibited self, daring America to live up to the guarantees of the Constitution. In so doing, he gave a lot of other people, including myself, a small place in which to function without compromise. He attempted and, for a while at least, succeeded in making the world accept him on his own terms. It's hard not to like someone you admire.

The Verdict

Despite all this, however, on Friday, the 18th of June, after 17 minutes of deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of guilty on all counts. If upheld, it is a decision that bodes ill for the survival of the First Amendment rights of us all. For the survival of the free press and for *HUSTLER* in particular.

But there is hope that Judge Theis will declare a mistrial because the prosecution, during its summation to the jury, made a number of statements that were clearly irrelevant and prejudicial. The most glaring of these remarks came when Schauf told the jurors of an \$11 million suit against a local company that he had decided not to pursue. The implication seemed to be that he'd saved the jobs of some jurors or their relatives since the company would not have survived the suit. Apparently, Schauf felt that the jurors now owed *him* a favor. Although Theis instructed the jury to ignore the reference, he admitted to the defense that the damage had probably already been done, and that they may have all just wasted four weeks of their lives and a good deal of the taxpayers' money because of Schauf's irresponsible statement.

If Judge Theis fails to grant the mistrial and the appellate courts pass *Screw*'s case on to the Supreme Court, we can probably expect the conservative Nixon appointees to establish that the government can use entrapment as a means of obtaining an indictment and conviction—and that they can pick the community where the case is to be tried. This means that Kansas will automatically become the leader and arbiter of American tastes and values.



See, silly? I told you mother would like you."

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Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in your sexual encounters? If you do, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published. Your submission should be approximately nine typed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

THE BONDAGE TEASE

by Debbie Canton

I love HUSTLER. Especially *Kinky Korner*. After reading several issues, I've decided to send you this story. I don't know if you'll decide to print it, but it definitely belongs in *Kinky Korner*.

I live with my boyfriend Dan. We're both slightly crazy and get off on doing nutty things. Sometimes I get obscene phone calls from him at work, and he tells me about all the sensuous things he's going to do to me when I get home. I really enjoy those phone calls since I am usually alone in the office, and I really get bored.

One afternoon about two months ago, I was sitting in my office reading HUSTLER when the phone rang. It was Dan, and I was really glad because I was really in the mood for an obscene phone call. Anyway, he said he'd been thinking about tying me up! We'd been talking about bondage and related activities for a few weeks, and he had jokingly talked of tying me to the bed. I'd never taken him seriously, even though talking about it had kind of turned me on.

He said he was thinking about buying clothesline and new batteries for my vibrator that afternoon. He asked me if I had any old nylons lying around the house.

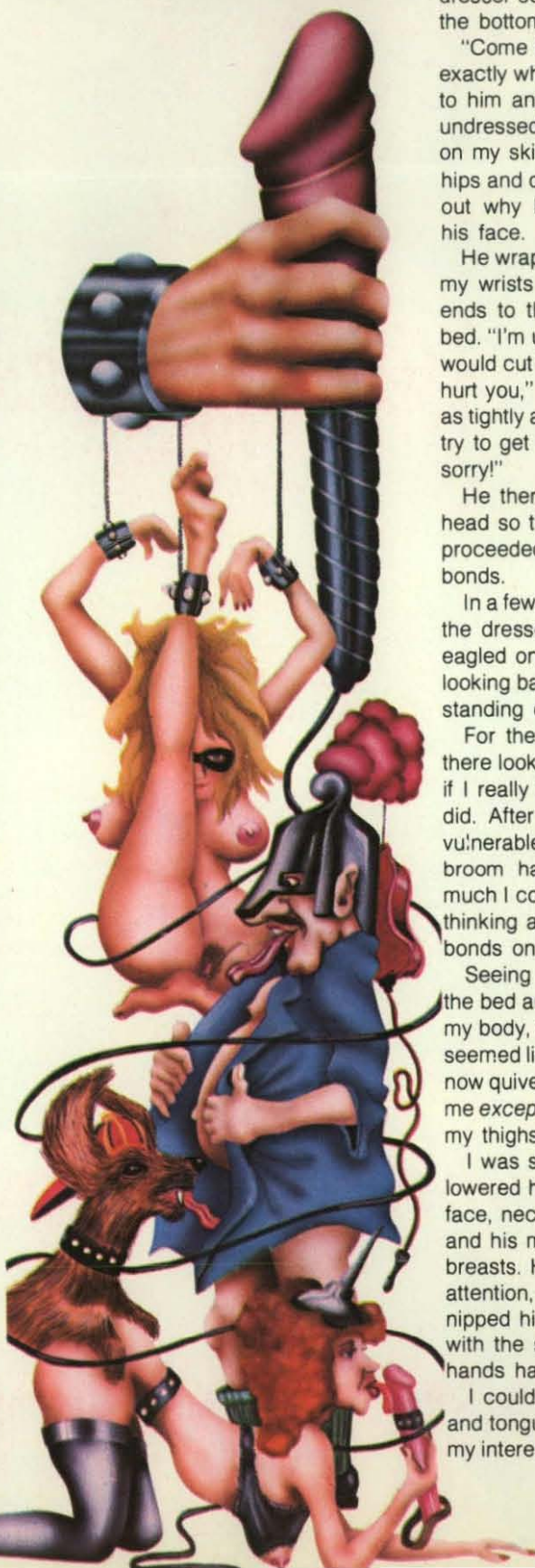
"Hmmm," I thought. He sounded serious! He refused to tell me when he planned to use all this apparatus, saying it wouldn't be any fun if I was expecting it. I hung up, wondering whether or not I should go home that evening.

Nothing unusual happened that night or the next. Danny didn't mention anything else about tying me up. After a few days, I forgot all about it, which is exactly what he wanted me to do. I didn't realize this until it was too late.

About a month ago, I was sitting in the living room after work, unwinding after a hard day at the office, when Dan called me into the bedroom. He had been puttering around in there for a half hour, so I decided to go and see what he was up to.

There was a very peculiar look on Dan's face. I looked around to see if I could find anything that would give me a clue as to what he'd been doing in there, and what I

KINKY KORNER



saw left no doubt in my mind as to what was on the agenda for the evening.

While I was watching television, he had been running a length of rope under each end of the bed, leaving a loose end of rope at each corner. He had also moved the dresser so that the mirror on it was facing the bottom of the bed.

"Come here," Dan ordered me, "and do exactly what I tell you to do!" I walked over to him and stood obediently still while he undressed me slowly, his hands lingering on my skin as he slid my panties past my hips and down my legs. I was about to find out why he had that evil little smile on his face.

He wrapped pieces of pantyhose around my wrists and ankles, then tied the loose ends to the ropes at each corner of the bed. "I'm using the hose because the rope would cut into your skin, and I don't want to hurt you," he explained. "I'm not tying you as tightly as I can, either; but don't you dare try to get loose," he warned, "or you'll be sorry!"

He then propped two pillows under my head so that I could see over my tits and proceeded to check all the knots on my bonds.

In a few seconds I looked in the mirror on the dresser and saw myself tied spread-eagled on the bed, with my shaved pussy looking back at me and a potential maniac standing over me!

For the first few minutes he just stood there looking at me, and I began to wonder if I really knew him as well as I thought I did. After all, I was helpless, completely vulnerable, and if he decided to shove a broom handle up my ass, there wasn't much I could do about it. I began to squirm, thinking about all the possibilities, and the bonds on my wrists started to tighten.

Seeing my "discomfort," Dan moved to the bed and started running his hands over my body, very slowly. He kept it up for what seemed like an hour, igniting tiny fires in my now quivering flesh, caressing every inch of me *except* that damp, warm place between my thighs that was yearning for attention.

I was starting to get very turned on. He lowered his head and started covering my face, neck and shoulders with tiny kisses, and his mouth roved down to my heaving breasts. He tongue-teased my nipples to attention, then kissed, licked, sucked and nipped his way down the rest of my body with the same agonizing snail's pace his hands had practiced.

I could watch every move of his mouth and tongue in the mirror, and for a while all my interest was on my own reflection. It was

strange to watch my own cunt begin to drip with dewy moisture and glisten in the light. The lips of my pussy began to extend slowly and turn a rosy red as the blood started to pulse harder with my increasing excitement. Since I had shaved my pubic hair, it was all so clearly visible. Instead of looking at Dan, I watched him in the mirror, too. I matched every wet sensation I felt with what was going on in the mirror world. It was almost as if Dan weren't there in the room anymore—as though the woman in the mirror was the one being so tantalized without being able to move her hands or legs. My body was rippling with desire just from watching those other two people get it on, and “she” was staring straight into my eyes with a look very close to fear.

This trance didn't last very long. Dan had reached the lower half of my body by this time, and his warm breath so close to my cunt brought me right back to reality.

He poked his tongue in my belly button. He sucked on my toes. He knelt between my legs and nibbled the insides of my thighs. By this time all I wanted to feel was his mouth on my now sopping wet cunt—and he was still deliberately ignoring it. He was driving me crazy.

Of course, that's what he wanted to do. He started asking me questions like: “What do you want, baby? Do you want me to go down on you? Do you want me to suck on your sweet little clit? Come on, baby, tell daddy what you want.”

Tell him, hell, I begged him! After much pleading on my part, he finally gave in. I almost came the instant I felt his mouth on my little hot spot. But he wouldn't let me come. Not yet. He insisted on using his “teasing” techniques that took me right to the edge, then left me dangling. It made me go wild.

I had closed my eyes and was so busy moaning and groaning, I almost screamed when I felt a vibrator. He propped it right up against my pussy and then just left the room without saying a word.

I was positively frantic. Here I was, with a vibrator buzzing away a fraction of a millimeter from the most sensitive spot on my gorgeous body, and there was no way I could put it where I wanted it. It was sheer torture. I was squirming for all I was worth, and I was making the bonds on my wrists and ankles tighter; they were beginning to cut off the circulation in my hands and feet. How long was he going to leave me like this? I felt that it was about time to get down to some serious fucking—but did he?

Nope, not yet. Actually he had only been gone about five minutes, but it seemed like

My boyfriend tied pantyhose around my wrists and ankles, then tied the loose ends to each corner of the bed.

an hour. He finally came back into the room; he was wearing that evil little smile on his face again, and his hands were behind his back. “Guess what I've got for you now?” he said.

Now what? I didn't have the foggiest idea, nor was I in the mood to play guessing games; but I knew I had to make some kind of attempt or he'd leave me like that until the battery in my vibrator went dead and possibly just leave me there all night.

“A whip? K-Y Jelly? A broom handle?” I gave up. He then produced another vibrator from behind his back. Now what did he intend to do with *that* one?

He got down between my legs, looked up at me, then looked down at my pouting pussy, licking his lips. He then placed a vibrator on either side of my clit and began eating me for all he was worth.

That was it! The number-one orgasm of all time hit me! My back arched, my bottom heaved, my leg muscles started to cramp, and I was straining against the ropes so hard it felt like my hands and feet were being cut off. It hurt—but at the same time, waves of pleasure were washing over me from the most fantastic orgasm I've ever had. Talk about the agony and the ecstasy. If I hadn't been tied down, I might have knocked Dan right off the bed.

I was now ready to have my brains fucked out, so to speak, and I told him so. Dan still had his clothes on after all of this. He stood up and slowly began peeling them off. I never knew any guy could take his clothes off in such a tantalizing manner. Free at last, his prick was standing up and waving at me, looking like it was about to burst, and I wanted it.

But he still wasn't quite ready to give it to me. He stood there and fondled his swollen cock for at least five more minutes while I moaned, groaned, begged and babbled like a mindless idiot.

He finally came over to the bed and

straddled my body so that his hot, throbbing cock was positioned between my tits. He moaned slightly as he squeezed my breasts together and slid his stiff prick back and forth between them. Something about the ecstatic expression on his face told me that if the situation didn't change soon my chest would be covered with hot cum! But just as I opened my mouth to make a suggestion, he slid farther up my body, and I found myself nearly choking on the hot cock he'd just rammed into my mouth. I sucked and licked so eagerly he was afraid he'd be eaten—literally. I was afraid he'd come in my mouth instead of my cunt, which would be all right with me any other time, but right then I wanted to feel that rock-hard prick banging away at my pussy, not at my tonsils.

Dan got up and moved back down to the bottom of the bed. He knelt between my legs and started rubbing the head of his cock against my steaming hot slit. I was straining at the ropes again, trying to get it inside me. Mercifully he finally untied my legs and let me have it! He kept my hands tied, though, because in the state I was in, I might've clawed him to pieces without ever realizing it.

I knew that even though he'd spent all that time turning *me* on, he was just as excited and aroused as I was. I braced my feet flat on the bed and lifted my bottom off the bed as far as I could, grinding my hips against him. I wanted to feel him come inside me, and I knew it wouldn't be long before he did. Besides, my poor little cunt was getting sore from all that action.

The long tease was all over now. Dan pounded me with his usual fucking method, varying the stroke fast and slow, using a quick circular motion every few strokes. This always lasts until he is about to come, and then he does not try to control it. It's just fast and hard.

Within a few minutes I felt his cock throbbing inside of me as his hot cum spurted into me for what seemed like a full five minutes. We found ourselves lying there, panting, completely exhausted but extremely satisfied. It was great!

I had been tied up for approximately three hours, but it had seemed like 12. After stretching a bit and having Dan rub my wrists and ankles to get the blood flowing again, I was all right—aside from being completely worn out.

It was a truly unique experience for me, and I wouldn't mind doing it again someday, but I really couldn't get into it on a regular basis. What I'd really like to do is tie Dan up for a while so he can find out what it's like, but he won't let me. I wonder why? 🍆

(continued from page 30)

Gramp's nine thick inches all the way. He shot a load of thick, hot cum all over the pages, creamy globs of it landing on a lip, a cunt, a nipple, an ad for enlarging the penis.

What a bummer. How could he contact her? She had asked for his address and he'd evaded her, playing hard to get—what kind of a game was that for an old man?

"Oh, shit!" he yelled in disgust, punching the soft, flaky wall with exasperation and getting a mouthful of plaster, which he spat out furiously. Oh, yes, he had always been a big ladies' man—in recent years a much-sought-after, aging, hip stud (once called a "cocksman" in his day), with a peculiar appeal to the more intellectual type of woman, the bright culture vultures who were into curly-haired, peppered-with-gray, baggy Dylan Thomas types: short, chunky, with a slight bulge over the belt in the flat tire area that they found sexy. True to form, reeking of booze and tobacco, he would run off at the mouth with acute attacks of oral diarrhea, quoting reams of poetry (mostly his own) and stimulating facts about the puritan perverts who owned and operated this "flesh-belittled society," as he called it, "with the iron fist of that mean old fascist bastard, Oliver Cromwell, out of fogbound London more than three centuries ago! John Milton, his horny puritan propagandist, fucked three wives into the grave, and if he hadn't been stricken blind he would have fucked his own daughters!"

He strutted and guzzled beer and held each new captive female enthralled. "The puritan sex perverts," he would declaim in his sonorous Richard Burton voice, "are still sneaking between our bedsheets with accusing forefingers and sniffing, razor-sharp noses with which they slice off private parts (and secretly eat them). Private, you aberrated assholes! Keep out!" he would roar.

The women just loved him to death, protectively placing their warm, nourishing breasts and titillated vulvas between him and the funereal gray-black legions of witch-hunting puritan hypocrites. "They are devoted to the destruction of pleasure and beauty!" he shouted. He was a bit of a showman, a ham, of course, like all fine poets—and Charles Hitchcock was one of the finest. Not until recently, when he dismally turned the half-century mark and found himself alone in bed on his birthday ("with not even a cat to screw in the ass!") had he begun to be tormented by self-doubt. Although his sexual potency remained, for the most part, unimpaired, he had plunged into such a black mood of self-

She said, "I am famous at school for being hot between the legs."

pity after his successful reading with Anais Nin (because no likely woman seemed to want more than a good look at him) that he was unimpressed, or rather depressed, when Mimi phoned and began yakking about bananas. Like most young girls, he reasoned, she was just a celebrity hunter, nothing more.

After all, he was still a celebrity. But he belonged to the lost era of the '40s and '50s, when he had ranted and roared and swapped stories and soaked up the suds at the White Horse Tavern with his drinking buddy, Dylan Thomas. He had sat commiserating with Anais Nin in her days of obscurity in the Village, when he was the youngest of those Village giants—possibly the least of them, but all the same a giant. Now on the West Coast, not quite forgotten, but not exactly in fashion, he felt old and neglected, cooled at 50.

After jacking off, he lay back on the soiled sheets of the lumpy, blanket-strewn studio couch that bristled with pencil stubs, scraps of poems, wheatstraw cigarette papers, match booklets, weed and tobacco flakes. He brooded nostalgically about his lost youth. Mimi's baby face kept floating up in the midst of the old scenes, randomly, yet when superimposed on the other faces, all of them became inexplicably montaged into a single haunting face. She was a repeat performance, he realized, of many faces, many bodies he had loved all his life, spun back on the Ferris wheel of time, from generation to generation. High cheekbones accentuated by large, slightly almond-shaped eyes and a puckish upturned nose with full Mick Jagger lips. Monet... brunette... rosy.... He drifted off fitfully, dreaming of an orgy with all those women who were really one woman, forever young, forever beautiful—and devoted, all of them, to the genius of Charles Hitchcock.

With a groupie's determination, Mimi phoned again a few days later.

"Sure," he said, "come on over." He tried to keep the urgency out of his voice. "Oh, I've just finished a long poem and have some time on my hands."

Within the hour, she was seated on his disemboweled rocking chair in the musty

front sitting room, which was even more hopelessly littered than the bedroom with a rich profusion of messes ranging from old newspapers and magazines to dirty socks, empty wineglasses, overflowing ashtrays, books, cartons and clumps of dust. The windows, opaque with grime and the deadly exhaust of interminable traffic, looked onto the downtown freeway and the high-rise skyline. Office lights glistened against a darkening blue sky. "You've brought New York with you to San Francisco," quipped his friends, adding as they looked around the rooms, "and the East Village, too."

He had lived in the old gray Victorian apartment house south of Market in San Francisco's financial district for almost four years, growing increasingly apprehensive that he might be trapped forever in its grim dilapidated interior, remote from living neighborhoods, cut off from life and warmth by the heartless silence of abandoned streets and buildings after work hours. But because the rent was cheapest here, he could not move.

Mimi was hardly on a sight-seeing tour. Making no reference to the surroundings, she chain-smoked endless king-size Pall Malls, showing leg almost up to her snatch as she draped one silky nylon over the other. No faded blue jeans this time, no shitkickers; she wore spikes, a miniskirt and a black velvet bodice that looked like it might have been her grandmother's (which it turned out to be)—an exotic mixture of class and ass, he observed to himself appreciatively, while also noting that she looked shockingly young.

After some desultory remarks made out of initial anxiousness, she focused her large brown eyes on his without flinching, leering slightly.

"In some circles," she said in an even, measured tone, "I have the reputation of being a prostitute."

When he failed to pick up the cue, she said, "I am famous at school for being hot between the legs."

He let that go, too, smiling in a kind, fatherly way as if to say, "That's nice."

Something about Mimi's lightning-swift approach unnerved him, put him on his guard. Who was this girl? He knew nothing about her. Her bold, aggressive attack put him off at once. Many times in his life he had been pursued by pushy women, even very young ones, but this mere child's grossly unsubtle behavior suggested a line, a con, a hustle. It made him suspicious. Was she a pro, did she want money? He had a flash of sudden paranoia—he could be a sitting duck for a setup! On the other hand, if she was leveling, what a ball he could have! He began reasoning more calmly. After all, this

was the "in" thing among kids, male or female; it was part of their life-style. They didn't beat around the bush. But all these possibilities confused him.

Then, very deliberately, but with fingers that were trembling, she extracted something from her purse and held it up for him to see: the Pill.

"Like the Girl Scouts' motto," she said, gulping it down, "ALWAYS PREPARED!"

Damn, what a clever bitch! Almost too clever. It all sounded rehearsed. Making no response, he lit up a Sherman's. He was taking no chances.

Undaunted, she moved to Phase 4. She showed him a couple of raving love letters from some literary guy 4000 miles away in eastern Canada who was nuts about her. Her hands shook even more violently, and he noticed then for the first time her long graceful fingers.

With a nervous Garbo laugh she said, "How about that? Long-distance sex. A style guaranteed to make a girl come. After we balled the first time, I found out he was forty-three. Forty-three and—black."

Was this Anna Christie, '70s style? Was this her way of reassuring him? Or putting him down? Christ, he was *older*—at this moment older than God, he felt. Yet he knew very well that young girls often prefer older men to boys their own age and that he was indulging in self-pity and just plain fear. Damn it, either she wanted to fuck or the whole thing was some goddamn setup: a pimp outside, waiting for a signal to bang on the door and shake him down. One cold fact stabbed into his brain like an icicle freezing his mind and heart: JAILBAIT. Yet, seeing the way she lit one cigarette on another and, halfway through, how she already fiddled with the next, he knew it was oral mania, substitution for cock. Hating himself for his indecision, he did nothing; but for all the turmoil of his inadequacy and cowardice, he could see that she, too, was in a hell of a state.

Finally, able to stand it no longer, he rose, after she'd begun another pack, and said, "I'll walk you to the bus station."

Like an obedient child, she rose without demurring. At least, he thought, he would see if anyone lurked outside. He'd make another date and hope she kept it. Age had taught him caution, if not wisdom.

Outside, no big-ass pimp in loud clothes hung around waiting to cold-cock him. What a relief! He breathed more easily as they walked in the deserted streets past empty parking lots, office buildings and overhead freeways where the buses to Berkeley and Oakland came and went. Then, at the terminal, just before he could walk away, she grabbed him desperately,

clinging to him as if this opportunity might never be offered again, and with pained tenderness she kissed him as tears filled her eyes. Under the harsh neon of the terminal, he watched her face, pathetic now beside the raucous pinball machines and floating tracers of electronic war games with the childlike youths noisily engrossed in them. Mimi, too, looked childlike and vulnerable; all of her sexual bravado had vanished. Now, for the first time, he could have kicked himself. No pimps, no ambush, just a determined but frightened high school girl. His head began to swim. He knew with sudden assurance that they were going to make it.

* * *

Sure enough, a few days later Mimi phoned, and in an hour there she was, extracting from her purse, before she even sat down, a small cube of hashish wrapped in foil. They turned on, using the blue glass waterpipe with the flower design he had brought back from Turkey. Now the game had changed, and so had the rules. As they got high together, no *angst* inhibited his movements when, dispensing with further preliminaries, he leaned over, touched her shoulder while she sat in the creaky old rocking chair and kissed her. Mimi half jumped, half dragged him onto the rocker on top of her, wrapping those black nylons

around his ass, shoving her tongue wildly down his throat. They breathed heavily, wriggled and rocked. His back and legs were straining as she squirmed and began to pump beneath him in a dry fuck, but for once his mood was not cynical. In the glow of being turned on, he felt equal to the discomfort. He wrenched one hand free from under her ass, causing further strain on his back, which kept growing more painful in that awkward position, and began playing around under her dress, where he found her panties promisingly damp. He slipped his hand into her panties, then into her juicy, quivering twat. With a loud gasp, Mimi withdrew her mouth from his, groaning with pleasure. He became aware that his tongue felt bruised and swollen from so much concentrated glomming—she had been gnawing at his mouth as if to suck his hairy body down her throat like a boa constrictor. He withdrew his hand from her dripping snatch and unbuttoned the fly of his denims. He took out his prick, and she made a grab for it, pressing his raging hard-on against her clit as a shudder ran through her body.

He had the presence of mind, somehow, to get her off that goddamn rocker and into the bedroom, where they stripped down in a stoned, wonderful trance. In the lamplight, he stared wonderingly at her small budlike



boobs, tilted, not yet fully developed, with ripe nipples erect and rosy, just as he had imagined them. He took in her long, almost boyish, figure with its tantalizing, satin-smooth skin. She had hardly any pubic hair on her crotch, and that excited him enormously. Her eyes were shut, her eyelids fluttering slightly. He pressed the huge head of his cock slowly into her pink, wet cunt as she began to moan and gasp.

"Oh, oohh! You...won-der-ful...beau-ti-ful...ma-an!"

Although she was no virgin, her cunt was surprisingly tight, almost unable at first to accommodate his unusually thick cock. With growing excitement, he accelerated his rhythm, getting into it, into the fantasy come true of fucking a girl who was still a child, for whom he felt an excruciating tenderness, a protective instinct, as if he were fucking his own daughter...just what every man secretly desires! he thought deliriously. And in his hash delirium he told himself that this must be prolonged forever, that it must never end, like the tremendous surge of the sea, of the tides and the waves, in and out, in and out, ceaseless, perpetual, eternal, the fuck to end all fucks, a cosmic moaning and groaning, infinite bliss, drawn out of time by the attenuating effects of hashish on the nervous system...(he had forgotten the source, how it had all begun).

Then, out of the cocoon of their wetness, he began to feel the climax drawing near; the top of his head would surely be blown off. The sweat poured from his face and back as she dug her nails into his ass, fingering his asshole and running her hands along the small of his back, his shoulders, his neck and his face. He found himself fucking her with a detached, pistonlike energy, as if his body were a machine he had lost control of. Then all his guts seemed to gather into his cock, and he let out an involuntary, crazy, karate scream of pent-up animal force as he shot his hot load, exploding in his head and balls, great gouts of cum draining out of him and pouring into her, deep into her child-womb, while she heaved and thrashed and almost sobbed, "Jee...Suus...JEEE...ZZUUUSSS!" Her body fluttered under his like a pinned moth, her eyes rolling in her head, exposing the whites. She looked like she was having a religious fit. "WHO ARE YOU?" Mimi screamed as his blood froze. "WHO-ARE-YOU?" She was having a spastic fit as she came.

"A hashish fuck, baby, there's nothing like it," he was saying, after a long pause, "to get into the eternal verities, that is."

They were drying themselves with a multicolored beach towel and passing Pall

Malls to each other, assessing their bodies in the cold light of postcoital soberness—almost, in fact, *tristesse*, or a trace of it, in her eyes.

"I've never known anything like it," she said with some awe. "You really are sensational in bed."

"It's my religion," he said. "I've never failed to practice it since I was knee-high to a crotch. But I'm old enough to be your dad, granddad, to be more accurate. Surely you've had young studs who've done better?"

"Shit, no. And you're not the *oldest* man I've fucked!" she said informatively.

"I am, of course, delighted to be among your younger lays," he said.

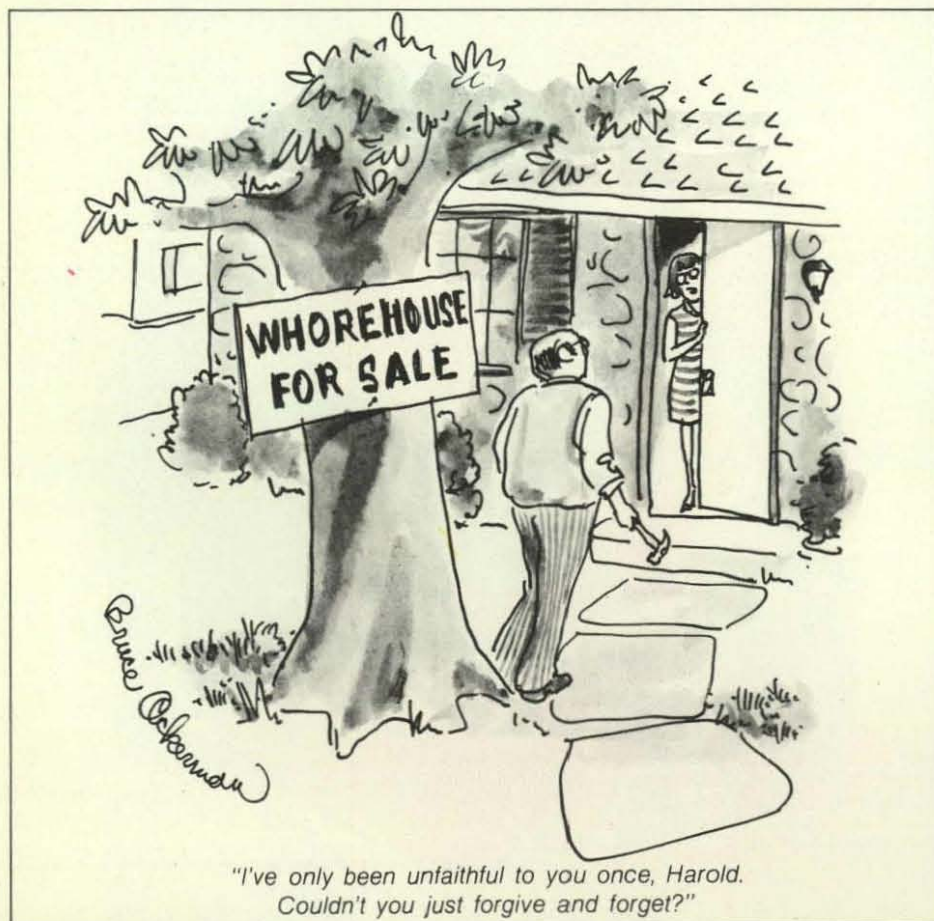
"I can't stand young men. They're so wimpy. What can any woman see in them? Especially blonds. I hate blonds."

That put him ahead of the game—being dark and old. She went on talking about her enthusiasms, which included film and rock stars and a few literary figures like Kosinski. Her range, he noted, was not vast. Adjectives like *shocking*, *chilling*, *amazing*, *wimpy* and *far out* she used most frequently to cover events and reactions, and it dawned on him that he was, indeed, with a schoolgirl. The thin veneer of caustic wit seemed to have vanished with the sex act. She either hated or loved; no shades or gradations of experience came in between. Her insatiable hunger for experience both fascinated and exhausted him, like the tireless antics of a kitten or puppy, too poignant a reminder of their ages. It was disturbing to be constantly reminded—except during sex—of this great gulf that yawned between them at every turn. Like most children, she was an open book and an enigma at the same time.

"Baby," he said during a pause, troubled by at least one enigma, "what's with that who-are-you bit? Not a nice way to tell a lover you're coming, you know."

"Oh, I just forgot who you were," she said matter-of-factly, inhaling deeply and puffing out a long stream of blue smoke that curled up into the lampshade. "That sometimes happens on hash or weed. I didn't know where I was for a while, or how I got here. Just freaked out and got a little panicky. I thought you were an ancient witch doctor with long white hair, and we were in a cave. Your hair kept growing longer and longer. It was chilling."

"I was a shaman deep in a rain forest, initiating you into the rites of the tribe," he said. "I was teaching you the mysteries of pre-Christian sexual religious ecstasy, of union with the Great All-Being through the sex chakra. Mimi, you were a very good student, but you got a little carried away





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towards the end, wouldn't you say?"

"Yeah, something like that," she agreed seriously, missing his tongue-in-cheek humor. "I guess I hallucinated. Like acid, y'know? And we were so wet it might have been a rain forest or the bottom of the sea. I didn't know where I was or how I got there."

"We were in a cave in a rain forest at the bottom of the Amazon," he said, and they laughed together.

Just as he was beginning to feel good, to feel warm and relaxed, thinking that they might be able to bridge the age distance between them on a level of imagination and fantasy, not sex alone, great as it was, she got a peculiar look in her eye.

"You have such white teeth," she said. "Are they yours?"

"No," he said, feeling stung. "I picked them up in a garage sale."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way. Honest!"

"I'm sensitive," he said. "The teeth are mine, kid."

"But your hair, some of it—I mean, aren't you wearing a—a hairpiece?"

"How observant! It must be put-down time. Well, kid, you wanna hit the road?"

Her peculiar look of childish cruelty disappeared instantly.

"No," she murmured softly. "You've got hair all over, where it counts." She stroked his chest and back and shoulders sensuously. "More hair than I've ever seen on a man."

"Or a monkey," he said, kissing her. "Thick black hair like a goddam stinking gorilla."

"And a dick like one," she said, feeling it. "The biggest dick I've ever seen."

"And you've seen a few, kid, haven't you?"

"Um-hm," she murmured. "Yours is the biggest. It's *shocking*."

It's only *nine* inches, baby," he said, soothingly. "But it's thick. It looks much bigger."

"Mmmm," she said, taking it in her hand and stroking it, feeling it stiffen. "God, you are really *hung*!"

A dreamy look came into her eyes as she gazed hypnotically at his swollen, throbbing prick, and she started slowly sucking him off; he leaned back, sighing and groaning with pleasure. Then, her ass toward his feet, she straddled him so she could watch his expression as she took most of his big meat all the way, deep into her throat. He had known damn few women who were able to accommodate him gullet-wise. The way she watched his face, raising her eyes with a mischievous, impish look but without missing a stroke, made him hornier than hell. It accentuated the contrast between them; the smooth, baby-faced nymphet

At 12 she dropped acid and lost her cherry to the family doctor.

arousing the hirsute old satyr. He grabbed her bobbing head and shoved it down hard, then up, down, up, with increasing speed until he creamed like a fire hose into her throat. She nearly choked but managed to gulp down every succulent drop of his cum as she gripped his hairy, muscular legs.

She lay back, gasping and wiping her mouth and chin, dribbling cum, licking some of it off her fingers. Then, still dreamy-looking, she whispered, "Eat me, daddy."

He got between her slender thighs and gazed for a few moments at the sweetest little pussy he'd ever seen. He hesitated briefly. His generation didn't go down on women, or, if they did, never mentioned it. In fact, it was considered disgusting. They referred to it derisively as "muff diving." The first time he ever heard of such a thing he was a virgin of 22. He had an office job where, one day, this older guy, a gross kind of slob who elected himself Charley's tutor in such matters, wolf-whistled at a stacked blonde secretary and stage-whispered, "Dat's *eatin'* pussy, Charley." The woman flushed beet-red and whirled around, blue eyes blazing. "Shut up, ya punk! You're nothin' but a fresh wop!" The guy, whose name was Pontecorvo, pretended she had misheard him. "Honest, Miss McCarthy," he protested, "I dunno what you think you heard. But all I said was, 'Dat's—'"

"I don't care what you said!" she snapped. "I still say you're a fresh wop. You gotta big mouth!" As she flounced off in a huff, Ponte muttered, "She'll go to confession for dis, da stupid mick bitch." Then he grunted. "But dat's still *eatin'* pussy, Charley." A funny thing, the guy resembled Pope Pius XII.

The phrase stuck in his head all these years, but he never relished the act until he saw Mimi's clean, sweet cunt. His hesitation lasted only a few seconds. Then he dived at her beaver and began flicking his tongue around on her clit, clutching both her legs like chicken drumsticks, which they were, he thought. He licked and flicked rapidly like an anteater gone bonkers as she moaned and then began emitting short shrieks, touching her clit rapidly to show where she wanted him to concentrate his linguistic

talent. Her shrieks became louder and more frequent as his tongue rubbed back and forth on her clit until she let out one piercing shriek and came.

Then suddenly she was sitting up.

"What time is it?" she asked in a practical voice.

"Six-thirty."

"Oh, my God. I've got to use your phone." She dialed and said, "Hello. Yeah, I'm at Suzie's. Honest. Whaddaya *mean*? Aw, mother, I'm not lying. I'll explain later. About an hour. Is that all right? OK. Bye."

"Mimi," he said as she hurriedly began dressing. "How old did you say you were?"

"I *didn't* say," she answered, with a short laugh. The girlish mockery flickered for a second in her soft brown eyes and then vanished. "What's the difference? I love you. You're the first man who's made me feel like a woman."

"Yes, fine. But I mean, we hardly know each other and...."

She kissed him and lit a cigarette.

"Walk me to the terminal, Charley. I've got to catch the bus."

"Not until you answer my question. It's important to me—to us."

"OK, guess. You're gonna die when you find out." She giggled. His heart sank.

"Sixteen?"

She shook her head.

"Fifteen!"

"Uh-uh."

"Oh, no. I can't... you're... *fourteen*?"

"You got it!"

"Son of a *bitch*!"

"This," as Igor Stravinsky said, looking up at his first giant redwood, "is serious!" The remark occurred to Charley as he dumbly contemplated his worrisome predicament. He had found out a good deal about her on the short walk to the terminal and didn't like it. She came from a rich old Berkeley family; her father, a wheel in the Nixon administration and a tight-assed Episcopalian prig, or prick, hated both Mimi and her alcoholic mother; her brother had been busted three times for pushing dope, causing the family to move in disgrace to a \$100,000 home in the hills; she would have a Lincoln Continental on her 16th birthday and funds from a trust left by her grandmother; at the age of 12 she had dropped acid and lost her cherry to the 65-year-old family doctor; her unfucked uptight mother called her a whore and a tramp before her nightly flake-out. In short, a good old American family, in the tradition. Although the sexual revolution had defeated the parents, they were still dangerous. In a pinch, they brutally wielded their own powerful weapon—money. And Charley had good cause to believe that they were already suspicious of the new threat to



"Sure, I'll play ya, Shorty. What's your handicap?"

their daughter's respectability. The fear of what they might do if he continued this affair began to obsess him. It was, he thought grimly, like a giant redwood looming there above him, something so big he could do nothing but flee. And this he decided to do.

Mimi gave every sign of being infatuated; she scribbled his name for hours alone in her room and made long, rambling phone calls he was certain were being monitored in another part of the house. In fact, Mimi had admitted as much. He had repeatedly warned her not to write his name and phone number in her address book or to leave letters addressed to him lying around, but it was too much to ask of a young girl, "in love." She ridiculed his fears with her cool put-down wit, teasing him until he felt that serious trouble, at this rate, would be unavoidable. Although bright and clever, she was far too young to assess the gravity of the situation, and this upset him, making him desperate to end the affair, which had gone on for a few hectic, explosive weeks of sexual, but not social, life. He was afraid to be seen with her in public.

Her humor, for instance, like her grasp of life, was juvenile. He could never be sure of what she might do. On St. Valentine's Day, for example, she sent him a huge red homemade paper heart, collaged by herself, with a message of rather questionable

taste, considering the disparity of their ages. Across the top and bottom she had printed in large block letters: DOES YOUR VALENTINE NEED A HEART TRANSPLANT? In the middle, she'd pasted a news photo from an old Hollywood movie representing a senior-citizen pasha wearing a fez languidly smoking a hookah among pasha pillows, a young woman in Western dress asleep with her head in his crotch. The message, collaged from different-sized newsprint, with different typefaces, read: *At what age does a girl become a woman? I was ... FOURTEEN—AND RATED X.* At the bottom she had written his name in bold letters, with LOVE—a sentiment he did not reciprocate upon receiving the valentine. He stormed at her about it, but she protested that her mother hadn't seen it. When she next came to see him, he pointed to her address book.

"My name is scribbled all over that damn book, doodled hundreds of times, with my phone number! Shit, now I know why I'm getting those strange clicks when I answer the phone! It was your goddam fucking mother!"

"Well, I must admit mother has a habit of checking me out that way," answered Mimi lightly, as if it were a big joke. "And father has the whole house bugged. He learned that trick in Washington."

"Very funny!" he shouted. "I can see it now, big banner headlines in the papers: OVERAGE POET CAUGHT RED-DIAPERED WITH UNDERAGE SOCIETY GIRL IN LURID DOWNTOWN FRISCO LOVE NEST...IRATE PARENTS PRESS CHARGES. San Quentin, next stop, while you laugh your head off."

Although she was still laughing, she protested that there was no danger. Angrily, he felt the moment of separation had come and decided to use a ploy that had, in the past, often worked with women he wanted to free himself from. A sleazy trick perhaps, but, genuinely fed up, he felt compelled to use it.

"Listen, kid, let's not get too worked up," he said more quietly. "There's something I haven't told you, anyway, that you've gotta know."

Instantly intrigued by the promise of mystery, gossip or conspiracy that his tone suggested, she lost her habitual look of derision.

"What is it?" she asked innocently, her eyes widening.

"Well, I don't know how you're going to take this, but I've got to tell you before things get more complicated," he said vaguely, pausing for effect. "I'm going to be married in two weeks."

If he had poleaxed her, she couldn't have looked more stunned.

"Married? But—why didn't—when—?"

"I'm sorry, kid, but I've been going with Barbara for two years, and we decided a few weeks ago. I know it's not fair to you, but you've got to admit we agreed on absolute freedom because there was no future for us. Barbara knows about you. Maybe that's why she forced the issue."

Tears stood in her eyes, and once more, with painful guilt this time, he saw she was a defenseless child. She lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and then almost choked, coughing on the burning in her lungs. With expert craft, he wove for her a superbly credible fiction around the mythical Barbara; less naive, experienced women had fallen for it before.

"I guess this is good-bye, then," she said forlornly.

"Yeah, kid."

At the door she turned, as she had so often done, and kissed him with all the passion of her hot little 14-year-old soul. He felt like a rotten skunk, but he knew, as punishment, that he would face acute loneliness again, sexual malnutrition, famine, erotic dt's—until the right one comes along, he sang softly, sadly to himself, taking a long hard pull at the Johnnie Walker and then going to the bedroom to pull something else. 🍷



HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT

HUSTLER's amateur erotic photographers have gone to great lengths to give us this month's fresh exposures of their favorite beavers. As the cold October winds begin to blow, many of the shy little critters head for hibernation; but if your female friends would warm to being photographed in the nude, you're welcome to show us their stuff.

To enter the contest, just send a sharply focused color photograph—no black and white photos, please—of your personal model in the nude to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We'd also like a short personality profile of your entry. Coax her to be as candid as possible. We must have a signed copy of the model's release that appears on page 111.

If we publish your girl's picture, you will receive a \$50

contributor's fee. A Beaver Hunter license will be awarded to all amateur photographers who enter the contest. Your Honey has the chance to win an appearance in a future HUSTLER pictorial spread as a paid (\$750-\$1500) professional model, so light a fire under her and get cooking on those photos. She'll thank you for it in the end.



Photo by George B.

Nancy B., a 30-year-old housewife from Danbury, Connecticut, digs motorcycles and threesomes—but not necessarily in that order. She writes that she also likes the idea of making love in the same room with another couple.



Photo by Paul Carroll

A dancer from Bohemia, Long Island, Lena H. is interested in older men, much older—"say 65 to 70." This 22-year-old might send you to an early grave—but with a smile on your face.

A 27-year-old student into ballet and fashion design, Rosland Richards tells us that all her fantasies have been realized, and she's "ready for anything."



Photo by Richard H. Gobeille

Thirty-two-year-old Maggie St. John of Savannah, Georgia, says that her husband Frank has been photographing her in the nude ever since they were married 12 years ago. Next to modeling she likes screwing in the great outdoors best, "so I can get an all-over tan."

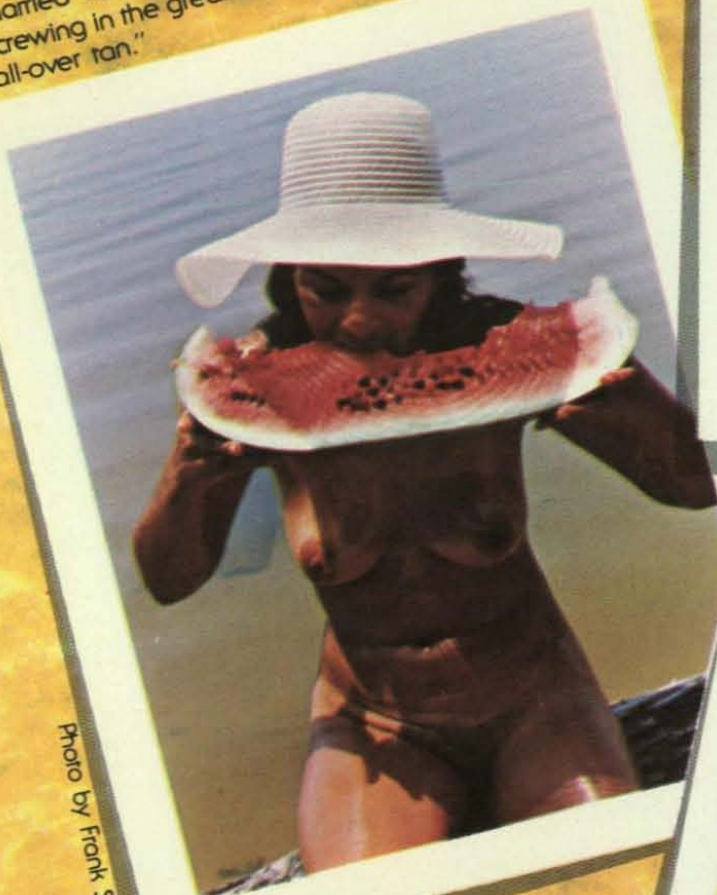


Photo by Frank St. John



Photo by Carl Thomason

Judy Delflorio, 19, comes from Milwaukee. She's into exhibitionism, and she says she gets off on her fantasies by wearing skimpy, revealing clothes.



Photo by John L. Veerkamp

"I imagine myself as a nude statue in a museum. All the people passing by could look at my beautiful body and maybe sneak a touch when the guards aren't watching," Amy Veerkamp tells us. A resident of New York City, she's 21, a petite 5'2", and weighs a mere 100 pounds.



Photo by Stephen Bucher

Pamela Bucher, from Albuquerque, New Mexico, is a housewife who dreams of being gang-raped "without physical abuse or resistance." She says she's only 17.



Photo by Claus Elschen

"Making love to an attractive transvestite" is among Mindy G's fantasies. The Brooklyn secretary, 21, also tells us she'd like to sport through the jungle with a black panther.

Marty Rodela, 26, an El Paso, Texas, housewife who is into karate, likes to model for her husband and have sex with classical music playing in the background.

Catherine Miller, 20, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, is a masseuse who says a full moon makes her a little crazy: "During a full moon I'll rape just about any man who comes near me."



Photo by Fred Rodela



Photo by Richard Miller



Photo by Phil Brown

Lois Brown, 22, is a housewife from Garland, Texas, who posed for this photo taken by her husband Phil. Lois tells us she enjoys swinging with other couples, especially if it involves getting it on outdoors.



Photo by James Mollnell

A 25-year-old secretary from Apopka, Florida, Joey M. Lively enjoys modeling and threesomes. Her favorite fantasy is "to be made to submit in all ways to a master and his dog."



Photo by Wayne Sansone

Alicia Marx, 25, of Indianapolis, dreams of becoming a nude dancer. The buxom secretary says she likes to know she's "giving men hard-ons while they watch me move."



Photo by Rodger Overly

Next to painting decorations on hers and other girls' bodies, Dorothy Purcell, from Muskegon, Michigan, is into getting it on at nudist camps. The 22-year-old adult-recreation-center receptionist also likes swinging with her man.

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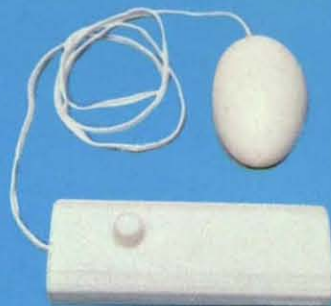
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MASSAGE PARLORS

(continued from page 44)

with leather-lined uterus *earn* their money. I am in awe of their capacity for cock, yet it is possible to go to one of these girls late in the day and actually get a turn-on reaction out of her.

Volume is the key. On the night of my visit, there were 15 girls on hand. The best-looking chick was a young, petite black girl with high cheekbones and wide, childlike eyes. A tame-looking man, relatively refined in appearance, disappeared into a room with her and didn't reappear for nearly half an hour—an eternity in a joint like this. Meanwhile, I sat there and soaked up the ambience. When she finally reappeared, it was to a harangue from the peephole man about her dalliance.

I gave her my ticket, and she led me to a room, waiting outside while I undressed. I was sitting on the bed in my T-shirt when an invisible voice yelled, "Take the T-shirt off, too." Ostensibly, this is to protect against the police, who cannot make an arrest in the nude. She then came in, chattering a mile a minute. Her name was Angel. She came from California and claimed to be an Indian—half Cherokee, half Blackfoot—and was divorced, with a kid being cared for on the West Coast. She said of the guy who had preceded me, "Man, he wanted to cuddle and kiss all night—in a place like this." She said it with more compassion, and perhaps pride, than anything else. The ritual in these places is for a little ablution shtick in which the client participates by holding a basin of water while the girl washes his cock and checks for Wassermann test failures. "I had a guy in here last night, his cock was so big his father must have been a Shetland pony. He wanted to fuck me."

"What did you do?"

"I gave him his ticket back."

Angel was fun. At 22, she was just a goofy, knock-around hooker, one week working an assembly-line warehouse, the next week lurking in doorways on Lexington Avenue, playing hide-and-seek with the pussy posse in their blue-and-white vans. She was more child than anything else.

The most amazing thing about her type is the passion they can work up after being penetrated like a pincushion for years. What some people would call "tragic nymphomania" Angel converts into a living without complaint. I told her that I wanted a "trip," respectful trade parlance for rimming, and she got into it after determining that I had a

"cute ass," which she fondled gently.

The scene was interrupted numerous times by the footsteps of the floorwalker stopping to stoop and peep. "Uh-oh, here he comes again." I think it was just this element of breaking the rules that appealed to her. I *know* it appealed to me. Eventually, she brought me off inside of her heavily trafficked cooze in a series of salvos that left me like hot bolts. I tipped her the price of the session and a couple of joints. "Look for me by Grand Central," she said. "Maybe we'll go somewhere and party."

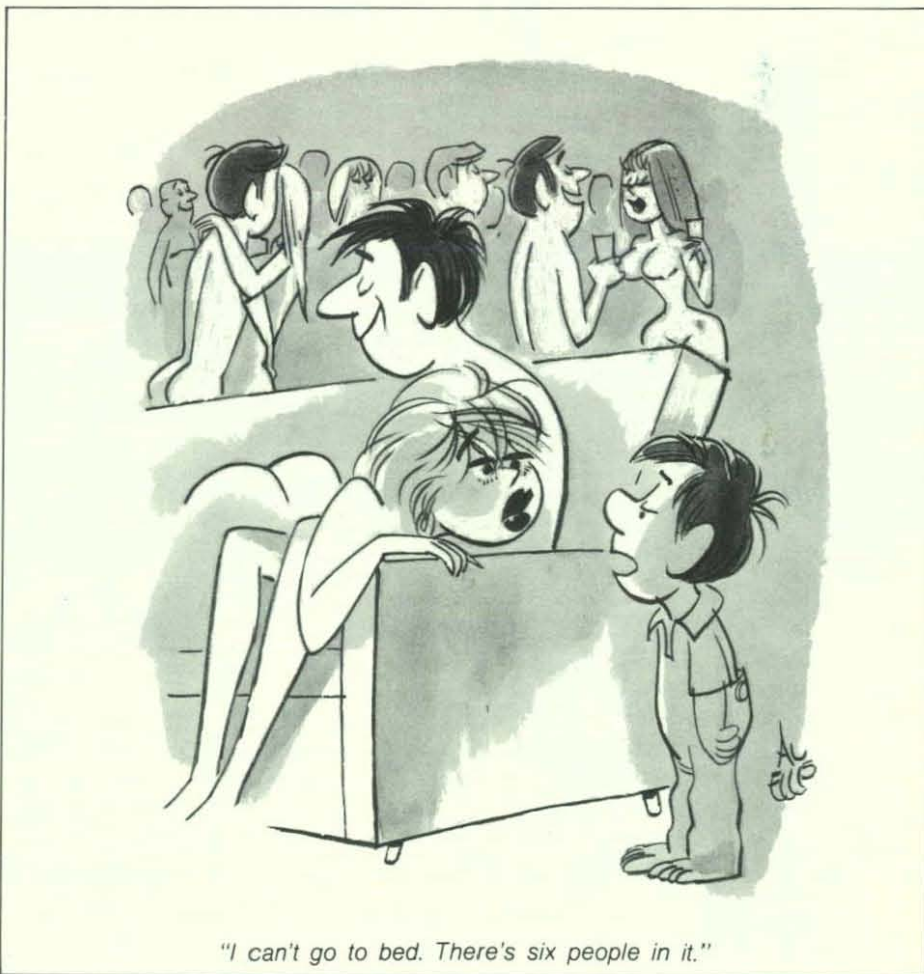
Objectively speaking, the Angels are in the minority in the \$10 joints, and the places themselves are intrinsically beat and grim. What you get is a quick fuck for \$10, which in these inflated times is more than you deserve.

At the other end of the spectrum are the first-rate studios, or "posh leisure palaces" as *Screw* would have it. All of the luxury studios advertise in *Screw*, and it's the money for those full-page ads that enables Al Goldstein to get a little fatter every year. This is the problem with *Screw's* rating of massage parlors: The conflict of interests leads to inaccurate reviews. *Screw* is considered *the* guide to weirdness in New

York—which is accurate. However, *Screw* couldn't care less about the *touristo* who hits town, straightaway buys a copy of *Screw*, reads about a "posh palace" (that coincidentally spends thousands to advertise in the magazine), goes there, gets ripped off, and heads back home with another bad-mouth report on the Big Apple.

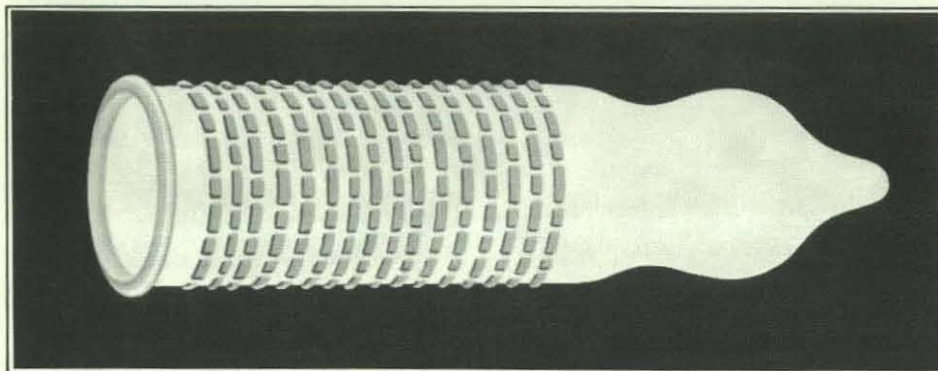
Case in point: "Tahitia," the luxury spa I chose to visit for this review. *Screw* gave Tahitia its highest rating, saying in part: "No expense has been spared to provide all the details of idyllic island living, down to and including the live macaw parrots in the front room." Now this is obviously nonsense, but the review also states that Tahitia presents its customers with beautiful women. Well, here's the story.

Tahitia is located at 829 Third Avenue. The small front room had been decorated, I suppose, to resemble "an idyllic island paradise," with fake thatching and plastic tropical foliage climbing and hanging every which way. Sure enough, there was a live parrot caged into the wall and looking quite disinterested. A burly bouncer type in a pineapple-patterned shirt sits behind a desk and spouts the pat routine while handing over a "menu" of services to the



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prospective buyer. The rates start at the usual \$20 for a half hour and shoot up to \$100 for an hour and a half with two girls—and perhaps the parrot thrown in. I took an hour session at \$30. However, an hour session does not entitle you to spend an hour with a girl. Instead, as it was explained to me later, the house policy was: "Twenty minutes in the sauna, twenty minutes for a massage, and twenty for sex."

I was motioned through a door into the second room, which was similar in size and decor to the front room except for a number of thatched chairs built into the wall encircling a table and a small shelf bar with free drinks. The chairs were filled with customers, and girls in bikinis were trying to lure them into the back. On the table was a nude lady, legs spread, swiveling her ass 360 degrees around the room to rock music. She wore a garter on one leg with bills haphazardly stuffed into it.

The procedure is to select a girl (although it seemed that *they* did the selecting more often than not), who leads you to a small locker room where an attendant asks you to take a shower "as a courtesy," after which the girl takes you into a dimly lit, mirrored room. While going through the motions of a massage, she propositions you with the prices that are set by the house: \$20 for a hand-job, \$40 for a blow-job and \$60 to make the beast with two backs. I know the routine by heart after going through three girls on the way to getting off.

I sequestered myself in one of the thatched barroom chairs for a little reconnaissance. The nude, writhing girl was a less erotic sight than might be imagined, mainly because she was so physically unappetizing. She resembled a ravaged hooker trying to hide her fatigue beneath globs of makeup. The "masseuses" weren't any better. Lookwise, half of them would have found it difficult to make a living in a \$10 whorehouse. Spiritually, they were even worse. They did not like to work on their customers, who were, for the most part, well-heeled but timid tourists who let themselves be pushed around by this openly contemptuous brood of bimbos.

I drank several scotches while waiting for someone half-human to appear. There was a nice-looking girl with blonde hair and a gentle manner, but there was also a line waiting for her. A fat chick with a discolored tooth and no muscle tone propositioned me. I politely refused while watching a Eurasian girl deliver a completely moronic spiel to a client, ordering him into the back: "It's for your own good." He stared at her with an expression of total disbelief.

It looked bad. I didn't realize *how* bad until a tall brunette walked through. Her body seemed a bit too muscular, and when she

HUSTLER



"Hey, this is some dynamite shit!"

turned I saw why: The body was attached to the face of a man. A transsexual, and no amount of makeup could hide it. She wore an arrogant smile that was poised on the edge of a sneer—a face out of a nightmare. Jesus, a fucking transsexual who answered to the name of "Miss Evil." That settled it. I grabbed the Eurasian, took the obligatory shower, and retired to a room where she pretended to massage me while reading the rates like she was doing me a favor.

"Whaddya want?" she asked.

"Can I think it over while you give me a massage?"

"No. I haven't got all night." Several minutes of heated debate followed.

"I'm getting the manager," she said.

"Please do," I replied. She thought this over and suggested another girl, which sounded good to me.

"How about her? OK?" she asked, pointing out the door at "Miss Evil."

"Anyone but her," I said quietly.

She sent in the fat girl with the discolored tooth. This bitch turned out to be as tough as nails, and our conversation went something like this:

"I hear you're a troublemaker."

"Not at all. I'm as tame as milk, but I paid for a massage and I want one."

"This is a whorehouse, not a massage parlor."

"Then why are they selling massages out front?"

"Look, pal, they spent half a million dollars here."

"A half million? Where is it, in the walls?"

"You know what, mister? Your mother's a whore."

"Say what?"

"Your mother's a whore. All women are whores. I'm a whore, and you're a john."

"Not quite," I corrected her. "There's an Italian expression: 'All women are whores except my mother, who's a saint.'"

This threw her off for a moment; then she collected herself. "I might've known you were Italian. That's all I need—some fuckin' crazy goombah."

"Fuuuuck you."

"You'd like to fuck me."

"No, I wouldn't, as a matter of fact. You're too fat."

"Look, I'm a whore, and you're a john."

"I'm not a john until I give you money, and I ain't about to do that."

Believe it or not, by this time I was sitting in a Jacuzzi, and she was sprinkling in bubble bath. Eventually, we formed a truce, probably because she was Jewish and I'm an Italian, an ethnic combo that can find common ground even on the brink of murder. She could go out and make some money with those who appreciated her in

exchange for her promise to arrange my session with "Pam," the one girl in the joint who attracted me.

I was in their large whirlpool, talking with an off-duty transit cop, when Pam came and got me. The cop had spent a total of \$150 and was also displeased with the girls. Pam was a fine, long-legged lady, as out of place at Tahitia as Billy Graham would be sitting behind their front desk.

"I hear you want a massage," she said, smiling. Pam said she was an "acting student," and that it was very easy to earn \$1000 a week at Tahitia. She massaged me while I ran on about the place and the other girls, which she agreed with for the most part. When I finally quieted down, we fucked. (She knew how to handle men.)

My feeling is that it doesn't matter whose money you use (in my case, HUSTLER's) or how much of it you have—no one has the right to rip you off. Tahitia, considering its facilities and prices, is a fair deal, up to the point where you meet the girls. Delancey Street hookers have more grace and much better manners. The management at Tahitia, which obviously doesn't care about the quality of their girls, also allows them to do as they please, because the quicker they get you out, the more men they can see, and that means more money in the coffers. Now, it cost me \$90 to get laid at Tahitia, and I had received my money's worth, but only because I had made it happen. For every madman like me who will not tolerate being ripped off, there must be ten who get shucked in that place. New York has a steady flow of tourists, and with the aid of Screw's ratings, a clip-joint like Tahitia could stay in business forever. I am not saying that the ads in Screw are necessarily influenced by money, but when a parlor knows that a reviewer is in the house... well, he's liable to be treated a bit differently than the average customer.

Of the eight cities that I visited, five (Washington, Miami, Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York) were good parlor towns, and three (Atlanta, Houston and Chicago) were not so hot. Overall, it seems to me that the massage-parlor scene is at a standstill. In all cities they are subject to constant harassment and are blamed for a multitude of evils, which, in reality, can be traced to the general decline of America's cities. You would think that 10,000 years of recorded history would constitute sufficient proof that prostitution is here to stay, and that, accordingly, the powers that be would take steps toward the only sane alternative: legalization with controls that protect prostitutes, their customers and the disinterested. However, legalization of prostitution remains an unlikely contingency.



"Well, you'd never catch me having a multiple orgasm!"

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Advise & Consent

(continued from page 10)

was surprised to see smudges of blood on my chin and the end of my nose. It was the bloody time of the month for her, and I hadn't even noticed.

I had never been turned off by a woman because she was having her period, though I've known several women who were very disturbed at the thought of having intercourse during their "monthlies." However, I'd never gone down on a woman while she was bleeding. Using the "blindfold" taste test, I found out that menstrual blood isn't bad at all.

I am a 50-year-old who has enjoyed good health and a varied and active sex life since age 11, when I first masturbated. With increasing age, my orgasms have become less intense, my ejaculation does not spurt as far, and the quantity of semen has lessened. I suppose most of this is normal. However, I have seen men in their late 40s in porno films who forcefully eject copious amounts of semen.

Is there any evidence to show that a large penis gives a more intense orgasm and throws the semen farther than a smaller cock does? It appears to me that the 12-inch cock of Johnny "Wadd" Holmes during one orgasm shoots many jets of cum (over 12) a good distance (six or seven feet). Also, what is the average amount of semen ejected with each orgasm for young men as compared to 50-year-olds?

Can you tell me of any exercises, medicines, foods, sex techniques, etc., that will improve

my ejaculations—that is, more cum and more forceful spurts. Fucking is the ultimate. I just want to enjoy it to the utmost!

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Young men spurt semen farther than do older men. The amount of semen may be reduced a bit by age, but not much.

An average ejaculation produces three to five milliliters of semen, or about one teaspoonful. The quantity of semen ejaculated increases with sexual abstinence.

There's no evidence that large cocks give more intense orgasms or throw semen farther. Aging shouldn't cause you to have less intense orgasms. Don't believe everything you see in porno flicks, either. Those gobs of semen flying through the air in these films are an effect created by kitchen basters, film cutting and editing.

Assuming that you eat (food) properly, get enough rest and exercise regularly, you can only increase the quantity and force of your ejaculations by coming less frequently and by getting very turned on.

How large is the biggest penis on record? Also, how much can a woman take into her pussy? Please answer these questions, and I'll keep reading HUSTLER. Not for you, but for my own pleasure. Oh, yes, my wife's pleasure, too.

D. T.
Address Withheld by Request

The largest human penis measured 18 inches erect, much too long to fit entirely within any human beaver. Vaginas are usually about three

or four inches deep but can stretch to hold and hug the length of an eight- or nine-inch cock. Patience and time may be necessary before a pussy is stretched enough so that it can take all of a large cock.

I like to have sex with young ladies, and they enjoy it with me. But I can't find a young lady who likes to have sex every night with me.

When I don't have sex with ladies, I masturbate while looking at nude ladies in pictures. Does this prove I am abnormal or a freak? I use a stopwatch to time myself, and it takes me 45 minutes and 3 seconds.

R. B.
Cleveland, Ohio

You're not a freak or abnormal just because you're not with a woman every night. Next time you're in a large crowd of people, look around you. Almost all of them have masturbated and most of them still do, some with photographs of nude ladies and some with pictures in their minds.

What worries me is your stopwatch time. Why can't you get off in 45 minutes flat?

My problem is that since I've been having sex there has been only one man who has eaten me the way I like it, and I do love it when it's done the right way. Not even my boyfriend does it the right way (for me, that is). I don't know how to tell or show him how I like it. I'm kind of shy when it comes to things like that. What can I do?

W. T.
Manhattan, New York

Some people have a natural talent for all sorts of lovemaking, and if so, they have it licked (the way you like it). Otherwise you have to help out a bit.

Just relax and allow your boyfriend to slowly and gently explore your pussy with his mouth, tongue and hands. He should also be completely relaxed, yet concentrating on what gives you the most pleasure. The movements of your body, your sighs, your clitoris pulsating against the top, sides and underside of his tongue and your vagina responding to one or more fingers gliding in and out, slowly and softly at first, will teach your lover how to kiss and lick and touch you as you wish. You and your lover could also read one of the best books ever written about oral sex, G. Legman's *The Intimate Kiss*.

In November 1970, I had an anterior fusion of two of the neck vertebrae. Since then my sex life has been going downhill. I get erections but can't come. However, my wife is very sexy and has no problems coming to a climax.

This was a central nervous system operation, and I suspect a problem in that area. On top of that I have developed multiple sclerosis. I am wondering if this could be the cause.

S. E.
Vallejo, California

Multiple sclerosis and injuries to the brain or spinal cord are among the physical ailments that could be causing your current sexual problems.



"Rats. Burned another one."

Individual medical problems can't be diagnosed or treated by mail. You should talk frankly to a neurologist, a doctor with special knowledge of the brain and nervous system. Since you live near a university medical school with a department that specializes in sexual problems (the University of California in San Francisco), you ought to consult them also.

My husband and I have been talking about having a threesome. Our problem is how to start. First, what can we say so that the person we've chosen knows that it's two of us, not one? And secondly, how can we tell what type of person will accept something like that? I wouldn't want to approach someone and have him or her make a scene.

"Trying to Start"
Brooklyn, New York

Anyone who doesn't have his head buried up his ass knows that for millions of people, group sex is part of the American way of life. Millions more are curious and want to experiment but, just like you and your husband, don't know how to begin.

The best approach is probably the simplest and most direct. You or your husband, or both, could ask the third person to join you for a drink or come to your home, making it clear the invitation comes from both of you. If there's still doubt about your intentions, you should steer the conversation toward swinging or group sex.

Some people make contacts at first by going to Sexual Freedom League parties, organizations like Sandstone in Los Angeles or to bars mentioned in "swingers" publications.

Don't forget that millions of people prefer twosomes, onesomes, or no sex at all. They might be startled by a rude approach, so don't slip your hand between someone's thighs before gauging their versatility.

I've read there is no way to increase the size of a man's organ, but when I received your May 1976 issue of HUSTLER I saw an advertisement for Dr. Robert Chartham. He sounded very convincing when he said that the penis could be enlarged.

Still, before I buy anything I would like your opinion as to whether or not it can be done. The size of my erect penis is ten inches long and five-and-a-half inches around, but I'd like it to be larger when it's soft, too.

B.D.C.
Charleston, West Virginia

Most sexologists agree that penis size cannot be increased after puberty. However, some men have claimed they've made their penises larger through proper stretching exercises.

Independent medical researchers haven't yet gotten around to proving whether or not Dr. Chartham's penis enlargement method or any other method is safe, effective or just a way to diddle away your time and money. If the effects were dangerous, by now someone would probably have tracked down Dr. Chartham and given him some Old Testament justice—the "eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth" variety.

But I can't understand why someone hung like

a horse is so concerned with the size of his cock. Very few women I know care about the size of a man's cock; it's what he does with it that counts.

Recently I noticed a recommendation by a Swedish study group that Sweden's incest laws be repealed and the age of consent lowered to 14. I have also noticed comments in various magazines specializing in sex about an apparent attempt to assault the taboo on incest. I am wondering whether the purpose of this is to encourage this sort of activity simply because it is forbidden by law—something like the extra pleasure of an illegal drink during Prohibition. Or is there actually a new trend toward sex with relatives?

The incidence of incestuous intercourse is very low in North America, but I feel it may not be for very long. A few short years ago, oral sex was almost unknown, and I couldn't see how it could possibly be accepted despite the praise of those I knew who had indulged in it. This is a long way from incest, but there have been changes in sexual attitudes in recent years.

A. B.
Address Withheld by Request

Incest is more common than you realize. People usually don't speak openly about sexual experiences with relatives because they think they're part of a tiny, freakish minority who've done something terribly wrong. The fact is that although not everyone practices incest, almost everybody has experienced incestuous thoughts

and urges. Yet, unknown numbers of people are weighted down with a heavy burden of guilt because of thoughts or actions commonly considered abnormal. Laws have tended to suppress open discussion of this subject, causing a lot of unnecessary mental anguish.

There is an important difference between social taboos and taboos enforced by laws. Let people figure out for themselves why incest is taboo not only in North America but almost throughout the world. Staying within the family socially and sexually will limit outside stimulation of all kinds.

Incest also increases the chances of inheriting diseases like hemophilia, the bleeding disease. We should know the social and medical dangers of incest just as we should know the social and medical dangers of drugs.

My boyfriend is married and has two children, but I know that his marriage is not a good one. I am falling in love very fast and have no desire to see anyone else. He seems to enjoy fucking me and having me suck his cock, and sometimes he seems to care an awful lot. However, I can't tell for sure what his feelings are. What can I do?

T. W.
Manhattan, Kansas

Sexual intercourse is one way to communicate, but what's wrong with speaking your mind?

Some people don't mind being in your position of mistress and girlfriend. But forget how anyone else wants to live. What do you want?

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Model's Name _____ Photographer: _____
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_____ ☐ Other _____
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portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. Furthermore, I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photographs. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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WET QUIM 'N' I'M COMIN' IN!



HONEY SLIDES DOWN ON THE BIG WHEELBARROW, PIVOTING AND SWIVELING,

HER HIPS DARTING UP AND DOWN, BACK AND FORTH.

MEANWHILE...



OH... FAITH AND BEGORRA, WHAT'S THIS BIG THING?

AH, ME DARLIN', THE NAME'S JACK O'TOOL! I USE THIS TO GET ME ROCKS OFF!



OH! TOOL! I LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT! TURN IT ON!

YOU BET, SPREAD YOUR LEGS.



OH... SWEET MOTHER, WHAT A CRAZY VIBRATOR!

OH, JACK-HAMMER ME! HAMMER ME!!



WHILE ROSIE FEELS HER GOOD VIBES, HONEY GETS READY FOR A FAST FLIGHT.

THIS IS THE KIND OF LUNCH BOX I BEEN DREAMING ABOUT.



HANG ON! I'LL GO DOWN WHILE WE GO UP!





MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Mail-Order Feedback is presented as a service to **HUSTLER** readers who order products from mail-order firms, including firms that advertise in *Mail-Order Mania*.

The column will simplify the ordering of mail-order erotica. We will review products, inform customers of how to effectively deal with mail-order firms and alert readers to frauds and faulty products.

If you don't carefully read the wording in ads for mail-order sex aids, you might be getting fucked. In describing their products, advertisers for so-called aphrodisiacs and sex stimulants often use obscure words that reveal that the products are actually synthetic and are probably ineffective. Apparently such advertisers hope the reader will be so distracted by their offer of a "surefire seducer" that he won't bother to look up the esoteric terms that tell the real nature of the product.

These products will not do a damned thing to help you seduce a reluctant chick—except possibly to bolster your self-confidence. If you are buying the products in the full awareness of this fact, fine.

So, treat a mail-order ad as you would any other contract awaiting your signature: Read it carefully and make sure that you understand every word.

In an August 1976 *Mail-Order Feedback* letter, a reader complained that he had not yet received an order for *Felch Cumics* from Keith Green, a distributor whose products had been featured in *Bits & Pieces*. We recommended that the reader, and others with the same complaint, contact the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), which requires that mail orders be filled within 30 days.

Green contacted us and explained that he had been flooded with requests after the *B&P* feature and had run out of books before he could fill the orders. He also said he had tried to contact all of the customers whose orders could not be immediately filled, but he apparently missed some in the shuffle. Green said all orders were filled when his stock was replenished.

We accept Green's explanation and feel his quick action in explaining and correcting the situation shows him to be a conscientious and honest mail-order dealer. Accordingly, we are modifying our views on Green's services.

First impressions aren't always on target, so if a situation affecting readers who deal with mail-order firms changes, we feel it's just as important that we let the consumer know a rip-off does not exist as it is to point out where shady deals might be lurking.

PRODUCT REVIEW

HUSTLER will review any mail-order sex products, including those that are advertised in *Mail-Order Mania*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in the column are

invited to send sample merchandise and information to Mail-Order Feedback (*Product Review*), *HUSTLER* Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

ACCU-JAC

Accu-Jac purports to be a breakthrough in sexual technology—the long-awaited "fucking machine." The machine is designed to duplicate the sensations of any sexual experience—being fucked, sucked or jerked off—and it is as mechanically complex and expensive as you would expect such a miracle of modern science to be.

Accu-Jac consists of an electric motor that pushes and pulls air through a rubber tube that is connected to a phallic-shaped sleeve. The sleeve fits snugly over the user's cock, and the flow of air through the tube causes the sleeve to move rhythmically up and down on the Vaseline-coated penis, theoretically producing the same tight, stroking sensations as does a woman's cunt, hand or throat. The *Accu-Jac* has a dial that controls the speed of the sleeve's up-and-down stroke.



The job of testing the *Accu-Jac* machine fell to Associate Editor Steve Hanley since he usually reviews the new products submitted to *Mail-Order Feedback*.

We tried to get Steve to try out the *Accu-Jac* here in the office so that we could watch the fun, but Hanley is a strange guy. He is so bashful and self-conscious that he can't take a piss when there's a guy in the next stall. So, we allowed the poor, hung-up bastard to lug the contraption home with him to test it in privacy, provided he furnished photographic evidence that he did test it. His report follows:

"The *Accu-Jac* didn't do anything for me, except to make my joint sore. The gripping and sucking sensations were centered on the shaft of my cock, rather than the more sensitive head. I tried using a sleeve that was tapered at the end, designed to provide stimulation to the penis head, but the overall feeling was still one of being plugged into a milking machine.

"Furthermore, the stroke of the machine has the same unbroken rhythm as a pile driver. If you relish—as I do—the teasingly alternated variety of deep-slow and short-fast sucks that you experience when a real, live chick is giving you head, this machine is not for you.

"I gave the damn thing every chance in the world, too. I stayed hooked up to it for a solid hour, looked at dirty pictures, thought dirty thoughts. Nothing worked. I kept waiting for that tiny kick in the depths of my nuts that would signal the accelerating onrush of an orgasm, but it never came—and neither did I.

"In all fairness to the *Accu-Jac*'s manufacturers, I admit that a lot of the reasons that the machine didn't get me off had to do with my own personal requirements for a satisfying sexual experience: my need for stimulation on the penis head and for a variety of suction, rhythm, etc. Ultimately, perhaps it was my need for a genuine piece of warm, soft humanity on the other end of my dork—even if it has to be my own hand. However, if your needs are different from mine, the *Accu-Jac* might be just the ticket for you."

The *Accu-Jac* costs \$199 (excluding shipping charges). You can get a catalog by sending \$3 to Funways, P. O. Box 9691, North Hollywood, California 91609.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

If you have any problems with the service you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in *HUSTLER*, let us know so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Write us a letter, including the firm's name and address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out. If you have dealt with a good, reliable firm, we want to know that, too. Address your letters to: Mail-Order Feedback, *HUSTLER* Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I recently sent for books advertised by two firms in your February 1976 issue: *Tiffany Enterprises* of Hollywood, California, and *Phoenix Distributors* of Murray Hill Station, New York. Both of my checks, which I enclosed with the orders, have cleared the bank. It's been over a month now, and neither company has replied to my letters. My letters haven't been returned by the post office, so apparently these companies do exist. I am writing this letter to you, not as a complaint about *HUSTLER* but because I feel that you should be informed for the benefit of other readers who may find themselves in the same situation.

E. T.
Rock Island, Illinois

We have contacted both of these companies, and they are making sure that your orders have been sent. Both *Tiffany Enterprises* and *Phoenix Distributors* have been reliable advertisers in the past, and we are certain that you will now get your books. Please remember that it takes time for an order to be processed, the check cleared, and the merchandise to get through the mail. We're glad you wrote to us since the only way we can know an advertiser is not delivering is for our readers to tell us about the problems they encounter. It is also helpful at times if complaints about some companies are aired because then they might snap to and begin delivering. 📧

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

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PREVIEW

NOVEMBER PREVIEW

WORLD'S GREATEST POKER PLAYER—Doyle Brunson, World Series of Poker Champion, shows his hand in the November **HUSTLER PROFILE**. There's a good deal more going on than you'd expect behind the poker face of the man who is currently at the top of the stack of blue-chip professional poker players. By Jay Levin

THE GOLF GROUPIES—The professional golf tour has its own special hangers-on—the jet set of the groupie world—who handle a different set of putters and balls. By William Logan

TRUCKIN'—The Ruptured Duck rolls down the Eastern Seaboard jiving in CB, losing time and living the lonely but fierce independence of the truck-driving man. By Neil Shister

SEX FREAKS—**HUSTLER's** feature review of *Simon's Book of World Sexual Records Illustrated* gives a sneak preview of the sexual oddballs who have been captured on film.

THE FIEND—Charles Bukowski debuts in **HUSTLER** with a brilliant short story about a shocking but all-too-common occurrence. It covers ground Dr. Spock never dreamed of.

ENEMA SEX: RISING TIDE—Knowing your enemas can lighten your load. **HUSTLER's** November **SEX PLAY** goes deep into the bowels of this oddly erotic subject. By Mike Toohey

TRICK OR TREAT—A pictorial glance at a quick-change artist who finds that the trick is the treat. Some real treats worth bagging are **HILARY, Sissy, PRIME MATE** and **SHEILA**.

KINKY KORNER—Petting takes on a new meaning in this howling-good reader write-in. By Sara T.

PLUS—The laughably lunatic and freakily funny happenings in **BITS & PIECES, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK, HONEY HOOKER, X-RATED REVIEWS, HUSTLER HUMOR, ADVISE & CONSENT** and **HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT**.

PREVIEW

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for people who want to be better lovers

DOMINANCE

If the shoe fits. . .

THE CONSULTING ROOM

Advice to readers
on sexual problems

THE FIRST TIME

A Pulitzer Prize winner
remembers his disaster

PORNOGRAPHY

A new tool
for sex therapy

BREAST SIZE

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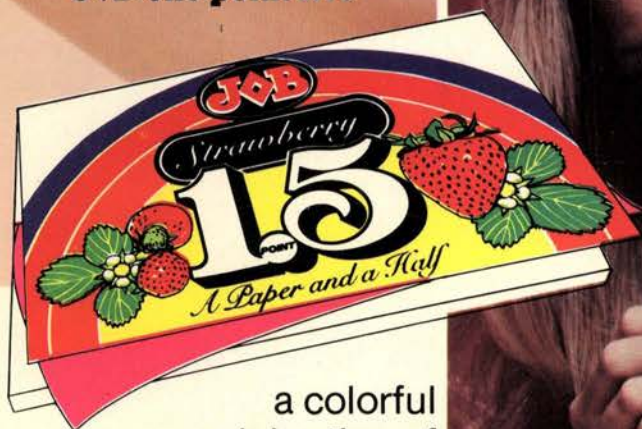
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